

P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

*ORNAMENTED WITH PLATES,*

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH

NOTES, ORIGINAL LETTERS AND CURIOUS  
INCIDENTAL ANECDOTES.

IN THE COURSE OF WHICH

THE PRETENDED MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN ARE  
EXAMINED AND DETECTED.

---

BY SAMUEL WHYTE.

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THE THIRD EDITION,

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CONDUCTED THROUGH THE PRESS,

BY EDWARD ATHENRY WHYTE, F. C. T. C. D.

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D U B L I N:

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AND SOLD BY BYRNE, MOORE, RICE, MILLIKEN, MERCIER, &c;  
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AND BY THE EDITOR, NO. 75, GRAFTON-STREET,

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MDCCXCV.





A WORD or two concerning the present Edition—  
The first POEM, which takes the lead on account of its length and the observations prefixed, was originally published early in the year 1790,\* and consisted of 555 lines only ; it was flatteringly received, the whole impression being speedily disposed of, and favourably mentioned in many of the most respectable English prints. From these considerations, and the united influence of his children, to whose wishes he has ever been partial, the Author employed part of the summer vacation in revising it, and making such additions as he conceived might render it something more worthy of public attention, and probably more serviceable to a class of readers, whose real interest it was chiefly intended to promote. But the task of transcribing, and superintending the press, neither his laborious profession, in which, with very little respite, he is engaged from twelve to fourteen hours a day ; nor his apathy to the thing, heightened by a weakness in one of his eyes, would allow him to undertake ; that was transferred to his son ; a task, (however diffident of his own powers and unqualified for an editor) which his filial obligations and affection to a tender and indulgent parent would not permit him to decline.


In

\* By Mr. John Jones, Bookfeller, Grafton-street, to whom the author made a present of it.

In the progress of the business it occurred, that his Father had written many things never published, and in others had made considerable alterations; a selection of these he thought might be added, which would give the volume a more respectable appearance, and render it more desirable to those, who might value it as the work of their preceptor; numbers of whom have repeatedly solicited a complete collection of his writings. A classical arrangement was intended; but this, he soon found, could not be strictly adhered to; and to obviate the defect, as far as it was practicable, the dates of the different pieces are generally annexed. Poetry was the author's amusement, not his business; a relaxation, not a study: His muse acted upon the reserve, shunning his company in the hurry and bustle of the day; but, in his lonely evenings, when his family were retired, and silence encouraged her approaches, she would entertain him for hours together. Sometimes she would attend him to his solitary pillow, where sleep was an uncertain visitant, and with her gentle whispers soothe him to repose. Sometimes, when others were enjoying rest from their labours, or indulging in scenes of dissipation, she would engage his attention, and keep him awake till morning. He wrote with little premeditation, generally on the spur of the occasion, and was singularly indifferent to the fate of his compositions. They were for the most part hastily transcribed, and frequently given away to the first that asked them,

without

without reserving any copy for himself, supposing they might be had at pleasure ; but in that he himself, as well as the Editor, was often disappointed. When some of his most favourite pieces were wanted, they were not to be procured. Many of them, prematurely ushered to the press, have been attributed to others ; and some, printed from surreptitious copies, have appeared anonymous. Nor are instances wanting of ingenious transcribers, who, observing the orphan condition of the little fugitives, have, by a liberal construction of the *licentia poetica*, adopted and passed them for their own. But rest to their manes ! We should not for trifles rake up the ashes of the dead ! This work is for the most part original.\* To obviate objections, it may however be proper to mention, as the press could not well be kept standing, recourse was sometimes had to the SHAMROCK, a large variorum quarto, many years ago published by my Father, and long out of print. Neither was this a step unadvisedly taken, nor without a due share of consideration for our readers. The very few Poems, comparatively, transplanted

\* The first edition, was a pamphlet of 50 pages only, on a large type, and the principal Poem, which occupied the far greater part, consisted, as previously noted, but of 555 lines, which as it here stands more than doubles that number. The second edition was taken off entirely by the subscribers, and never advertised.—It was prepared for publication Jan. 16, 1793 ; but delayed very unexpectedly, waiting for the Plates, till April 16, the following year.  The Engraver was paid beforehand.



transplanted from that volume are given with alterations and corrections by the author, which was a principal motive for their republication, in this.† There are likewise three or four pieces, not strictly our author's, collaterally introduced, for special reasons, which will immediately appear. They take place, with the writers' names respectively annexed, among the Prologues and Epilogues to private plays; a species of amusement, which of late years has been revived, and at present greatly prevails both in this and the sister kingdom. Respecting the eligibility of such amusements, as upon most general topics, opinions are divided; objections not very liberal have been started against them, and prejudices,

† A certain critic, of the cast alluded to in a subsequent page, [xxxiii] made no scruple of openly asserting, in the author's hearing, that the present collection was *entirely* made up from the Shamrock.—The truth is, the Shamrock (540 quarto pages) on a summary calculation contains nearly 16,000 lines; two-thirds of which, at least, being of the contribution of the publisher, he had indisputable right to appropriate at his pleasure. That right however has been exercised with reserve. The present volume contains, verse and prose, about 12,000 lines; of which 900 lines, or thereabouts, it is hoped with considerable improvements, may be charged to the credit of the Shamrock. There are besides no less than LXX entire pieces in verse, and a large complement of notes and observations in prose, not a line of which is to be found in the Shamrock, or, we are confident, in any other publication whatever.—The balance tells little in favour of Sir Critic's arithmetic.

prejudices, perhaps equally unfounded, are still entertained. The question is taken up in the occasional pieces, partly for that purpose inserted; they speak for themselves. The Editor is unconcerned in the issue, and incompetent to decide. Truth in any shape is welcome to the lovers of truth, and knowledge and good sense are seldom advocates for error. The intrinsic merit of those compositions seemed to entitle them to a better chance for preservation than was likely in their detached state, and in general the elevated rank and characters of the respective writers, who also bore a part in the performance, stamp their arguments with authority, supported by the responsibility of their names and example. The bills of the *Dramatis Personæ* were taken from the public prints and critiques of the day, corrected from personal knowledge and information. It may hereafter be matter of curiosity to know, what ideas, in the eighteenth century, persons of learning and taste entertained of the *otium cum dignitate*, and that, amidst the seductions of wealth, luxury and exotic refinement, all were not alike attached to cards, dice, intemperance and frivolity.

Several poems from the Shamrock have repeatedly appeared in London without acknowledgement, and often incorrectly copied; the author wrote to some of the publishers on that head, and furnished them with  
lists

lists of errata, which they promised to observe in the future impressions; but the poems have since been republished, with all their imperfections on their heads. It was in contemplation to give a correct edition of those pieces; but that business is reserved for a future occasion. The Editor flatters himself his readers will not find much to blame on the score of inaccuracy; a typographical error, an irregular syllable or a false pointing, may have escaped him; but he trusts none, very material, to the injury of the sense. Candour will admit the plea of youth and inexperience, as well as the difficulty of attaining perfection.

Whoe'er expects a faultless work to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be. POPE.

In the course of the notes, the Editor now and then ventures an observation of his own. The body of them is his Father's. Some have been suppressed, and, though still of considerable magnitude, good judges have given it as their opinion, they want not the recommendation of novelty, and contain some curious articles of information and entertainment.—In this Edition several of them, by particular advice, have been restored; for which, as it no way enhances the Price, our Readers may probably find good reason to thank the Editor.

EDWARD ATHENRY WHYTE.

JUNE 12th, 1795.



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Theatre Royal, Crow-street, for a charity, which produced 362l. 5s. 8d. and was the means of relieving upwards of eighty unfortunate debtors from the Marshalsea, and restoring them to their indigent families, wholly dependent on their exertions for support.

The present Duke of Leinster, the late Marquis of Antrim, and the Earl of Bellamont, condescended to act as Stewards on the occasion. The Band were all gentlemen. Captain Trench and Captain Tisdal, stood Sentry on the stage, and the three M——ys, usually called the Graces, superintended the decorations.

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 VIGNETTES ten.—That at the conclusion of the THEATRE is a front view of the celebrated Dr. Sheridan's School in Capel-street, an ancient fabric, where the late Tho. Sheridan, his youngest son, was born, and received, together with most of the first characters of the age, his cotemporaries, the rudiments of his education. Mr. T. Archdeakon, to whom we are indebted for the drawing, has given the original elevation, as it appeared in Dr. Sheridan's time; somewhat different from its present state, now occupied as two houses converted into shops. The interior apartments, at the reere, once sacred to the Muses, the social retreat of Addison, Swift, Tickel, Delaney, &c. now devoted to Puppet Shows, and the exhibition of wild beasts for the benefit of the notable Phil. Astley, Esq.—*Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*  
 September 17th, MDCCXCIV.

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THE  
THEATRE,  
A Didactic System,  
*In the Course of which are pointed out the*  
ROCKS and SHOALS  
*to which*  
DELUDED ADVENTURERS  
*are inevitably exposed*

BY  
SAMUEL WHYTE.



D. N. B. L. S. A.  
*Printed for the Editor,*  
EDWARD ATHENRY WHYTE.  
MDCCXCIII.





## PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITION ;

W I T H   A D D I T I O N S .

THE little production now submitted to the public eye was written on the performance of *Jane Shore*. It first made its appearance in manuscript, when that play, among others, was acted by a party of Ladies and Gentlemen for their private entertainment : and to a similar circumstance, tho' at a distant period, the revival of the same tragedy, [March 16th, 1790,] in which several of the same party were concerned, at Sir Kildare Borrowes's, it owes its introduction to the press. A Bookseller some years ago, seeing it in the Writer's study, obtained a kind of indirect promise he should have it to publish ; but through want of leisure, or perhaps inclination, to give it a thorough revival, it was from time to time postponed, till on the present occasion a copy was produced, and it appeared likely to be brought forward from another quarter. Being apprized of the design, the Writer could no longer hesitate ; choosing rather to commit it to the candour of the Public, imperfect as it is, than to become responsible for faults that were not his own. He is of a profession, it is pretty generally  
b known,

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known, that affords him little opportunity for amusement; but, if all modes of relaxation are not prohibited, as he is wholly unacquainted with the history of the Four Kings, and constitutionally disqualified for the orgies of Bacchus, possibly this way of diverting his moments of leisure may be as excuseable as any.

In a composition of this purport, the introduction of India affairs, from which it might seem at first so entirely disconnected, may, as well as other things, he fears, excite animadversion, and expose him to unfavourable strictures; yet, in the nature of Episode, he persuades himself the deviation is not too violent, and may be allowable on the score of variety; in one point of view, at least, not absolutely foreign to the business of the piece. The Tragic Muse, reputed of Grecian origin, cannot always be confined to Greek and Roman subjects, now growing trite and almost exhausted. Hereafter new fields of action may be opened to her, and genius exercise itself to advantage in the display of Eastern Manners and Customs, as yet partially known. A scene of Oriental distress, the catastrophe of an innocent, oppressed, and unfortunate Asiatic, may excite compassion in the breasts of our virtuous posterity with as much effect as any of classic extraction, and plead the Author's apology for the admission of their lamentable story here. The  
course

PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT. xi

course of reading and conversation he was frequently engaged in gave a bias to his reflections, and many a shocking detail he had listened to from those who had long been residents on the spot, and avowed themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they related. The impressions they made on his mind were strong and forcible; they seized upon his imagination, and the impulse was not to be resisted. Such was the tenour of his thoughts in May 1779, when the whole, in its present form, was committed to paper. To occurrences of more recent notoriety there could be no reference, and, to the disgrace of human nature, sufficient were the evils previously on record. If in the picture any features of subsequent times be discernable, it must arise from the family likeness; or if, gentle Reader! thou be disposed to do the Writer grace, impute it to inspiration, from the infancy of letters, the acknowledged claim of the tribe of Parnassus.

Every class of life has its pedants; those of a theatrical turn show their predilection in their use of theatrical allusions, and citations from plays on every occasion; not unhappily exemplified in the character of Dick, in the Apprentice. Conformably to that practice, the 40th line is taken entire from the Fair Penitent, and to obviate the charge of plagiarism, distinguished by the usual signature of a quotation.—

Here



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Here the Writer takes leave, once for all to acknowledge that, in a few other instances, for the purpose of illustrating and enforcing his subject, he has studiously imitated the turn of expression, or adopted a favourite phrase from the passage alluded to, in other writers, without particularizing it by any mark or intimation; deeming it superfluous to the learned reader, who needs no monitor to recognize an old acquaintance, perhaps rather be pleased to meet with, in a novel and unexpected situation; to the less learned, it would be empty parade, and disfigure the page to no purpose. —Our most eminent poets have very freely indulged themselves in this practice: Pope especially; but as he resorted to the ancients, and works not commonly known, it has not been generally noticed; and, by most who have observed it, esteemed a beauty: Demonstration of which may be found in the sixty-third number of the *Adventurer*. Besides Pope's professed imitations of Horace, to that admired critic as well as poet, he is evidently indebted for many beauties in his *Essay*; but more considerably to M. H. Vida, bishop of Alba, a native of Cremona, and an elegant Latin writer of the 15th century, who left an art of poetry in three books, of which Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, it may be almost affirmed, is but an ingenious abridgement. Addison, (1) tho' with circumspection and reserve, has  
trodden

## PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT. xiii

trodden in the same track, and sometimes plumes himself in borrowed feathers. They had the example of Waller, (2) and their great predecessor Dryden, who frequently adds to his own stores the property of others. His tales, inimitable indeed for their versification, are mostly translations from Boccace, or Chaucer's modernized. Instances also might be adduced from his Masque of King Arthur, where he liberally decks the British hero with the spoils of Tasso. Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death, in his Paradise Lost, and the circumstances of Parnell's admirable moral poem, the Hermit, are drawn, with inconsiderable variation, from a very old and scarce folio in the black letter, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

Gray, it has been said, is indebted to an appropriation of the like kind, for the greatest part of his justly-admired Elegy in a Country Church-Yard. The Writer does not advance this assertion invidiously, or of his own authority; whatever the merit of the discovery, it belongs to Mr. Giffard, a gentleman of this city, a professed admirer of Gray's, and largely stocked with poetic literature: it adds grace and splendor to his diction, and much of his reputation, as a speaker, he owes to the judicious application of it in his harangues. One evening, meeting him in his walks, he told the Writer, that a few days before, in turning over  
some

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some books at Watſon's, the bookſeller, who then lived in Dame-ſtreet, he dipped into an old Collection of Poems, and, to his great ſurpriſe, popped upon one, in an obſolete ſtyle, from which Gray had copied almoſt the whole of his Elegy. Six or ſeven years after, in Auguſt 1787, the Writer was in London, and had the gratification of dining in company with Peter Pindar: In the converſation after dinner, the names of ſeveral of our Poets, with ſome intereſting anecdotes concerning them, were introduced; the name of Gray was not forgotten. Peter, a copious ſon of Apollo, thought Gray could hardly be admitted of the number! alledging, if he had poſſeſſed the true poetic ſpirit, he could not have reſtrained its ardour, and conſequently muſt have written more. It was ſaid, the Elegy alone was ſufficient to immortalize his claim; to this he oppoſed his objections. Any gentleman, he inſiſted, of good education and claſſical taſte, might make a lucky hit or two; that merit was Gray's: he had produced a few good things; "*but the Elegy in a Country Church-Yard was certainly not his own.*" This was Dr. Walcott's aſſertion; unqualified and openly avowed; in corroboration of which, he related an incident in the courſe of his own reading, exactly parallel to Mr. Giffard's account, which before had not been hinted at, and was then firſt communicated to the facetious Bard: unfortunately neither of them recollected the  
name



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name of the author, nor the title of the collection in question. Collusion there could have been none; those gentlemen are of different kingdoms; not personally acquainted, and between them no intercourse ever existed. A coincidence of circumstances so extraordinary, establishes the authenticity of the evidence beyond dispute, and leaves not the smallest room to suppose a fabrication. The circumstance is by no means here adduced to detract from the merit of Gray; but to excite the laudable spirit of inquiry for such a literary curiosity, in hopes of recovering to the world the parent of so charming an offspring. It would, doubtless, prove a source of gratification to the ingenuous mind to observe the improvements; to mark the deviations, and contemplate the features of resemblance.

A respectable Critic has observed on the foregoing narrative—"That if either gentleman had discovered a very decided plagiarism, he could not have forgot the book in which he saw it; from this circumstance," he adds, "we suspect the similarity consisted rather in some allusions, or perhaps in the general plan, which may have occurred to each poet."—The Writer is not tenacious of the point; he is merely the relater of a conversation, interesting for its subject, which he has since had frequent opportunities of reviving with Mr. Giffard, who invariably adheres to his first position. Minute inquiries have also since been made  
for

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for the book, and with some prospect of success. The matter as it here stands, was a few weeks ago talked over in company at Mr. L—ns', Hamilton-Row: that gentleman and his lady, who is of London, had, with other valuable articles, got a small collection of books by the demise of a relation; in one of which they well recollect to have met with the very poem spoken of. They were struck with the discovery at the time, and, on that account, though the volume was in bad condition, thought it a relic worthy of preserving. It remained with their daughter at their house in Charles-street, Portland-Place, and they were confident of getting it in a few posts. Mrs. L—ns wrote the day after, and, though not successful in the main object, the young Lady's answer, containing a postscript, at this present under her own hand in the Writer's possession, encourages the belief, that such a poem still somewhere exists.

*“ P. S. I have looked every where for the old Book  
“ you requested of me to leave in Somerset-street, to be  
“ sent to Ireland; but I cannot find it, and I fear from  
“ the oldness of it, and the leaves being half out before  
“ you went, that the servants have destroyed it in the  
“ kitchen, though they will not confess it.”*

*London, August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1792.*

But

## PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT. xvii

But to quit the subject of Gray for the present ; the beauty of the Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, be the first thought whose it may, remains undisputed ; (3) we have instances in abundance of poetic assimilation which a reader of discernment will easily perceive : to mention a few may not be unentertaining, and possibly may lead to a more attentive consideration of their respective excellencies. The pleasure is not the least which results from comparison.

Thomson's pretty rural tale of Palemon and Lavinia, in his Autumn, is merely the story of Boaz and Ruth verified ; and Grainger's Junio and Theana, in his Sugar-Cane, are indubitably the poetical brother and sister of the hapless Celadon and Amelia. Thomson has for the most part managed the story of that unfortunate pair with address ; their characters are well calculated to conciliate the reader's affection ; the incidents are natural and successively interesting ; we attend with pleasure the progress of their loves ; in the hour of peril our apprehensions are gradually awakened, and wrought up to a degree of painful sensation in the contemplation of the fatal catastrophe :— in this critical conjuncture the poet deserts his subject and himself. An unnecessary simile awkwardly introduced in the close, copied from that well-known description of Patience, which the great painter of nature aptly puts into the mouth of the love-sick Viola,



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embarrasses Thomson's narration; diverts the attention to foreign objects, and greatly weakens, if not wholly obliterates, the effect. (4) Mason too in his *Caractacus*, emulous of his great master, has given us a picture of Patience; and, if nature and verisimilitude be consulted, we shall find perfections in the copy not inferior to the original. It is observable, that, by many of the admirers of Shakspeare's description, the least beautiful part is placed in the fore-ground. Probably the loves of Alcander and Nerina owe their extraction to the sweetly-descriptive Caledonian Muse; and might not one of the most expressive and pathetic touches that ever fell from the pen of genius, given in Mason's narration, be suggested by the same Viola's account of herself? or possibly by what is said of Cassius forcing a smile, in the Tragedy of Julius Cæsar?—If not, let us give it in a word the highest praise, and say, it is Shakspearean.

He smil'd,

But such a smile as quite out-sorrows tears. MASON.

Sterne, the Rabelais of Britain, notwithstanding what has been amply manifested of his obligations to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,\* has high claims to originality; yet Sterne seems indebted for some of his noblest master-strokes to the immortal Father of our Drama. That beautiful passage of uncle Toby's oath, and the consequent behaviour of the officiating Angels,

so

\* Manchester Memoirs. Vol. iv. Part I.

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so finely imagined in the story of Le Fevre, so justly admired, and so often quoted as peculiarly Sterne's, may possibly originate from the same prolific source. Turn to the last scene of the fourth act of Richard the Second, and it will be found, that, long before Sterne, the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, had glanced at the records in the book of Heaven. (5)

The fastidious Swift, who is held up as a singular example of chastity in this respect, nevertheless countenances the practice, and stands convicted of poaching. His advocates, when the charge of indelicacy is brought forward, enter their protest, and rest his defence upon the Receipt to form a Beauty, addressed to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. (6) Hawkesworth, in his Edition of Swift, adopting the sentiment and words of Mr. Swift, the Dean's relation and biographer, says in a note, *This poem is allowed by all persons of taste and judgment, to be such a master-piece in its kind, that it must abide the test of future ages.* Perhaps in some paroxysm of contrition, the Reverend Cynic intended it as an expiatory sacrifice for his many unwarrantable violations of decency and good manners; but when it is understood how great a share of the offering belongs to La Fontaine, which will appear by consulting a poem of his addressed to Madame de Fontanges, the whole credit of it cannot be allowed to the Dean of St. Patrick's, though he has no where thought it  
necessary

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necessary to acknowledge the obligation. (7) The sanguine abettors of Home-Manufacture have dexterously attempted to turn the tables, and contend, Fontaine as probably borrowed from Swift. That is a very slender twig. Mademoiselle was seen in the shops of Paris, and much admired, in the year 1696; she must then have been of some age, for papa was dead, and the publication posthumous. Mrs. Biddy was not heard of till eleven years after. It was in the year 1707, that poetical phenomenon sprung from the parturient brain of our canonical Jupiter; consequently precedence is indisputably the birth-right of Mademoiselle: she might, for ought we know, have been Mrs. Biddy's grand-mother. It is something remarkable, that in the same volume, not ten pages farther on, is the original of a beautiful song inserted in the 16th number of the Guardian, as itself an original, and so received by all readers for now almost a century.\* (8)

Were we to look abroad for precedents, La Fontaine himself freely confesses, he transplants from others whatever he finds of peculiar excellence fit for his purpose, and endeavours to hide it by giving his own the same air and complexion. (9) We find also the voluminous and opulent Voltaire, without scruple, marauding upon his reprobated neighbours, and, to say  
nothing

\* July 9th, 1793.



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nothing of his depredations upon Shakspeare, the Hermit of Parnell is almost verbatim translated into his History of Zadig. Ovid, a witty but unfortunate genius, with as little ceremony seized himself of foreign rarities, and enriched his own museum from the cabinets of others: his Creation and Deluge are manifestly taken from Moses, who likewise obliged Horace, as we gather from his Epistle to Fuscus, with a Specimen of Manna. (10) Devest the correct and elaborate Virgil of what he derives from his Grecian predecessors, Apollonius, Theocritus, Hesiod and Homer, his demesnes in Parnassus might pass for a garden. To Homer, the author of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, a work decidedly known to have contested honours with the Alcoran, is greatly indebted; of which we have the testimony of Sinbad the Sailor, Prince Beder of Persia, and others; or both the Greek and the Arabian writer, as has been feasilly suggested, might have derived from one and the same common source, the Indian Legends.

By the way it may be farther worthy of remark, that from a kindred origin, oriental Traditions and the allegorical Reveries of Indian Physiologists, sprung your Jupiter, Apollo, Bacchus and the whole rabble of licentious divinities that swell the multifarious farrago of Grecian Mythology; to this day the  
ritual

## xxii PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

ritual of poets, and the puerile ambition and idolatry of schools. This early bias, in its primary concoction, encourages the imitative propensity, and taints with affectation the compositions of the moderns : \*  
“ a custom, as Shakspeare might determine it, more  
“ honoured in the breach than the observance.”

To those very nations, whom the Greeks impudently stigmatized with the disgraceful appellation of barbarians, their great literary luminaries, philosophers, astronomers and poets, owed their vaunted celebrity. In all the sublimer walks of knowledge the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Chaldæans, Persians and Indians, alike borrowers and corrupters of science, were their masters. They opened the eyes of Pythagoras, and, what was never before done to a stranger, unveiled to him the whole theory of their mystic institutions. To them he owed his superiour acquirements in theology and physics ; and from the subterranean caverns of the Magi, and the consecrated groves and gloomy recesses of the Brachmans, he first imported into  
Greece

\* Dr. Johnson, with pointed asperity, reprehends the use of foreign imagery in the Elegies of Hammond ; but the extent of his obligations to Tibullus, the Doctor has overlooked. Our of sixteen Elegies published as that Gentleman's, four only, the 10th, 14th, 15th and 16th, containing 154 lines and no more, are his own ; the other twelve are almost literally translated or compiled from the Roman Poet.

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Greece the knowlege of the true system of the Heavens distinguished by his name. The Copernican, or Solar System, as it is also called, is but the Pythagorean System revived. That System, so familiar in our times to every novice in astronomy, was not calculated for the meridian of Athens. It lay dormant for ages, and after a lapse of two thousand years, in the 15th century, was recovered by Copernicus, a Prussian ecclesiastic, who supplanted Pythagoras in the rite of nomination, and baptized it from himself. Its demonstration and final establishment were reserved for the genius and penetration of our countryman, NEWTON. But Pythagoras was by no means the only Greek who enriched the shrine of Minerva with exotic oblations. With all their arrogant pretensions, their pertinacity of simulation, and adroitness in the arts of disguise, the Greeks, no offence to their worships, were a nation of Plagiarists. The sublime Plato sacrificed to the graces of other climes, and, as a necessary qualification for his degree, imbibed the stream of knowlege at the fountains of Nile, and imbued his lips with the honey of Palestine. Well might Numenius, the Pythagorean, exclaim, "What is Plato, but Moses conversing in the language of Athens!"\* His writings confirm it. Both Pythagoras and Plato cultivated the muses, conformably to the national mode of institution adopted by the

\* Τι γὰρ ἐστὶ Πλάτων ἢ Μωσὴς Ἀττικίζων. Clem. Alexand. lib. i.



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the Greeks. Their poets were philosophers, and their philosophers were poets. In point of originality they hold confessedly the pre-eminence; an advantage purely accidental, the fruit of primogeniture: It could not be otherwise; but they, any more than the moderns, do not wholly rely on their own funds. In the oldest of them, though at this distance we cannot so easily trace and develop their resources, we have prescription to keep us in countenance. Hesiod in his commerce with the daughters of memory had recourse to foreign correspondents, and often drew bills at sight on the Pentateuch. Homer himself, there is foundation to presume, was not unacquainted with the Scriptures; a learned critic has proved to demonstration his intimacy with the Prophets, particularly Isaiah; and the many passages, images and allusions in the song of the Grecian Bard strikingly analogous to parts of the Sacred Annals, the Book of Job and the Psalms, abundantly evince his knowledge and application of them far more than problematical. In traversing the pretensions of the muse, upon close examination, it would seem, that Abraham's offering up his son Isaac gave birth to the pathetic Legend of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia; that Balaam's Ass was Preceptor to the Horse of Achilles; Shemei the archetype of Therapites, and Jephthah Judge of Israel the progenitor of Idomeneus of Crete.

The

## PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT. xxv

The catalogue of freedoms taken with the Evangelic Records is no less copious and remarkable; still saving to the clergy their free use in elucidating and enforcing the doctrines of the Pulpit. Even the Miracles, which might be supposed out of the scope of plagiarism, have been atrociously tampered with and profaned. Mahomet, the arch-plagiarist, whose entire scheme of imposture is but a jumble of Judaism, Christianity and Paganism modelled to his purpose, durst never attempt those; it was an expedient too hazardous; but what Mahomet durst not, Vespasian, or the indiscretion of historians for him, ran the risk of, and build on the reputation of a *Pair*! a scanty pittance! nor much to his honour; for both are surreptitious. Mr. David Hume, *profoundly skilled in analytic*, has given a curious statement of the business indeed! that too is a partnership account, and, without advice, but Voltaire at second-hand. (11)

Neither can it be doubted that the miraculous appearance of the Cross, at noon-day in the Heavens, with the admonitory device, *In hoc signo vinces*, to which it is affirmed Constantine the Great owed his Conversion, was any other than a modification of the Conversion of St. Paul, with such accessory illuminations as suited the fancy and zeal of its adherents. Erasmus has a pleasant conceit of the kind too, in his colloquy

d of

## xxvi PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

of the Apparition, which shows that Great Man's opinion of those pious frauds; no improper companion for Constantine's. Of this description also we may suppose the reputed miracle of the Thundering Legion under M. Antoninus; or probably a stroke of generalship converting at a pinch, a natural event into a prodigy, to answer an end: a fine subject for amplification either way, of which in ancient history are many exemplars.

The principle of imitation seems inherent in our nature. It is a feature of the mind universally impressed, as an indication of our descent from one common parent; tending to promote general benevolence, stricter attachment, and mutual emulation in the interchange of good offices. We find it prominent in the sublimest geniuses: It prevails, as we have seen, in the first-rate productions, and may be traced in their slightest performances, from the elaborate Epic to the spontaneous Epigram. The characteristics of the Epigram are brevity, beauty and point; to these we may superadd novelty of conception, a perfection not always attended to. Manso, Marquis of Villa, a celebrated Italian Macænas, thus in the same breath compliments and abuses our accomplished Milton, then on his travels at Naples:

Ut Mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum, Hercle! Angelus ipse fores:

which



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which is but the following historical anecdote compressed into a meagre Latin Distich. It conveys the meaning paraphrastically, and may be interesting to some of our readers.—Pope Gregory, the Great, while yet arch-deacon, seeing some young men of the province of *Deira* [the south of Northumberland] to be sold for slaves in open market at Rome, and admiring their comely appearance, enquired what Country they were of, and being told *Angli*, i. e. English men, said, and well may they be so called; for truly they seem *Angeli* [Angels]: and enquiring of what Province, was answered *Deira*; to which he replied, *De ira Dei sunt liberandi*, i. e. From the wrath of God they are to be delivered: and enquiring the name of their King, which was *Alle*; how fitly, says the benevolent Ecclesiastic, may they sing Hallelujahs! From that time Gregory seriously endeavoured the conversion of the English nation, which, being elevated to the Tiara, he effected by the diligence of Augustine the monk, known also by the appellation of St. Augustin, or Austin, the first Archbishop of Canterbury.—Selvaggi at Rome likewise honoured the author of *Paradise Lost*, with a Latin Distich in a strain equally complimentary; but in substance more properly his own.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Mæonem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

This

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This thought, somewhat dilated, Dryden has transfused into his well-known epigram on his admired cotemporary with the advantage of a hint adopted from the testrastic of Salsilli, another of his Latin encomiasts, which, alluding to the three Epic Poets, Homer, Virgil and Tasso previously introduced, terminates as follows, “*Nam per te, Milto! par tribus unus erit.*” Let the Englishman now answer for himself, in the vernacular tongue,

Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no farther go;  
To make a third she join'd the former two. DRYDEN.

This is a gem of a fine water; and tho' the thought, as observed, be not absolutely new, it has the advantage of an exclusive recommendation, much to the honour of Dryden. That great improver of our language and versification owed no compliment to Milton, who, perhaps jealous of his deserved popularity, allowed him indeed the character of a good rhymist; but denied him to be a poet, of which he gives so legitimate a proof in the very act of supporting the reputation of his defamer. A reader, hypercritically disposed, might ask, Are the poetic powers of Homer and Virgil marked with sufficient epigrammatical discrimination by the terms *Loftiness* and *Majesty*? Is not the limitation of the force of Nature, in the fifth verse, too extravagant?

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vagant? and the concluding couplet inaccurate in point of rhyme? These blemishes, if such they can be called, are but a kind of *lufus naturæ*; the luxuriance of exuberant genius intent on general effect. The Writer has attempted an imitation of that justly-admired Master, in which those objections are in some sort obviated; whether successfully or not is submitted to the Reader. (p. 215)

Under the head of imitation instances might be produced of authors copying themselves, and frequently ringing the changes on the same thought, with merely a simple variation of dress; others, without any assignable cause or visible necessity, repeat entire passages verbatim. Juvenal in his first Satire, line 25, thus expresses himself:

Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.

This line, without any peculiarity of thought, felicity of expression, versification or point to countenance the repetition, occurs again in his tenth satire, line 226. Some writers have fallen into the track of others unconsciously, and, by a sort of involuntary association, memory supplies the part of genius: A peccadillo incident to great readers, susceptible of impression; of this class we may generally reckon Poets.

Not only in poetry, but in other branches, philosophy, music, grammar, and criticism, authors palpably tread in each others steps, and many an ingenious discovery,



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discovery, which modern promulgators deem veritably their own, has been anticipated by their forefathers. The Rev. Mr. Dutens, Rector of Elfdon, Northumberland, a persevering enquirer, carried his animadversions on this head to a voluminous extent: without recurring to his discoveries we shall briefly touch upon a few of more recent notoriety. The composition and powers of gunpowder, attributed to one Schwartz, a German Priest, was known to Friar Bacon of Oxford, six hundred years ago, who also, as appears in his *Opus Majus*, addressed to the Pope, still extant, was, in speculation at least, an aërostat, and mentions the BALLOON. Holder, in his Elements of Speech, read before the Royal Society, *Anno* 1668-9, started the idea of the TELEGRAPHE. The whim of cashiering the names of the months, and distinguishing them by others, derived from some incidental production or phenomena of nature, is not of modern invention; it originated in Pagan usage, and was practised by the Saxons, to whom we are likewise obliged for the names of the days of the week; mentioned by Verstegan, in his English Antiquities, near two centuries ago. \*

Dr.

\* Small quarto, dated Antwerp; February 7th, 1605, N. S. and again printed by John Bill, his Majesty's Printer, 1628.

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Dr. Johnson, who in his English Dictionary, with discriminating sedulity, illustrates his explanation of words and their various acceptations by accumulated authorities from approved writers, had the example of the Classic Lexicographers, which he meritoriously follows.\* The analysis of the alphabet and theory of oral sounds, inculcated by a late eminent philologist, appear with striking features of similarity in the lucubrations of Holder, just mentioned, and Others, now in the Author's possession, published upwards of a century and a half before: Works which, on the Writer's intimating the circumstance to Mr. Sheridan, he declared he had never seen! Sheridan was unquestionably a man of truth. Dr. K. in his Dictionary uses figures placed over the vowels, to ascertain their respective powers, and in a more recent publication by another hand, it is said he was the first who hit upon that expedient, though several years antecedent to both,

\* The most accurate Edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary yet printed (as appears from a very long List of Errata, corrected from the last London Quarto Edition, by the Publisher, now in his Possession, which may be seen by any Person at pleasure) in two Volumes 4to, with the Advantage of a Standard of correct Pronunciation now first united, consequently comprising those two valuable Works in one, with an Historical Account of the Author's Life, not in any former Edition, and an Engraving of Dr. Johnson's Head, is now publishing by the Printer hereof, in Numbers, at 1s. 1d. per Number.

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both, Sheridan in his Lectures, which, it is evident, the Doctor copied, had set the example. It were to be wished, some scheme of uniformity had prevailed among our modern orthoëpists; for by their unnecessary and capricious variations, without securing to themselves the Palm of Originality, the subject is involved in a state of confusion worse confounded, and pronunciation, amid the crowd of contending authorities, remains in its primitive uncertainty. The Writer also has been a labourer in the same vineyard. His mode of pronunciation, he would gladly rest upon the authority of the best of his contemporaries; but which is the best? how shall the standard be fixed? a knotty affair!—

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?      POPE.

The contrivance he has adopted for determining the powers of letters, he persuades himself, has many and very peculiar advantages. It possibly may not be exclusively his own; but scarcely the property of any other, since the origin of printing, and so far His the merit of the application. A singular property of this contrivance is, it does in no respect militate against the subsisting Editions, nor intrench upon the beauty of the page; a species of luxury now more, it seems, in request, than importance of Matter, and the graces and perfections of Style.

The



## PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT. xxxiii

The custom of Writers has ever been to avail themselves of the labours of their predecessors. It is the road to excellence, and in no respect derogatory to their characters. Every man, it must be presumed, has something of his own, and, while he partakes of the general treasure, in adding his mite to the public stock, he deserves his share of credit. But credit for literary performance is at best fortuitous and reluctantly allowed; this is peculiarly the fate of poetry. Your minor Rhetoricians, who deal much in the figure Synecdoche, though perhaps strangers to the term, if they hit upon a passage or two similar to any thing they have elsewhere met with, pronounce upon the whole; and, though they may frigidly allow it some praise, will tell you roundly, *'tis ALL borrowed*. It is very possible that different Writers, engaged on the same topic, may fall into the same train of ideas, and consequently into the same, or nearly the same, mode of expression; yet, notwithstanding such casual coincidences, both, as to themselves, be equally original; an instance of which appears in the 735th line of the following Work, which was written before ever the Author saw Dr. Johnson's Prologue, where the same thought, nearly in the same words, also occurs. This, with another in a more recent composition, remotely analogous to one of Gray's, was first pointed

xxxii PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

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out by that excellent Actor, and no less valuable man, the late Mr. Henderfon; between whom and the Writer, he is proud of this opportunity to declare, there subsisted an intimacy and friendship till his death.

If, upon the whole, it should be thought the subject is treated in a manner too desultory, the Writer can only say, a Systematic Treatise was not his design. His utmost aim was a Curfory Essay, which admits of latitude, for his own and the entertainment of a very limited circle of friends. Preferring amusements that have at least the appearance of something rational, they were in habits of acting private plays; a practice requiring thought, unfriendly to tattling and dissipation; to which however none were admitted, who were not someway concerned in the performance. The Writer had spoken of *Jane Shore* as a favourite Tragedy; it was got up partly in compliment to him. Such attentions, though they may not amount to what are properly called obligations, agreeably touch the string of sensibility, and have often excited returns from the muse: It was an opportunity for his to step forward. The first outline was wholly complimentary; but on revision it occurred to him, that mere panegyric, if it should get into print, however happily applied, could be interesting to few; useful perhaps to none; more commonly awaking envy than inspiring emulation;

he

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he therefore extended his plan, and included a general View of the Stage, in the state it then appeared. This naturally led him to touch upon the difficulties and discouragements attending it as a profession, to which unwary youth, with little or no prospect of success, by contemplating its allurements, and viewing it through a false medium, are often seduced. The sketch, tho' slight and hastily thrown together, is, nevertheless, faithful; the result of observation, and verified by experience. Some general rules for acting are occasionally interspersed; not with a view to form actors; for that, the Writer takes leave to reiterate, was no part of his intention; but the direct contrary. The didactic part is calculated to excite reflection, by showing our dramatic Phaëtons, in the strongest point of light, the labour they must undergo; the obstacles they have to encounter, and the hazards they inevitably run; which should dissuade reasonable creatures from the pursuit. But as the power of infatuation cannot be at all times counteracted, an attention to the rules may, in some measure, prevent their being utterly ridiculous, and, instead of pleasing, disgusting their auditors; a case which unfortunately too often happens. If it deter but an individual from misapplying his talents; if it prove, in any degree, the means of reconciling a useful member of society to a more eligible vocation, for which his qualifications

## xxxvi PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

qualifications and abilities are better calculated, he shall think he has done a service to the community, and that his time was not unworthily employed. The performance, with all its demerits, must now answer for itself. To escape the severity of censure is all the Writer's hopes aspire to.

N. B. *EXTRACTS*, alluded or referred to in the preceding Pages, inserted after the Notes at the End.

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Those who are conversant in Printing, need not be told that errors of the press are almost unavoidable, and sometimes escape the most vigilant experience. On closely scrutinizing this work a few inaccuracies have been discovered, and tho' upon the whole inconsiderable, and such for the most part as might possibly pass unobserved, the Editor, not to insinuate an idea of perfection on the merit of concealment, solicits the candour of the reader to excuse the following

### ERRATA.

Page	line	7	for martial	read marshal.
62	21		fawns	fauns.
78	1		She now, &c.	But now, &c.
150	19		their	there
160	26		desparage	disparage.
184	4		Chief-d'Oeuvre	Chef-d'oeuvre.
260	17		possitive	positive
271	10		this world	the world
291	31		1761	1760

We have likewise to regret that, in a very few instances also, uniformity of Orthography has not been strictly preserved.



✻ ANALYTIC VIEW of the PRELIMINARY ESSAY, &c.  
also of the THEATRE, by way of ARGUMENT ; with  
Additions ; drawn up for the Editor's own use, which  
may answer the Reader's convenience as an INDEX.


ORIGIN of the Poem.—Reasons for publishing.—Apology  
for Digression.—India Affairs.—Occasional Imitation.—Authors  
all borrowers.—Instances: Pope, Addison, Waller, Dryden, Milton,  
Parnell, Gray.—Elegy in a Country Church-yard—remarkable  
Anecdote concerning it.—Peter Pindar and others concur  
in its not being originally the Production of Gray.—Thoughts  
apparently taken from Waller, Thomson, and Parnell.—  
Curfory observations on Thomson, Mason, Sterne, Swift, La  
Fontaine, Ovid, Virgil, and Horace.—The Arabian Nights.—  
Grecian Mythology.—The Greeks a Nation of Plagiarists.—  
Pythagoras.—Pythagorean or Copernican System.—(Sir ISAAC  
NEWTON.)—Plato.—Hesiod.—Homer.—MIRACLES.—Mahomet.  
—VESPASIAN.—Hume, &c.—Constantine.—Thundering  
Legion, of which in ancient records are many exemplars.—  
[Might have borrowed from the Scriptures; see I Sam. ch. vii.  
v. 10. Psalm xviii. v. 13, 14; and had a precedent in Homer  
Il. viii. v. 75, &c.]—Principle of Imitation.—Epigrams on Milton.  
—Conversion of the English.—Dryden's Epigram.—Juvenal.—  
Imitators in Arts and Sciences.—Gunpowder.—Schwartz.—  
Friar Bacon.—BALLOON. ✻ Adam Walker of Manchester had  
been in the practice of sending up small Globes inflated with  
Gas long before Montgolfier or the French aéronauts made  
their attempts.—The FIRST BALLOON in IRELAND was let off  
from the Play Ground of the Academy, Grafton-street, Dublin,  
by the EDITOR of the present Work, then a School-Boy.—[The  
Art of augmenting the effects and diminishing the expence of  
Fire, lately adopted as C. Rumford's Invention, had been long  
known: a Treatise on that subject, containing, among other things,  
a description of a Chimney for the purpose, appeared in German  
at Leipfick, Anno 1669. The Sieur Gauger published his *La  
Mécanique*

Mechanique du Feu, precisely on the same principle, in 1709, which was given in English with considerable improvement by Dr. Defaguliers, May 3d, 1715. Count Rumford had also the advantage of Dr. Franklin's Treatise on the subject, printed Anno 1768.]—Holder.—TELEGRAPHE.—Names of the Months, &c.—Johnson's Dictionary.—Analysis of the Alphabet.—Sheridan—Dr. K. and others—OUR AUTHOR's contrivance for ascertaining the powers of the Letters.—Intention of the POEM: a MIRROR for Youth addicted to the THEATRO-MANIA.

EXTRACTS, &c. [inserted at the end.] from Addison's Cato; Vida; Virgil—might have been enlarged from Lucan and others.—Waller's, Go, lovely Rose!—Ἐπίγραμμα τῷ Πλάτῳ. The Apple, imitated from the Greek.—Gray's Imitations; referring to Waller, Parnell, &c.—Extracts from Thomson, &c.—Simile.—Patience, from Shakspeare, &c.—Extracts from Richard II.—Story of Le Fevre.—Henry V.—from Swift, Receipt to form a Beauty—from La Fontaine, Madam Fontanges.—From Hesiod, Pandora in Greek; English Version.—Observations.—Song from the Guardian.—Madrigal in French.—On Imitation; from La Fontaine, French and English.—Lord Roscommon, Pope, &c. on Poetic Numbers.—Dr. Johnson superciliously opposes Sheridan.—The Reason assigned.—[N. B. Page liv. text, line last but one, for, which irritated, &c. *read*, which, whenever the name of Sheridan was but glanced at, irritated, &c.]—Boswell, partial to Johnson, in like manner unwarrantable in his strictures.—Our Author speaks from personal intimacy, particularly as to two marked occurrences in which he himself was the Agent.—Collins, in his Ode to the Passions, indebted to Master Sackville, his Induction, &c. Sackville to Danté.—Dryden, Milton, Tasso, &c.—The Ancients.—Extracts from Paradise Lost.—Observations.—[page lvii. line 13, for a symbolic term, used by, &c. *read*, a symbolic term, alluding to the equality of Day and Night, used by, &c.]—Citations from the Pentateuch.—Horace.—Patriarch Joseph.—Continence of Scipio.—Virgilius illustratus, &c. Op. Fulvii Ursini.—Extract from Hume.—Voltaire.—MIRACLES.—Disquisition on the  
two

two imputed to VESPASIAN.—Sheridan's liberality in respect of the Author of Douglas invidiously construed by Johnson, &c.

——REAL HISTORY OF THE MEDAL given to the Author of the Tragedy of DOUGLAS.——Account of the

**Floure of the Commaundementes enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde.**  **The Vermeyte** in the Black Letter.——Same from Howell.——Parnell's, in every body's hands.

MDCCLXXIX.—The Poem, in conformity to the general subject and its particular designation for a Lady, opens with an introductory observation on the loss recently sustained by the Drama, in being deprived of Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber.—Summary Sketch of the present style of acting.—Extravagance, self-sufficiency and petulance of the modern School.—Supercilious contempt of their Predecessors.—Low ebb to which the Stage is reduced.—A well regulated one important to the community.—Private Plays; a consequence of the disorderly and neglected state of the established Theatres.—Poets and Actors in all departments not alike competent.—Cursory review of a Theatrical Corps.—Different modes of Exhibition.—Auditors not alike susceptible.—Subject to incongruous impressions.—Their reprehensible behaviour, rudeness, mounting the benches, &c.—Beaux, Belles, Would-be-critics; an insufferable tribe.—Their vanity, partial and absurd prejudices, illiberal strictures, wanton cruelty and unwarrantable abuse.—Miserable condition of an unpopular Actor.—Capriciousness of public taste; always dissatisfied, hankering after novelty and prone to censure.—Managers and management—an ungrateful situation—idle clamours against—difficulty of procuring entertainment—an invidious task—dishonesty and want of principle a public nuisance.—Bad pay a source of national as well as domestic calamity—the evils it produces—Humiliating situation of distressed creditors—weakness of submitting to it—a flagrant grievance—state reformers should oppose it in the first instance.—Powdered swindlers and swindling.—*Scheme in agitation for developing and remedying the Evil.*

—The



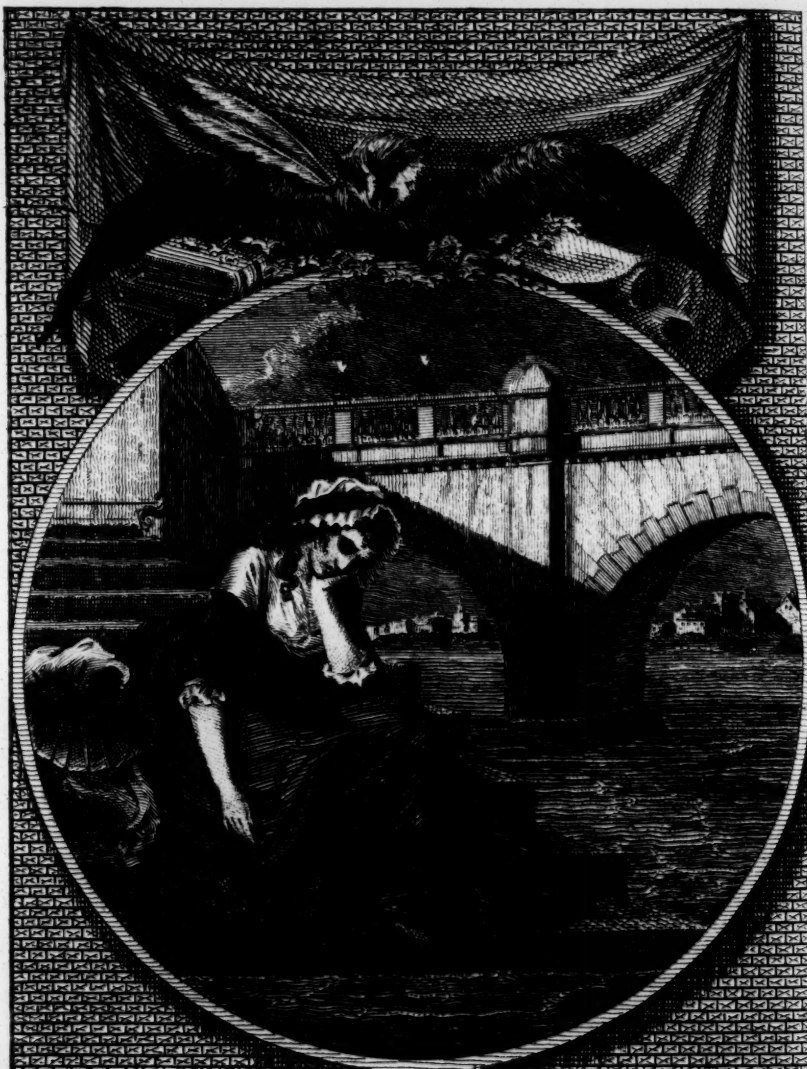
—The Drama, a Picture of Life; how useful.—Actors should study in the volume of nature.—Different powers and qualifications—should adhere to their respective walks—different and peculiar requisites adapted to different parts.—Candid expostulation.—Causes of failure.—Ill success in worldly matters.—Examples: Moflop, Woodward, Ross, Digges, Wilder, Barry, Ryder, &c.—Parental solicitude, disappointment and affliction.—Stage attachment in what respects culpable.—Prospects on it at best unfavourable and precarious; especially to those not born in that line—enimical and forbidding to females, particularly in an unprotected state—their critical situation—singularly exposed to obloquy unmerited, insidious machinations, insurmountable embarrassments and final misery—Bellamy a melancholy instance.—Remonstrance.—Talents, fortitude and good conduct have raised some from obscurity.—Fitz-Henry, an excellent actress, a good wife, a sensible, discreet and provident mother—In fortune and merit ranked with Pritchard.—Their debut on the stage of life—various struggles, perseverance and success.—Cards, their origin and end.—Theatrical pursuits ineligible to those more favourably circumstanced.—Shakspeare, his character, genius and writings—mangled by critics as well as actors.—Digression.—Asiatic scene.—Mercenary views and conduct of Europeans.—Immense Acquisitions—their probable consequences.—Wealth inefficacious in cases of conscience.—Transition to subjects less forbidding.—Domestic prospects.—Man governed by caprice and fashion.—Shakspeare and nature discarded.—Stage reformation desirable;—abuses there no argument for its suppression; Prynne, Collier, &c.—under proper regulation might answer excellent moral purposes.—Advice to novices.—Vanity of some theatrical ladies—Inattention to their parts—contrasted with the Jane Shore of the Poem—manner of performing the part.—Author's obligations to a late amiable and worthy character deceased.—Satire an unfavourable line of writing—often perverted—evil tendency of gross expressions and licentious details.—Peter Aretin and his followers reprobated.—Conclusion.

POEMS, Miscellaneous, &c.

T H E

7 M 55

H E



Intemperate Youth! could Youth alas! reflect?  
Here's ample cause thy Frenzy to correct.

*Walter Pater*

*Theatre line 622*



P O E M S  
O N  
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

---

T H E T H E A T R E ;

O R,

M I R R O U R F O R Y O U T H A D D I C T E D T O T H E T H E A T R O - M A N I A .

W H E N the last plaudits were to Cibber paid,  
And Pritchard her decisive exit made,  
The Tragic Muse her comely tresses tore  
That she should look upon their like no more :  
Nor vain her fears—now frantic o'er the Stage, 5  
Beyond all temperance, our Heroines rage ; \*  
To very tatters every passion rend,  
As if they studied only to offend.  
'Tis true, 'tis pity they so strut and strain  
To tire our patience, and contempt to gain. 10  
And then their action—hold, good Cenfor ! there—  
'Tis suited well to make the groundlings stare ;

B

Froth

Froth and extravagance the herd admire,  
 Probatum est, and smoke's a proof of fire.  
 Trick'd in forc'd attitudes and foreign grace, 15  
 Foreign indeed to subject, time, and place,  
 On fluttering pinions of burlesque they rise,  
 And sacrifice the heart to catch the eyes.  
 Some, in the opposite extreme, are cool;  
 Languid by principle, and tame by rule; 20  
 Exploding Art, they rest on Nature's laws;  
 But, partially conceived, betray her cause;  
 Provoke to laughter where 'twas meant to weep,  
 Or chaunt with drawling lullabies to sleep.

And are there none whom just applause delights; 25  
 Whom Emulation warms or Fame excites?  
 None to whom favour or respect is due;  
 Are all so lost?—The exceptions are but few.  
 From true Desert 'twere baseness to detract,  
 And Wits are found not guiltless of the fact. 30  
 Rhymers too oft seized with the carping fit,  
 Lose sight of Candour in pursuit of Wit;  
 Resolv'd to shine, to shine they bend their thoughts,  
 Through the cheap medium of promulging faults;  
 Merit at will they torture and disguise, 35  
 And guard abuse with falsehood and surmise;  
 With quips and quilllets line by line they cram  
 In all the pretty rage of Epigram,

And

And think, exulting in their two-fold art,  
 That to be orthodox is to be smart. 40  
 'Tis not enough the worthless to arraign,  
 The proud to humble and to curb the vain,  
 At high and low promiscuously they strike,  
 True Drawcanfirs, attacking all alike ;  
 Or Friend or Foe, have at ye ! Jew or Turk, 45  
 The Pen is out, and, Mischief ! do thy work.  
 By vanity conven'd and self-conceit  
 Anon the court yclep'd of Phoebus meet, }  
 And counsel learn'd in order take their feat.  
 Brought to the Bar stands Excellence arraign'd, 50  
 Hypocrisy to deeds of darkness train'd,  
 With ruthless grasp the fatal bowstring draws,  
 And strangles Virtue pleading Virtue's cause.  
 If Truth, or Justice to regard aspires,  
 Slander can prove both Truth and Justice liars ; 55  
 Effrontery supplies each other want,  
 And baffles Right with Virulence and Cant :  
 Let but a speck on splendid gifts appear,  
 Malice sneaks out and damns them with a sneer ;  
 Does Fame her voice with due encomiums raise ? 60  
 Envy and Spleen tread on the Heels of Praise.  
 Ill speed the verse, howe'er by genius dress'd,  
 That pours its gall, or points the paltry jest  
 To wound the feelings of one worthy breast. }

But



But chief at those their venom'd shafts they aim, 65  
 Too weak for contest or supposed too tame.  
 Why at the Sex for want of science rail?  
 Weigh'd with their training merit turns the scale;  
 Their wish, their care, their ardour to excel  
 Prove Taste and Genius in their bosoms dwell. 70  
 The Men, a restiff self-sufficient throng,  
 Wrong from the post, plunge on for ever wrong:  
 Twice fifty moons in Lily's labyrinths bred,  
 Talk not to them of breaking Priscian's head;  
 Tho' oft the ear uncultur'd idioms grate, 75  
 And mangled metre oft disgust create,  
 Against advice, even at their own request,  
 They, as a breach of privilege, protest:  
 Your *jus et norma*,—frivolous! absurd!  
 Originality is all the word; 80  
 Shall genius be confined by servile lore,  
 And not strike out new paths untrod before?  
 If from the ancient schools the line you draw,  
 When Nature to consummate Art gave law,  
 Their practice and their followers they contemn; 85  
 What's Mossop, Garrick, Sheridan to them?  
 More elegance and grace they set to view  
 "Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew;"  
 Or if some grains of merit they allow,  
 The scene is chang'd, and things are different now; 90  
 New

New lights on all are by the Moderns thrown,  
 Who act, we grant, by maxims of their own.  
 Then as to Fops—a despicable race!—  
 Old King and Woodward must of course give place;  
 Precedence ours irrefragably prove, 95  
 Who like Parnobile draws on a glove?  
 Wilks, laureate Cibber, or th' arch coxcomb Thé,\*  
 Would be mere nothing, nothing at this day:  
 Egad! to name them with the present school,  
 The glass of all perfection and the rule, 100  
 Strangers to Ton, and ignorant of Style,  
 Taste and all that—'twould make a Macklin smile;  
 They in their day might answer well enough;  
 But now—comparisons are odious, cries *Nol Bluff*:  
 And yet, confound those rascal gazetteers! 105  
 Not in one paper his great name appears.  
 With more address our Stagers buy esteem,  
 And all our prints with their perfections teem.  
 Where rang'd sedans each morning line the street,  
 Paddy, a second Stagyrte! you meet, 110  
 With News in hand, perch'd on his half-drawn pole,  
 The seeds of learning pregnant in his soul,  
 As round him his unletter'd comrades stand,  
 Spelling the play-puffs to the listening band:  
 Shoeboys and scavengers their work suspend, 115  
 And shrill-voic'd sweeps their rambles, to attend.  
 Ladies

Ladies may wait, and angry footmen call,  
 They see not, hear not, or they curse them all.  
 Wondrous, O Thespians ! must be your renown,  
 In sweat, foot, dirt, thus bandied thro' the town ! 120  
 Who can dispute, when oracles so pure  
 Announce perfection, and success ensure ?  
 But still, should hardy sceptics blots detect,  
 They swell their crests, and glory in defect ;  
 Nay, tho' a Roscius hold the mirror forth, 125  
 'Tis envy nibbling at superiour worth ;  
 Then, enter wrath, with insult at his side,  
 The last resort of ignorance and pride.  
 Even so the moody tyrants they perform,  
 Come forth in clouds, and exeunt in a storm. 130  
 Thus frontless vanity o'ershoots its aim,  
 And balking censure clips the wings of fame.

The Stage, thus run to weeds, o'ergrown and wild,  
 Dishonour'd Nature saw, and pitying smil'd ;  
 But vain is pity and contempt as vain, 135  
 Where nonsense charms, and folly holds her reign.  
 Pathos, that there delighted so of yore,  
 And Taste and Genius, there delight no more ;  
 But, tho' reluctant, quit their native seat,  
 And seek in private a secure retreat. 140  
 Here once again the feeling soul to warm,  
 They animate a fair auspicious form,

Such,



Such, as we read, from bright Olympus came  
To visit earth, and Sheridan her name !

A name, by right hereditary, prov'd 145

To Science dear, of every Muse belov'd :

Shore's hapless wife, that paragon confess'd,

Free from her stains, in all her beauties dress'd,

She realizes to the ravish'd view,

As story boasts her, and the Poet drew. 150

Poets on different grounds the bays assert,

And few the Actors all in all expert ;

Flush'd with pretensions scorning vulgar reach,

Some cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;

Some bustling scenes, and some the trifling suit, 155

Some whine in Jaffier, others doze in Brute ;

Some, strange eccentrics ! forfeit all pretence

To character, and even common sense :

And some, too rarely seen, adorn their sphere,

Blaze, comet-like, surprise and disappear ! 160

Some walking cyphers point-devise get dress'd,

To stop a gap, or to enhance the rest ;

What forms foe'er, or passions intervene,

Serene and calm, fix'd to one set routine, [165

Like school-boys at their tasks, their parts they con,

And daudle off, just as they daudled on :

Beshrew his heart ! who could offend their pride ;

Dear harmless creatures ! they're so satisfied !

Nor

Nor all alike are by the audience felt ;  
 Some fit with Cynic phlegm, while others melt ;  
 Some flirt and giggle—you may rave and hoot ;  
 Why, crusty firs ! they at the Altar do't ;  
 And in the moments sanctified to prayer,  
 They study fashions, courtesy, bow and stare,  
 As if for that sole purpose gather'd there. } 125  
 For admiration and distinction born,  
 So runs their creed, they're pointed at by scorn ;  
 Yet all her spring-guns, and her traps defy, 130  
 To poach for fools, and lure the coxcomb fry.  
 Have they no feeling of decorum ? tush !  
 They leave it to their grandmothers to blush.  
 Modern refinement soars above all rules ;  
 Good breeding's only for your vulgar tools, 135  
 Who, if they laugh, with cause give laughter birth,  
 And with discretion always season mirth :  
 That belles and beaus have either ears or eyes,  
 Save for themselves, 'twere folly to surmise ;  
 Why think it then to out-talk the players odd ? 140  
 Dim are their optics who are blind to God.  
 To them, alas ! the genial lamp of day,  
 The moon and stars, without direction stray ;  
 Weeks, months and years, the morning, noon and night,  
 Creative wisdom thro' all nature bright, 145  
 Unheeded pass ; all changes, tide and time,  
 With less of meaning than a pantomime :

Yet

Yet some there are who harlequin admire,  
Others his wild vagaries tease and tire.

Some partial to the actor slight the piece ; 150  
A few from judgment praise, more from caprice ;  
With things call'd strokes your novices are caught ;  
The knowing ones exult in finding fault,  
And, fraught with self-conceit, their tongues uncurb ;  
Retail stale saws and all around disturb : 155  
Ease, life and spirit they ascribe to brags ;  
A venial slip ! there, set me down an ass.  
No stone is left unturn'd desert to smother ;  
One would be well, but he's so like another ;  
A copyist is a copyist at best ; 160  
All servile imitators they detest ;  
And, cross'd on that tack, if compell'd to strike,  
They rake him fore and aft, because not like.

Some critics would be thought, and, strange to tell !  
They judge of speaking who ne'er learnt to spell ; 165  
With borrow'd strictures bundled up by rote,  
They rail at veterans of the foremost note ;  
Arrest their words ere well they give them breath,  
And with objections worry you to death.  
Pause, accent, emphasis, and parts of speech, 170  
Even to the very lexicon they teach.  
Who, classic Sheridan ! thy diction blame,  
Would swear even Lewis dull and Mossop tame,

C

And



And such there are ; so petulant is pride !  
 So prone to carp ! so forward to decide !  
 The itch of cavil, festering to disease, 175  
 No art can circumscribe, no genius please ;  
 To beauty's self with elegance combin'd,  
 The heart grows callous and perception blind.  
 Why tax Calista's powers ?—suspect thy sense, 180  
 And do not ape the wit at truth's expence ;  
 The crouded audiences and streaming eyes  
 Demonstrate clear, thy frigid censure lies.  
 Monimia treads the stage—Monimia's young,  
 Too fair a flower to 'scape the wanton tongue ; 185  
 Foul-mouth'd defamer ! easily we see  
 Which way the wind fits—she's four grapes to thee :  
 Misfortune's cruel hand expos'd her there,  
 Tho' weak her efforts, her misfortunes spare, }  
 The brave in every state respect the fair. 190  
 If no untimely frost defeat her spring,  
 Another CAMPION future bards may sing : \*  
 The oak majestic towering to the skies,  
 Grew from an acorn to that strength and size.  
 But, oh ! what anxious minutes tells the wight, 195  
 Who proves ungracious in the Million's fight.  
 'Tis held the stars that mark the natal hour,  
 Have o'er the lives of men despotic power ;  
 It staggers faith ; yet by what other rule  
 Are some the theme of constant ridicule ? 200

And,

THE THEATRE.

9

And, ah ! I ween, thrice luckless, who offends  
 The powers on whom dramatic fame depends ;  
 For aye the sport of the capricious town,  
 Like blood-hounds on the scent they hunt him down :  
 Each flaw of gesture, feature, limb or voice, 205  
 A mote, the trick of nature, not of choice,  
 All in full cry with ruthless censure scan,  
 And in the actor crucify the man.  
 Cheerly, good Caius ! wipe thy brimming eyes ;  
 Humane like thee, with thee I sympathize :— 210  
 Conscious of his defects with heart-struck woe,  
 To meet the ordeal doom'd to undergo,  
 He enters ; and anon his wounded ear  
 Horse-laugh affail, low gibe and bitter jeer :  
 Pit, boxes, galleries mingle in the roar, 215  
 And why ? he does his best and can't do more.  
 His sketches given with force are touch'd with skill ;  
 He strives to please, and never fails in will :  
 Some tints of quaintness may obscure his art,  
 But pass not sentence 'till you read his heart. 220  
 To every truth detraction's ears are shut,  
 And every plea comes lacquied with—a but ;  
 But, such an odious fright ! what brought him there ?  
 What might have made a worse, even thee, a play'r,  
 Necessity—dishonest means he scorns, 225  
 Dost thou for that his pallet plant with thorns,

And

And mix with needfuls gall his scanty meal ?  
 When ? when will ease and plenty learn to feel ?  
 With scarce a hope his cheerless breast to warm,  
 He bides the pelting of the pitiless storm ; 230  
 Mute and submissive bowing low his head,  
 Support him, heaven ! to earn his infants bread.  
 Ill-fated man ! he seeks not for applause ;  
 His cause is nature's, hear him for his cause.  
 The tongue of kindness pleads, and pleads in vain, 235  
 Her gentle whispers but provoke disdain ;  
 Yet to his griefs let consolation speak,  
 The first in favour won't be so a week :  
 Wears he the buskin ? all bombast, cries spleen ;  
 Give wisdom tears ; to bucks the comic scene ; 240  
 And, chuckling in a knot, they're doubly blest,  
 When sense disclaims and rudeness points the jest.  
 Fast by the orchestra Hircus takes his stand,  
 The spikes appropriate to support his hand ;  
 His stick thrust to his chin, his head to prop, 245  
 How like a wig-block in a barber's shop !  
 With watering gums he on the actress glotes,  
 To get a peep beneath her petticoats ;  
 A sage behind his shoulder softly tips,  
 Sir, be so good,—our prospect you eclipse. 250  
 Wak'd from his dream, Sir, what do you mean by that ?  
 Your pardon, sir,—just to take off your hat ;

But



But he, as blockheads will not be advis'd,  
Stands bolt upright, and, as he ought, despis'd.

A-breast the ring, another spark entrenches 255

On decency alike, and mounts the benches;  
No doubt, by such rare proof of shining parts,  
To burn to cinders all the misses hearts;

But to them all a nuisance perks the clown,—  
Is no good fellow near to knock him down? 260

No valiant knight to trip such brainless elves?  
Odds pins and needles! ladies! right yourselves.

But not confin'd alone to the parterre,  
Shame to the boxes! favages are there.

How differ, tell us, ye adepts in spunk! 265

He with champaign, and he with porter drunk?

Form'd to their gust, and for such worthies fit,

A screen is humour and a sofa wit;

The dialogue, however finely penn'd,

Is quite a bore, and written to no end; 270

Tho' brilliant fancy glow in every line,

The Graces sport and warble all the Nine,

Deaf to the charmer Maudlin still appears,

And, if he hear him, never shows he hears.

Birds of a feather! Puppies, bears and hogs, 275

Love learned pigs, monkeys, and dancing dogs.

Some by the quantum estimate the stuff,

And for their money think they've ne'er enough;

What's

What's plot, situation, character or style ?

Suffice it them, the bill extends a mile !

280

A farcè to a good play was once a crime,

Now drolls and farces swallow all the time ;

And, cramm'd up to the throat, we still deplore

Our wants, like babies, and bawl out for more.

Hard is his task for public taste who carves !

285

For where one glutton feasts another starves.

Your skilful cook consults the appetite ;

But, damn the manager ! he's never right :

He gives them tragedy, they mouthe at that ;

He gives them comedy—'tis poor and flat ;

290

With fire and frolic seeks he their content,

They grow discreet, and doat on sentiment.

Those the unfetter'd, nervous ancients please ;

The moderns tied to rule and compass these ;

He veers with each ; but still he gets no thanks ;

295

They must have whistlers, tumblers, mountebanks !

Are whistlers, tumblers, mountebanks procur'd ?

What, in a playhouse ? not to be endur'd !

Then the performers ! what a wretched crew !

Just Falstaff's corps ! why doesn't he look for new ?

300

Whom better could he bring, sir, in their stead ?

Bring Dodd, bring Quick, bring—Garrick from the dead !

And if old barebones he contriv'd to chouse,

Ere laps'd a month, he would not bring a house.

Of

Of all amusements, both the grave and gay 305

The one most rational confess a play ;  
Yet night succeeding night, in spite of sense,  
What shoals devote to pam their time and pence !

Yawning at Shakespeare, some to operas fly,  
Adore Trillini, and in cadence die ; 310

Then rous'd encore from their chromatic trance,  
Their spirits caper to the bounding dance,  
The dupes of Italy, and slaves of France !

All have their whimsies, great as well as small,  
And he his claims who strives to humour all. 315

Tho' calumny may tent him to the quick,  
And daring calumnies will sometimes stick,  
Back on herself revert her deadly stings,  
Oppos'd by facts ; for facts are stubborn things.

Envy the harvest of his toil may grudge, 320

Ill-nature snarl, and ignorance misjudge,  
Those on whose brows the beam of candour plays,  
Will blame with temper, and with reason praise.

A generous dealing animates the heart,  
And life and vigour gives to every part ; 325

The manager with due support requites,  
And with the laurel blesses him that writes ;  
To the performer just acclaim ensures,—  
The fear of pleasing his, the pleasure yours.

Each should consider, ere he reprimands, 330

In what predicament the culprit stands ;

For



For oft, heaven knows ! fast to the oar tied,  
 He must drudge on howe'er disqualified,  
 And every option of his soul contract,  
 To drag frail being thro' life's lingering act. 335  
 Before you to asperity give place,  
 If any power can prejudice erase,  
 Try in your own the merits of his case. }  
 Scout as you may presumption and conceit,  
 One leading point's agreed on—all must eat ; 340  
 And better here industrious means to cherish,  
 Than live a villain, or in prison perish :  
 Than live a villain ! Yes, fir, 'twas my word ;  
 He is a villain, commoner or lord,  
 Who, revelling in affluence and delight, 345  
 Defrauds the needy creditor of right ;  
 And they no less who in collusion draw,  
 Or aid such rascals to evade the law.

Oh, there be peers, howe'er they got the name !  
 Whom fainted patience recreants would proclaim ; 350  
 Whose deeds aloud for castigation ask,  
 And whose vile arts 'tis virtue to unmask ;  
 Sharpers in grain, a pest one often meets,  
 With penury and filth that charge the streets ;  
 That in distress the painful artist steep, 355  
 And make the widow and the orphan weep ;  
 Nip hope's fair buds, put commerce to a stand,  
 And with oppression defolate the land.

Against

Against the times declaimers may inveigh,  
The evil trac'd lies in a word—bad-pay : 360  
Plans may be form'd, and regulations made,  
Bad-pay contracts, bad-pay subverts our trade ;  
That every inlet of advantage dams,  
And chains resource to indolence and drams ;  
To that reformers should direct their care, 365  
There bend their forces, point their thunders there ;  
Not, while on justice wealth and state infringe,  
Coop'd in their halls, to grooms and porters cringe ;  
Or stand arraign'd, which less admits excuse,  
For cheats, beslav'd with arrogant abuse. 370  
We boast our laws ! laws are of little force, \*  
When those who should maintain pervert their course ;  
Or, brought to ruin's verge, who gains his suit  
Can find no officer to execute ;  
Or venal reptiles who enhance expence, 375  
Connive at knaves and aggravate offence ;  
The very laws thus making grievance worse,  
Encourage wrongs, and prove themselves a curse.  
O you, whom Bailiffs, or Police they call,  
Who sweep the beggars from the dripping stall ! 380  
Let ruin'd citizens in peace depart,  
And clap the powder'd swindler in the cart.  
Shall hemp and dungeons be the poor man's fate,  
And justice not o'ertake the guilty great ? 384

D

Thank

Thank heav'n! the press our grand palladium's free,  
 And brands the rogue as sure as Tyburn-tree,  
 So speed the verse, to all eternity. }

Yes, tho' I deal not in flagitious rhymes,  
 The day of reckoning may o'ertake their crimes;  
 The gibbet's now preparing large and high, 390  
 With scare-crows pendant to the passers by:  
 The truly noble always claim respect,  
 The caitiff, noble call'd, I will dissect,  
 And on the canvas of derision hatch,  
 A living portrait of the felon SCRATCH; 395  
 That the loud gods whene'er he meets their view,  
 With groans and hisses shall his steps pursue.  
 Rogues of inferior breed, by no means rare,  
 May gain a niche, that, to broad day light bare,  
 The world may see, and of their schemes beware. }

The Drama, by fanatic zeal despis'd, 401  
 Shews us the heart of man anatomiz'd;  
 Hypocrisy strips of her dark disguise,  
 Exposés vice, with virtue charms our eyes;  
 And where a pulpit lecture could not reach, 405  
 Will moral truths and sound instruction teach.  
 Let actors well or ill their tasks discharge,  
 Types of the actors in the world at large,  
 We see the pert, the ignorant, the vain,  
 And at the least expence experience gain, 410  
 Secure from peril, and exempt from pain;

And,



And, in their animated pictures shewn,  
 Learn from their errors to correct our own.  
 The evils justly censur'd all lament,  
 Some cure admit, and most we might prevent : 415  
 So, look at home, in spite of every care,  
 Defects prevail, and gross abuses there ;  
 Yet, 'twere a doctrine, strange and ill employ'd,  
 That for a limb the whole should be destroy'd.

'Tis in life's theatre as on the stage ; 420  
 Various pursuits do various minds engage :  
 Some buoyant ride on faction's turbid stream,  
 Some, lost to glory, in oblivion dream ;  
 Some their career without obstruction run ;  
 Some toil and fret, and are at last undone, 425  
 And knaves and fools whom fortune dignifies,  
 Are, vile abuse of terms ! dubb'd great and wise !  
 While thousands disappointed, curse their state,  
 And what they owe to Pride, ascribe to Fate.  
 Through each department studious artists look, 430  
 And colour their designs from Nature's book.  
 Let pedants with their rules keep e'er such stir,  
 All's mere dead letter, not deriv'd from her ;  
 And those who from her genuine dictates start,  
 Howe'er applauded, never gain the heart. 435  
 Performers who to eminence ascend,  
 Begin with nature and with nature end ;

On

On duty's ladder firmly place their feet,  
 And wary move till fame and merit meet :  
 Nor in deportment only shun excess, 440  
 But, though a trifle, prove their sense in dress ;  
 Vain fools alone propriety resign  
 To the impertinence of being fine ;  
 Or in the lap of false ambition nurs'd,  
 For parts unsuited to their talents thirst ; 445  
 With low manœuvres fostering discontent,  
 A brother's claims how base to circumvent !  
 Each has his forte, and well his forte should know,  
 And to what lengths he may with credit go ;  
 In various casts tho' many bustle on, 450  
 Not mean his genius who excels in one.

To different powers we different walks assign,  
 But judgment often wanes where talents shine ;  
 And where the powers of execution fail,  
 The mind's superiour faculties prevail ; 455  
 To give complete and permanent delight  
 Both must concur and happily unite ;  
 And those who at perfection's laurel aim,  
 On no contracted base must found their claim.  
 Nor do the subjects represented, less 460  
 Their separate modes and signatures possess.  
 Within the complicated list of parts,  
 Some, too insipid e'er to reach our hearts,

In one cold uniform dull tenour creep,  
 And scarce awake the heedless audience keep ; 465  
 Those, like a mill-stone round the Actor's neck,  
 A dead load hang, and all his efforts check.  
 Others a latent excellence conceal,  
 Which spirited exertion may reveal,  
 And half the merit is of some effac'd, 470  
 If not with personal endowments grac'd.  
 Some boldly mark'd, instinct with native force,  
 Performance aid, and interest of course.  
 Thus with congenial flame, *the Muse of Fire*  
 The dullest actor will sometimes inspire ; 475  
 Conflicting passions, loud, impetuous, strong,  
 Wrapt in their vortex, hurry him along ;  
 And luckily one striking feature caught,  
 A semblance stamps, tho' charg'd with many a fault.  
 Hence with the magic of a Garrick's art, 480  
 He wrests incontinent the yielding heart ;  
 Clap, clap all hands ; he catches at the prize ;  
 But soon, ah ! soon the abortive ferment dies.  
 Great unawares, but impotently great,  
 Blown in his speed, and foundered in conceit, } 485  
 He sinks encumber'd with his author's weight.  
 So dangerous is it wantonly to rise,  
 And range improvident forbidden skies.

What



What evil genius in more evil hour,  
 Could prompt thee, fool! beyond thy strength to tow'r?  
 Yet ere the curtain of thy miseries drop, 491  
 Retreat in time, and cultivate thy shop;  
 There may thy talents, usefully display'd,  
 Raise thee a name and consequence in trade;  
 Each smiling day will some new charms unfold, 495  
 And industry convert thy dross to gold;  
 And, to the generous mind worth all the rest,  
 Bless thee with means of making thousands bless'd:  
 Scoff as thou wilt, to that my words propose,  
 Her greatness Britain, George his glory owes; 500  
 And more true pleasure one such day affords,  
 Than a whole life sunk on the play-house boards.

Full many a sad example could I name,  
 Lost to his friends, to fortune and to fame;  
 And many a youth, whose woes I might detail, 505  
 Has made his final exit in a jail.

Mossop! in manhood's prime, the Stage's pride,  
 A martyr to his evil genius died,  
 And tho' applause his strong exertions crown'd,  
 No sterling proofs were in his pockets found.\* 510

The thrifty Woodward, at a later day,  
 A bankrupt pining on his death-bed lay,  
 Convinc'd he had perform'd an idle part,  
 And the last call releas'd a broken heart:

A fellow

A fellow sufferer, known in Comus' court, 515  
Even now solicits needy life's support.

Digges! highly born, train'd up and qualified,  
With rank acquainted and to rank allied,  
Fallen from his state, met the cold stroke of death,  
With scarce a friend to catch his lingering breath; 520  
One, and but one, in life's dark eve procur'd,  
The balm of comfort on his miseries pour'd:  
May the kind hands thus ready to extend,  
Ne'er feel distress, nor ever want a friend.

Wilder! an honest soul, cordial and true 525  
As e'er the vital air in hardship drew,  
Not Barry, in her zenith, followed more,  
When forty winters he had scull'd o'er,  
Public neglect with manly reason spurn'd,  
And to his pencil and his paints return'd; 530  
Grown wise at last, he with his virtuous wife  
Now tastes the comforts of domestic life.

The gallant Spranger—how did Spranger speed?  
A combination and a form indeed,  
To thousands living might the muse appeal, 535  
Where every god seem'd to have set his seal,  
Spent, spent, quite spent, broke down, and harrafs'd out,  
Bending with years, and tortur'd with the gout,  
These pitying eyes beheld, a mere machine,  
Borne to the side and hobbling thro' the scene: 540

Such

Such undertakings men are prompted to,  
When life's at stake, and hunger is the cue.

Another yet—an Actor and a Sage,  
The great restorer of the Irish Stage,  
In spite of envy, malice, faction, spleen, 545  
He rais'd and scour'd the Augean stable clean,  
Twelve tedious winters closely, hardly toil'd,  
In all his schemes of independance foil'd,  
At one dire blast saw his fair harvest spoil'd;  
Sent with his helpless family adrift, 550  
A fugitive, in foreign climes to shift,  
The herse his wife's respected corse that bore  
Left him possess'd of not one louis-d'or;  
Yet to the last, 'tis true, he ne'er resign'd  
The vigorous workings of his ardent mind; 555  
Pregnant with deeds he his quietus made,  
And smil'd on death with whom he oft had play'd.

'Gainst these, rash boy, thou may'st retort with scorn  
Some casual fact—by miracle a thorn,\*  
And possibly the rose of June may blow 560  
In the chill bosom of December's snow;  
But, not detracting from thy force and weight,  
What claims are thine to hope a better fate?

Domestic ties I would not press too far,  
Nor with fond notions generous efforts bar; 565  
I mention not a mother raving wild,  
Thus, thus to leave me! poor devoted child!



Nor yet a father's heart corroding grief,  
 Silent and sad, forbidding all relief;  
 Wasted his care and pains, his measures broke, 570  
 And vanished all his promised joys in smoke;  
 Haply a brother, to destruction brought,  
 By the contagion of example caught.  
 These, and a train of consequences more,  
 I leave untouch'd and pass unnotic'd o'er; 575  
 Dark tho' the prospect, candour must confess,  
 Misconduct sometimes stumbles on success;  
 Friendly precaution borne on fancy's wings  
 May make erroneous estimates of things:  
 Haply no brother, to destruction brought, 580  
 By the contagion of example's caught,  
 And, tho' but rarely, ancient records tell,  
 The Prodigal reclaim'd has ended well.—

But should a daughter, or a sister dear,  
 Start, stage-attracted, madly from her sphere, 585  
 Affliction's cup in bitterness runs o'er,  
 And wounded nature bleeds at every pore;  
 Imagination giving anguish scope,  
 Immers'd in disappointment loses hope.  
 Slander, that strikes where merit most prevails, 590  
 Notes every look, at every turn assails;  
 The very charms that should protection claim,  
 Betrayers prove and undermine her fame:

E

Her

Her own sex piously the work begin,  
 Who seldom think detraction is a sin, 595  
 And many a fop, with falsehood's spirit curs'd,  
 Biographies her from the lap that nurs'd ;  
 Citing in proof, when, where and how, a list  
 Of well-known facts that never could exist.  
 The close seducer, following up the sport, 600  
 Inveterates malice and abets report ;  
 Hovering aloof, he keeps awhile at bay,  
 Watches the unguarded hour and swoops his prey.  
 A month or two, unconscious of her fate,  
 Perhaps she flaunts it criminally great ; 605  
 Pleasures illusive her acceptance stay,  
 Her minions guard her, and her slaves obey ;  
 Obsequious chieftains for supreme command,  
 And grave divines for mitres kiss her hand ;  
 Soft adulation lives but in her smiles, 610  
 And glare and influence sense of shame beguiles.  
 Mark the reverse—in early life's decline,  
 O Bellamy ! the dire reverse was thine. \*  
 In the brief whirl of her exuberant reign  
 Assistance sought was never sought in vain ; 615  
 Too careless of events, tripp'd of her all,  
 Those, whom her affluence fed, deride her fall.  
 Desponding on the margin of the flood,  
 Wild with her griefs the child of folly stood ;

No grateful friend, from Thames' infurgent wave, 620

Prelate nor chieftain, stretch'd a hand to save.—

Intemperate youth! could youth, alas! reflect?

Here's ample cause thy frenzy to correct:

On what presumption, by what just decree,

Must honour, kindred, peace, succumb to thee? 625

The pictures here exhibited to view

Are fairly drawn; the originals I knew.

To this late period, from my boyish age,

I have trac'd the specious warfare of the stage,

And, scrutiniz'd in every point of light, 630

Decided truths to inexperience write;

For as a man, man's sufferings doom'd to share,

That, no slight province, challenges my care.

Here giddy youth may learn those rocks to shun,

On which such numbers split and are undone; 635

Here learn the fate of overweening pride,

Of time mispent and talents misapplied.—

On Green-room history were it meet to dwell,\*

The page of grievance would to folios swell.

But why forestal resistless sorrow's date? 640

Evil, untutor'd, never comes too late;

Gladly the painful office I forego,

And leave to time the blazonry of woe.

Forbid it, justice, to reproach or scorn,

Worth native there and to the manner born, 645

Or



Or one illiberal stricture to exprefs,  
 When genius seeks that refuge from diftrefs.  
 To fools and knaves are fortune's favours given,  
 Genius, a ray electric, comes from heaven;  
 Eluding the dull ken of vulgar fight, 650  
 It ranges free, and deviates into right;  
 But vanity will find, by sorrow ſchool'd,  
 Will is not power, nor all that glitters, gold.  
 With cold remonſtrance paſſion to oppoſe,  
 Perhaps ſmall knowlege of its nature ſhews; 655  
 But tho' the films of paſſion reaſon blind,  
 Some lucky moment truth may entrance find.  
 If but a ſingle proſelyte I gain,  
 Say, happy parent! have I writ in vain?  
 And many a wandering mind for virtue fram'd, 660  
 By friendly treatment might have been reclaim'd.  
 Of ſuch perverſe materials ſome are made,  
 They move, like crabs, by nature retrogade,  
 Wilfully blind and liſtleſsly ſecure,  
 Whom they diſtrefs or what they may endure; 665  
 Devoted to the chace where ruin lies,  
 They mock reſtraint, precaution they deſpiſe;  
 Low-minded craft for wiſdom's lore miſtake,  
 And vice and folly their associates make.  
 Their doom is ſeal'd—to thoſe who merit praiſe, 670  
 Warm from the heart, my pen due tribute pays.

Not warp'd by spleen, or causeless prone to blame,  
 What muse, Fitz-Henry, could forget thy name,  
 By virtue dignified and dear to fame?  
 A tender mother and a faithful wife,  
 She grac'd the scene and trod the stage of life;  
 Taught her lov'd offspring, as a parent should,  
 The noblest lesson, that of being good;  
 Their guide and pattern, in the paths of truth  
 She train'd their childhood and confirm'd their youth; 680  
 And, oh! that many such the stage supplied,  
 She lived like Pritchard, and like Pritchard died.  
 Rest, gentle pair! a pair so well approv'd,  
 In death lamented as in life belov'd,  
 How rare to meet!—yet humble was their state, 685  
 'Till genius and their virtues prov'd them great.  
 No silken robes around their footsteps flow'd,  
 No gems seductive on their bosoms glow'd;  
 Dormant their hopes, as well as talents lay,  
 'Till adverse trials forc'd them into day; 690  
 Success far seated on a mountain's brow  
 They saw, but dimly, from the shade below:  
 And now with hope, half kindling, half repress'd,  
 To gain the summit they their steps address'd;  
 Rough was the way, and steep was the ascent, 695  
 Yet on, scarce dreaming to what end, they went;  
 Great was the toil, and greatly they endur'd;  
 On those sole terms is eminence procur'd.

That

That empty pastime for an empty king\*  
 Aptly devis'd, beneath their roofs could bring 700  
 No formal parties, wont to reimburse  
 The claims of fashion from their neighbour's purse.  
 With Matadores, Pont, Basto and Spadille,  
 Their precious hours let poring dotards kill;  
 Heedless how trumps were play'd or honours dealt, 705  
 The tragic page they tasted and they felt,  
 And as around the friendly hearth they read,  
 Oft sent their hearers weeping to their bed.  
 In time's due course, reveal'd in all her charms,  
 Melpomene received them to her arms, 710  
 And tho' of friends and kindred aid depriv'd,  
 At wealth and fame with honour they arriv'd.  
 No father's hopes, no mother's peace destroy'd,  
 Left free to choose that freedom they employ'd;  
 And what in thousands candour must condemn, 715  
 So differ things, was rectitude in them.  
 'Tis not the station that contempt deserves;  
 But who from reason and from duty swerves.  
 O thou! whose stars a kindlier aspect wear,  
 Spare thy connections, thy own blushes spare! 720  
 Short are the triumphs of impertinence,  
 And shame the meed of prostituted sense;  
 Then learn betimes what ills misprision wait;  
 When howls the storm, reflection comes too late.

By



By futile brains are futile schemes imbib'd, 725  
 Discretion trimly steers the course prescrib'd;  
 To no false lights her steady views incline,  
 Her pilot, Reason;—make that pilot thine;  
 Nor by the glare of tinsel'd shew misled,  
 While with disgrace thou earn'st precarious bread, } 730  
 Heap fresh anathemas on Shakspeare's head.

Immortal Bard! whose heaven-illumin'd mind,  
 Compriz'd the volume of all human kind;  
 Pierc'd at a glance extended nature thro',  
 Her worlds exhausted, and develop'd new; 735  
 Bade viewless Nothing into Being start,  
 And rul'd at will the captivated heart;  
 Unlike the lordlings of succeeding days,  
 Who ravage nations, or who pilfer bays;  
 Despis'd while living, and in death their name 740  
 Damn'd to oblivion, or more damn'd in fame;  
 How have thy sacred pages been defac'd!  
 Tortur'd at Prefs, and on the Stage disgrac'd!  
 Shall I once more, a loss I have long deplor'd,  
 Behold thee, Shakspeare! to thy rights restor'd? 745  
 Shall I, O Fashion! Fashion! e'er again  
 See thee, sweet Bard! in wonted splendour reign?  
 Ah! no, sweet Bard! I never shall see more,  
 What I have seen, and ever shall deplore.  
 Farewel the mystic song, the potent spell, 750  
 Ye more than mortal agencies, farewel!

Strive

Strive ridicule and reason as they may,  
 Witlings will rise, and dunces have their day.  
 Thrown on the shelf poor banish'd Romeo lies,  
 And in the tomb forgotten Juliet dies ;  
 Macbeth no more his air-form'd dagger draws,  
 While bloodier tyrants plunder with applause.

753

Turn o'er the annals of the present age,  
 Such fell destroyers ne'er disgrac'd the Stage :  
 Shylock the Jew was merciful to these,  
 He thirsts but for his bond, they for rupees ;  
 A pound of Christian flesh, penurious feast !  
 Nabobs entire are swallowed in the East ;  
 Not for the purposes of speculation,  
 All's for the good and honour of the nation.

760

763

But what's the honour, what the nation's good,  
 By fraud atchiev'd, and seal'd with human blood ?  
 Reproach abroad, domestic virtue stain'd,  
 To hostile force and tyrant pleas constrain'd ;  
 Crowns got with blood must be with blood maintain'd.  
 The inundation of a golden tide

770

Obliterates all, save luxury and pride ;  
 And ostentation vaunting in their train,  
 Intemperance and indolence and pain,  
 And arrogance the pander of disdain.

775

With the same lust of power was Rome possess'd,  
 With the same predatory views impress'd,

With

With the same hopes on foreign wars resolv'd,  
 With the same climes in martial strife involv'd,  
 With the same fortunes were her Eagles crown'd, 780  
 With the same influx of corruption drown'd;

And, as a document to States unborn,  
 Rome, mistress of the world, became its scorn.  
 Such goodly fruits from depredation springs!  
 Such glorious laurels impious conquest brings!! 785

And then our Sensibility's so nice,  
 To mark the argument is deem'd a vice.  
 But here the real and mimic scene agree,  
 No Daniel comes to judgment till you see;  
 Bribe deep, and fearless accusation meet, 790

The perquisite makes every thing smell sweet;  
 Yet, tho' all India's diamonds tempt the breach,  
 The foe of virtue, virtue will impeach,  
 And little will the subterfuge avail,  
 When character'd in death he reads the tale. 795

Not mine the task his punishment to urge,  
 Not mine the office to apply the scourge;  
 Not mine the bosom that must feel the shock,  
 To see the cart, the halter, or the block.

But should corruption stretch her gilded hand, 800  
 And screen her minion when the laws demand,  
 To Heaven lies the appeal; to Heaven belongs,  
 To avenge a Prince's and a People's wrongs;



The solemn ties infrin'g'd, the blood he spilt,  
 Shall rise in judgment, and confront his guilt; 805  
 The shades of mothers and their babes destroy'd,  
 While he his good things and his ease enjoy'd;  
 Of free-born maids to loath'd embraces led,  
 Torn from their fires, and perishing for bread;  
 Shall all his foul enormities retrace, 810  
 And ceaseless horrors stare him in the face;  
 Their barbed stings in his gor'd breast implant,  
 And rack his peace, who peace refus'd to grant.  
 Vain the proud glare of Asiatic state,  
 His costly vases and his piles of plate, 815  
 Nor opiate, 'sleep or waking, shall he find  
 To 'swage the hell in his perturbed mind.  
 What needs the farce of calling to the bar,  
 The cloak of trial and the wordy war?  
 Will it dispeopled provinces excuse, 820  
 That not a man was left to bear the news;  
 Or tomes of crimes and misdemeanors need,  
 When tortur'd conscience pleads—I have done the deed!  
 Self-condemnation needs no other proof,  
 Ye ministers of vengeance! stand aloof, 825  
 Despair itself shall do the hangman's part,  
 Or drench the poignard in his ruthless heart.  
 Thus curs'd the wretch, and blasted be his fame,  
 If any such e'er bore a Briton's name.

But

But scenes of fraud and rapine have too long 830  
 Engross'd attention, and prophan'd the song ;  
 Whom such delight on system may advance,  
 Enough for me to take a passing glance.  
 The evils done no remedy admit,  
 No tongue can mitigate, no language fit ; 835  
 And since we nearer home may be supplied,  
 Turn we from those disgustful themes aside.  
 Not lur'd by wealth, nor caught by dazzling shows,  
 Which in possession wound, not give repose,  
 Me other prospects, other objects charm, 840  
 My labours sweeten, my affections warm ;  
 Solace my griefs, if any griefs intrude,  
 My joys enhance, and brighten solitude.  
 Content with competence, and hating strife,  
 Let me pass quiet thro' the vale of life ; 845  
 The good I can without parade dispense,  
 Nor tread my neighbour's grounds, nor break his fence,  
 That honest hearts, who the same journey take,  
 May bless my children for their father's sake.  
 If in my walks the excursive truant stray, 850  
 Abuses rise, or folly cross my way,  
 Reprove I must, correct them if I can,  
 But show in all humanity to man :  
 Convince'd of this, howe'er I miss my ends,  
 The friend of mankind cannot want for friends. 855

Such

Such was the poet whose instructive page,  
 Gives us the form and pressure of the age,  
 And, as you will, ye Pryanes and Colliers ! rave,\*  
 Rake up the filth, and stocks, and pillory brave,  
 The Stage might furnish, on a just review, 860  
 A school of morals and of virtue too.

Even in decline, perverted and disgrac'd,  
 It forms a touchstone of our sense and taste ;  
 And, subject to each skyish influence, proves  
 That man caprice more than discretion moves. 865

See thro' the world the little and the great,  
 Kings, Lords, and Coblers, all bow down to fate :  
 So on the Stage, as Fate the die shall fling,  
 Last night a cobbler, and to-day a king.  
 The case of our disfranchis'd bard pursue, 870  
 Proofs rise on proofs, and wisdom may accrue.

If in disgust a Statesman quit his place,\*  
 So does the player, tho' with better grace ;  
 The grave-diggers, caviare to ears refin'd,  
 As patriots should, unpenzion'd, have resign'd, 875  
 And now the *motley* race no audience bear ;  
 Tho' look around, motley's your only wear ;  
 Nor can the alluring charms of Rosalind,  
 Equip'd *en cavalier*, her doom rescind ;  
 And Claudio's fate did virtue's self oppugn, 980  
 Her advocacy is not now in tune.

Timon



Timon deserted may his follies curse,  
 Rats smell a wreck, and friends an empty purse.  
 The Winter's Tale, and Taming of the Shrew,  
 All's Well that Ends Well, are discarded too ; 885  
 But, at the name tho' all appear in terrors,  
 Thro' life we play the Comedy of Errors.  
 Hamlet, new vamp'd, such is the time's caprice,  
 With Guido's aid, may serve an after-piece ;  
 And cap-a-pee a macaroni grown, 890  
 In Lingua Franca may be yet the ton.  
 Thus while those crafty minstrels we carefs,  
 Wrongs heap'd on wrongs poor Imogen oppress, }  
 And native talents languish in distress.  
 John, 'tis the foible of the day, retires, 895  
 And Benedick in wedlock's snare expires ;  
 Wolfey his state, Lear abdicates his throne,  
 And Jack, tho' last not least, old Jack survives alone. \*  
 'Tis true, albeit in the vale of years,  
 Barry erewhile beguiled us of our tears ; 900  
 His light put out, the Moor is quite unmoor'd,  
 And now each puny whipster gets his sword.  
 Even Richard's fun is set, or fans remorse,  
 Some hoarse, crude murderer brawls, a horse ! a horse !  
 O you ! whom genius, or the fates impel, 905  
 Who not unweeting purpose to excel,  
 In situations less expos'd to shame,  
 First prove your strength, and meditate your aim ;  
 There

There imp your wings, and short excursions try,  
And all defects with diligence supply. 910

Tho' fair and open lie the realms of day,  
And luring prospects all around display,  
The giddy heights let raw adventurers shun,  
Nor rashly tempt the Chariot of the Sun.  
Yet blind to peril, confident and vain, 915  
If you, presumptuous, must assume the rein,  
'Till with experience and with judgment blest'd,  
Keep a tight hand ; the middle way's the best.

But humbler scenes, and more familiar strife,  
Come home to feeling, and are drawn from life ; 920  
With every charm of composition grac'd,  
Order, decorum, elegance and taste ;  
These to support and suitably express,  
Precision claim, skill, aptitude, address ;  
Ingredients, indispensable to all, 925  
Rarely combin'd, more rarely at a call.  
The harmonizing tints and softer traits,  
Illusive shun the crude observer's gaze ;  
And justly to discriminate, demand  
A practised pencil, and a master hand, 930  
Which, happy in the fine effect, reveal  
The most perfection where they most conceal.  
'Twas in this arduous field Horatio shone,  
Array'd in peerless merit, 'all his own.'

T H E T H E A T R E.

37

So Syrian Zara's highly finish'd role, 935

By soft approaches stealing on the soul,

And this of Shore, touch'd with consummate skill,

Were drawn for thee, for thee reserv'd to fill.

Your buskin'd dames, whom thirst of pomp inspires,

Whom dress enchants, and ostentation fires ; 940

Divinities of that illustrious class,

Whose occupation is the looking-glass ;

Whose love of fame, and stronger love of self,

Are merely abigails to love of self ;

Who see no excellence, conceive no grace, 945

But what pertains to person and to face ;

Who shine conspicuous in coquettish arts,

And play themselves when they should play their parts,

Tho' from the pen of Rowe, they brook with pain,

A part that doffs their rouge and gaudy train. 950

How have I seen the dainty things distress'd,

Of some the wonder, and of some the jest,

Stop in mid-rant, or hurry to the close,

To adjust the tucker, or a curl compose ;

Then with a silly self-approving leer, 955

Consult the beaux, and bless some Strephon near.

Oh ! how unlike the vain unfeeling throng,

Shines the fair subject of my votive song !

With sober step and low dejected mien,

Suited with just conception to the scene, 960

Like



Like a sad votarist, beautiful in tears,  
 Child of unfeign'd contrition she appears.  
 Thro' her fine form, adorn'd with every grace,  
 In each according feature of her face,  
 The anguish of a soul oppress'd we trace. 965  
 She speaks, and with the tongue of eloquence,  
 Speaking her author's, proves her own good sense;  
 Each word, each action, even her silence moves,  
 Extends our feelings, and the sense improves.  
 Critics! throughout her varying powers attend, 970  
 And approbation will in wonder end.

Lo! for the Royal Innocents she pleads,  
 With kindred sympathy the audience bleeds;  
 Alas! for pity! she forboding cries,  
 Alas! for pity! every bosom sighs. 975  
 Rapt with the theme, and glowing with her part,  
 She wings each word directly to the heart,  
 With every power and every grace of speech,  
 Which feeling can suggest, and art can teach:  
 She soothes, excites, she deprecates, she burns 980  
 With generous zeal, with keen reflection mourns,  
 That could the Drama from prescription err,  
 Stern Gloucester's self might well be mov'd by her.  
 Then, when, all-judging Heav'n! she bows to thee,  
 And owns thy justice in the hard decree, 985  
 With what simplicity her accents flow,  
 In all the melting energy of woe!

Now

Now 'scap'd, feeble and spent, the rabble roar  
Behold her suppliant at Alicia's door !

Ingratitude, fell monster ! thrusts between ; 990

How few to take the wretched in are seen !

Pale monument of want ! forlorn she stands—

Bursts not the thunder of applauding hands ?

No ; in mute wonder fix'd attention reigns,

And every sense absorpt partakes her pains. 995

At intervals some stilly murmurs rise,

But checkt, evaporate in smother'd sighs :

Aw'd by the genuine majesty of grief,

We fear to give our struggling pangs relief.

Intent on her, quite of ourselves bereft, 1000

With agony our very souls are cleft ;

From every eye the ardent spirit flies,

And trembles every nerve where pity lies ;

Down each pale cheek the copious tributes flow,

And throbs each breast responsive to her woe. 1005

Rudely repuls'd from those once-friendly walls,

Her last resource, the famish'd victim falls.

“ It was not always thus ! ”—resign'd and weak,—

The rest her looks unutterably speak. 1009

“ Where are thy friends ? ”—“ Ah ! Belmour, where  
indeed ? ”—

How much in those few simple words she said !

Nature exerted pierc'd each bounding heart,

And caught a wreath beyond the reach of art.

G

But

But when on the cold ground she prostrate lies,  
 Fainting, exhausted, never more to rise! 101;  
 "Forgive me! but forgive me!"—not an ear  
 Her thrilling tones could deaf to mercy hear.  
 Our swelling bosoms spurn despotic laws,  
 Curse the crook'd tyrant, and assert her cause.  
 Fiction's no more—'tis, 'tis too much to bear; 1020  
 Inhuman slaves! your persecution spare;  
 "Not eat these three days!"—her deservings plead,  
 Like angels trumpet tongued, against the deed.  
 Vile stretch of savage power!—tumultuous pants  
 Each breast to succour the poor sufferer's wants, 1025  
 And proud oppression crush; a glorious strife!  
 And cheap the conquest at the expence of life.  
 Dear to our hearts, as charming to our eyes!  
 How amiably, sweet maid! thy merits rise!  
 Never, save in such mimic scenes express'd, 1030  
 May one unquiet thought affect thy breast;  
 Thy breast, of elegance the chosen seat,  
 Where taste and judgment, wit and candour meet,  
 And genius with humility unites,  
 Knowledge abounds, and modesty delights, 1035  
 And all the kindly charities are found,  
 With honour, virtue, and good humour crown'd.  
 While thus in character, you doubly shine,  
 Perhaps the Drama yields some traits of mine.

Alike



Alike in kind, nor differing in degree, 1040

So ceaseless beats my anxious heart for thee.

On the rich basis of a parent's worth \*

Affection grew, and at thy birth took birth.

When deepening clouds obscur'd my helpless years,

She footh'd my drooping heart; dispell'd my fears; 1045

Sustain'd the steps of my unfriended youth,

And brought me erring to the paths of truth.

She lov'd to bless, and blessings so conferr'd,

That not the nicest string of sufferance stirr'd;

Her memory dear, with sighs I cherish yet, 1050

And, grateful, would repay the pious debt

To thee, in happy hour thy earliest guide;

My glory her esteem; thy fame my pride;

Thy sorrows too, for sorrows thou hast known,

I more than thought, I felt them all my own: 1055

Then cast thy cares on me, on me depend,

Thy other father, thy indulgent friend,

And while my fates have one fair hour in store,

To dry thy tears thou shalt not want a *Shore*. 1059

Nor blush, dear maid! that with thy worth imprefs'd,

I on the fruitful theme with pleasure rest.

Let greater bards, I envy not their claim,

On wealth and titles build their hopes of fame;

Let rigid Satire with vindictive rage,

Impale the guilt of a corrupted age; 1065

Perhaps

Perhaps erroneous, dragging crimes to light,  
 Better consign'd to everlasting night.  
 What boots it that a tyrant's minion writ,  
 With all the loose festivity of wit?  
 Or he whose gross polluted pages show 1070  
 How miscreants liv'd two thousand years ago?  
 Who thus exhibit with empiric skill  
 Details of vice, and precedents of ill,  
 Conspiring with the foe that lurks within,  
 On Virtue's altars sacrifice to Sin; 1075  
 And while against depravity they preach,  
 Confess her influence, and her mysteries teach.  
 But worse, if worse can be, the motley band  
 Of ribbald rhymers, wits at second hand,  
 Whose foul travesties reprobate their zeal, 1080  
 And, couch'd beneath, the cloven foot reveal.  
 Vice should be scourg'd, delinquents brought to shame,  
 And public characters are lawful game;  
 'Tis Satire's province, and 'tis often true,  
 There wit abounds, and wholesome precepts too; 1085  
 But who Corruption's rapid foot can tether,  
 Or stem the mountain torrent—with a feather?  
 Beyond the power, beyond the scope of verse,  
 Scenes may occur too flagrant to rehearse;  
 But on the garbage of offence to feast, 1090  
 Speaks not the wit, but rather shews the beast.

Necessity's

Necessity's a poor, a vain excuse,  
 To palliate slander, or defend abuse ;  
 And ill deserve they credit or applause,  
 Who martial vice in virtue's sacred cause. 1095

Admitting all their advocates assert,  
 For one reclaim'd, ten thousand they pervert,  
 And under colour of correcting evil,  
 Promote the holy empire of the devil.

Thus in the glebe the deadly night-shade grows, 1100  
 Flaunts in the sun, and mingles with the rose ;  
 The specious bane the prowling urchin spies ;  
 Touch ! touch it not !—he gorges it and dies !  
 Even so the *Aretins* of modern rhymes,\*  
 With pens immers'd in gall pourtray the times ; 1105  
 But with licentious images inflame,  
 And spread contagion as they spread the flame ;  
 Quick to the brain the noxious vapours rise,  
 The good depress'd, a *caput mortuum* lies.  
 Howe'er on classic grounds they take defence ; 1110  
 Howe'er adroit their nostrums they dispense ;  
 Impartially let loss and gain be tried,  
 And soon the balance Reason will decide.

Be it my boast to praise where praise is due,  
 And bring retiring virtue forth to view ; 1115  
 Be it my boast, tho' studious to commend,  
 I never yet one venal couplet penn'd ;

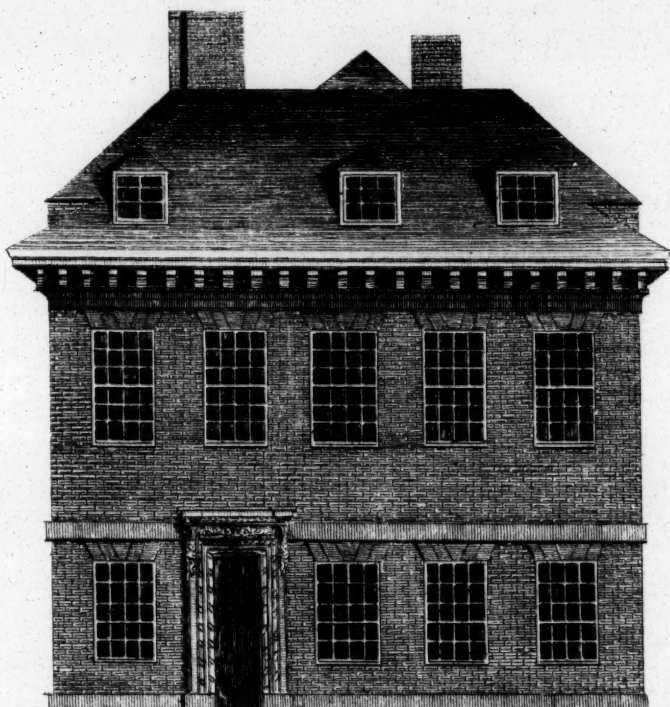
O ! be



O! be it still my boast, whate'er my lot,  
The friend my heart approv'd I ne'er forgot.

Accept the lay, from adulation free,  
To *Merit* sacred, and inscrib'd to thee.

1120



J. Ardrey del.

King James II<sup>d</sup> Mint House, N<sup>o</sup> 27, Capel St.  
*Where the late Thomas Sheridan was born.*

BON

# BON TON THEATRICALS.

---

## OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

### BEGGAR'S OPERA,

PERFORMED AT CARTON.\*

Spoken by the Rev. Dean MARLAY.

OUR Play, to-night, wants novelty, 'tis true :  
That to atone, our Actors all are new.  
And sure, our Stage than any Stage is droller ;  
Lords act the rogue, and Ladies play the stroller ;  
And yet, so artfully they feign, you'll say, 5  
They are the very characters they play :  
But know they're honest, tho' their looks belie it—  
Great ones ne'er cheat, when they get nothing by it.  
Our ladies too, when they this Stage depart,  
Will pilfer nothing from you but your heart. 10  
The melting music of our Polly's tongue  
Will charm beyond the Syren's magic song ;  
Vincent with grief, shall hear fair MARTIN's fame ;  
And tuneful Brent shall tremble at her name.  
If Lucy seem too meek, yet never fear, 15  
For all those gentle smiles, she'll scold her dear ;  
But,

But, her keen rage so amiable is found,  
 Macheath you'll envy, though in fetters bound.  
 If Peachum's wife too fair, too graceful prove,  
 And seem to emulate the queen of love ; 20  
 If no disguise her lustre can conceal,  
 And every look a matchless charm reveal ;  
 We own the fault—for spite of art, and care,  
 The Loves and Graces will attend KILDARE.  
 Diver, and blooming Coaxer, if you knew them, 25  
 You'd think you ne'er could be too loving to them.  
 When you behold our Peachum, Filch, and Locket,  
 You'll shudder for your purse, and guard your pocket.  
 Our Trapes from Douglas' self the prize would win,  
 More virgins could decoy, and drink more gin. 30  
 When Slammekin you view, politely drunk,  
 You'll own the genuine Covent-Garden punk.  
 Thus, virtue's friends their native truth disguise,  
 And counterfeit the follies they despise,  
 By wholesome ridicule proud vice to brand, 35  
 And into virtue laugh a guilty land :  
 But, when this busy, mimic scene is o'er,  
 All shall resume the worth they had before ;  
 Locket himself his knavery shall resign,  
 And lose the goaler in the dull divine. 40

EPILOGUE



# EPILOGUE

TO

HENRY THE FOURTH.

PERFORMED AT CASTLETOWN.\*

SPOKEN BY THE LATE LORD CHIEF BARON HUSSEY BURGH,  
WHO PLAYED HOTSEUR.

A PLODDING lawyer from an hero bold,  
Well may you say poor Percy's spur is cold.  
Our Players scarce saw me in my blacks array'd,  
But straight they'd have a sample of my trade,  
And send me forth in their behalf to plead ; 5  
I argued, lawyer-like, I was not fee'd ;  
But, 'stead of guineas, Percy's noble dame  
Pronounc'd three golden words, and forth I came.

Think not our frolick shall go free from blame,  
Envy no doubt will carp at every name ; 10  
But chief Louisa's—that new joys will yield ;  
How sweet to slander *that* untasted field !  
Ten thousand Prudes, with lifted hands and eyes,  
Shall strain a blush, and meditate surprize ;  
Fair, virtuous, modest!—Madam, so they say. 15  
Fine modesty indeed!—to act a play !

H

Dear

Dear prudent creatures ! they can ne'er be wrong  
 Who only act a part—their whole life long.  
 Ten thousand Dames, who with maternal care,  
 Hourly thank Heaven their daughters are not fair, 20  
 Shall rail at noble softness, modest taste,  
 With all e'er virtue lov'd or beauty grac'd ;  
 For what, alas ! my daughter, what are they,  
 When she who had them all could act a play ?  
 Yet 'tis not spite, good souls ! they're not so wicked, 25  
 They want not worth, they only want—a ticket.

Nor shall our male performers 'scape detractors,  
 Senators, Nobles, Privy Counsel,—Actors !  
 Say, will not Hoey, tho' with a trembling sting,  
 Assail the sacred person of our King ? 30  
 With zeal full fiery while the Freeman glows,  
 Say will he light no brand at Bardolph's nose ?  
 Then for the youths who play—their education,  
 O ! what an ample field for declamation !  
 'Twould almost tempt a grave good man to scandal, 35  
 'Tis such a theme for sober folks to handle—  
 Fire, fancy, sentiment, wit, judgment, sound,  
 A man might say in Shakspeare may be found :  
 But arguments like these will have no force ;  
 Lord, sir, it is not in the College course. 40  
 Our plump Sir John his character to fit,  
 Witty himself, will still give cause for wit ;

# EPILOGUE.

49

The Smarts will sneer, and all the gibing train  
Rail at that wit they imitate in vain.

For me, what lawyer ever did as I did, 45  
Against the statute in that case provided ;

Here to appear in tinsel and in stuff,  
Instead of sober black enriched with snuff,  
To practice fluent speech and speak in rhyme,  
Against the use of immemorial time ; 50

This will I fear be thought a huge transgression  
'Gainst the decorum of our grave profession ;  
A high contempt of all our ancient law ;  
Treason, flat treason against hum and haw——

We strove to please you, in return befriend us, 55  
And from the tongue of malice thus defend us.

Say, that we deem'd it no inglorious part  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart :  
Say, that we thought it could no baseness carry,  
With Jack to smile, or to reform with Harry : 60

Say, on the world's great stage we ne'er will deign,  
To dissimulate a vice, or virtue feign ;  
But scorning little views and mean controul,  
Avow the genuine dictates of the soul.

OCCASIONAL.



# OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

Z A R A.

PERFORMED AT WATERSTOWN, JANUARY 7TH, 1769.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Osman, Rt. Hon. Lady ELIZABETH BIRMINGHAM,  
Lusignan, Earl of LOUTH, Premier Baron of *Ireland*,  
Nerestan, and the Prologue, Mr. WHYTE,  
Chatillon, Earl of WESTMEATH,  
Orafmin, Mr. O'REILLY,  
Selima, Rt. Hon. Lady MARY BIRMINGHAM,  
Zara, Miss O'REILLY.

---

QUITE out of fashion in the sickening town,  
Neither tragic scenes, nor comic will go down :  
To empty benches Juliet makes her moan ;  
And rack'd Othello's occupation's gone.  
Lee, Congreve, Steel, and Otway, all retire, 5  
Run down by Foote, the Devil and the Lyar ;  
And Foote, in turn, finds it in vain to cope,  
Preposterous taste ! with dancers on the rope ;  
Now, even those, they are leaving in the lurch ;  
And yawn at Crow-street—as they yawn at Church. 10

Ye

Ye Bards and Players ! cease your fruitless toil ;  
 Spadil's the touch—your only author—Hoyle :  
 With him the grave and gay, the old and young,  
 Nobles and sharpers, one promiscuous throng,  
 Night after night their anxious vigils keep ; 15  
 And Basto, not Macbeth, now murders sleep :  
 While guzzling statesmen o'er their bottle drone,  
 And greatly quit all interest, but—their own.

Not so the wise Athenians could abuse,  
 With cold neglect, the chaste, instructive muse ; 20  
 In sense, not sensuality, their joys they plac'd ;  
 And honour's portraits from its sources trac'd ;  
 They felt her powers, protected, and refin'd ;  
 And thus to virtue charm'd the stubborn mind.  
 Sage legislators, oft, in days of yore, 25  
 For that great end, the sock and buskin wore ;  
 Nor would the foremost matrons of the age  
 Then blush to tread the unpolluted stage :  
 Reason in all directed their regards ;  
 Nor claret fought they, riots, drums or cards : 30  
 Yet Athens—truce to sneering—all agree,  
 Knew what was life, and had her BEAUX ESPRITS.

Here in fair freedom's ever-honour'd feat,  
 To-night we furnish an Athenian treat :  
 And, fain to please, to give it ampler chance, 35  
 Tho' dress'd in English, 'tis the growth of *France* ;

And

And sure its merits must be sterling true,  
Which a "twice twentieth weeping audience drew."  
Yet more—if that's of weight—we grace our scenes  
With the first blood this warlike realm contains, 40  
From Henry's times, in pure succession fam'd,  
When worth alone, not wealth, distinction claim'd.

For the dear objects of my pleasing care——  
I own, I feel paternal fondness there ;  
Their modest tremors, sympathizing, read ; 45  
And for their weak attempts indulgence plead——  
Though noble Osman in expression fail,  
Within the generous sentiments prevail :  
Regard with kind allowance Zara's woe ;  
For in her bosom truth and honour glow : 50  
And warmly pleading in the cause of Heaven,  
Be gentle Selima's flight faults forgiven.  
Though short in these, yet, in their real parts,  
(For well I know the language of their hearts)  
One arduous task they aim at, as they should, 55  
'To be, like you, all amiable and good.



THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

FOR THE RELIEF OF  
Confined DEBTORS in the different MARSHALSEA.

On THURSDAY, the 2d of JANUARY, 1772,

WILL BE PERFORMED,

BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE  
ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GRAFTON-STREET,

THE TRAGEDY OF

C A T O.

Cato, Master WHYTE,  
Lucius, Master GEORGE CARLETON,  
Sempronius, Master JOHN BIRD,  
Juba, Master ANTHONY GORE,  
Syphax, Master MARNELL,  
Marcus, Master WILLIAM HOLMES,  
Portius, Master LYNAM,  
Decius, Master WILLIAM IRVINE,  
Lucia, Master GIBSON,  
Marcia, Master NUGENT.

WITH AN  
OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

BY MASTER RICHARD HOLMES.

DANCING, between the ACTS, by Master M<sup>c</sup>NEIL;  
and SINGING, by Master BIRD.

After the Play, by Particular Desire,  
DRYDEN'S ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

TO BE SPOKEN BY MASTER WHYTE.

Boxes, 11s. 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.—Pit, 5s. 5d.—Gallery, 3s. 3d.  
Second Gallery, 2s. 2d.

STEWARDS TO THE CHARITY:

Marquis of KILDARE, Earl of BELLAMONT, and Lord DUNLUCE.

# OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

C A T O.

PERFORMED BY YOUNG GENTLEMEN.\*

"THE World's a Stage," as you'll in Shakspeare read,  
But few I have heard, on this or that succeed ;  
And, as in manhood, so it holds at school,  
Some play the sage, and numbers play the fool—  
But which is that the child's or parent's fault ?  
Why neither, truth to speak, act as they ought—  
At random sent—but at the least expence !  
We babble Lily, spite of common sense ;  
Wild gantlopes then, from school to school we run,  
Smattering from branch to branch—digesting none—  
And pedants quit what ignorance begun. }  
But grant, in science, one in ten advances,  
'Tis not from conduct—all the effect of chance is.  
By instinct led, or crude advices blinded,  
Neither time, nor place, nor circumstance, is minded ;  
Experience, reason, justice, urge in vain,  
Custom prevails, and prejudices reign.  
Hence many a Swift, neglected, scours a trench,  
While plowmen preach, and dunces load the bench.

Thus,

Thus, here observe, a case in point comes pat in,  
Great Newton's self was a mere dolt at latin; 20  
And Pit, with all his powers, was scarcely able  
To learn, we are told, his numeration table.

By philologic doctrine, strange and new,  
Now all must shine Newtons and Chathams too,  
And Popes and Virgils—should we fail to show, 25  
—Hush!—'tis the Master's fault; not ours, you know.  
We cannot err—dear mothers, a'n't it true?  
We are all perfection, or all blindness you:  
Yet, were you in his place, 'twould little please ye,  
We'd try your patience; faith! we'd set you crazy— 30  
Young Sulky by his tutor once reprov'd,  
Swell'd with revenge, and vow'd he'd be remov'd;  
And lo! a miracle! to make it good,  
A bottle of red ink is turn'd to blood!  
He smear'd his shirt, and Abigail, his friend, 55  
Alarm'd Mamma! and so he gain'd his end;  
And every tea-table throughout the nation  
Branded the tyrant's name, and tore his reputation!—

But why all this? methinks, I hear you say,  
And how connected with a private play? 60  
Nay, look not grave! indeed I mean no satire,  
I only “hold the mirror up to nature.”  
'Tis said, from babes and sucklings you may learn;  
Then pray attend—'tis matter of concern—

I

We



We plead our years too—I am, firs, only seven,  
 Our Marcia's nine, her father scarce eleven :  
 But with great Cato's sentiments impress'd,  
 Honour and filial reverence fill each breast.  
 Lead you the way, throw prejudice aside,  
 Let candour judge, and cool discretion guide ;  
 Show, by example, more than precept can,  
 What forms the great, the virtuous happy man ;  
 Fir'd with the view, and panting after fame,  
 Heirs to your love, we'll well approve our claim,  
 " And emulate the Greek and Roman name."

65

70

} 75



OCCASIONAL

# OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

TO

## HENRY THE FOURTH,

Performed at DRUMCREE, Tuesday, JAN. 5, 1773,

SPOKEN BY MR. WHYTE, IN THE CHARACTER OF THE KING.

---

King Henry, Mr. WHYTE, Sir John Falstaff, Mr. WM. SMITH,  
Hotspur, Mr. TANDY, Bardolph, Rev. GILBERT AUSTIN.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Ceteri defunt.*

---

DON'T drop the curtain, fir! there yet remain  
Some previous points to settle and explain.

The stated business of the drama o'er,  
Tho' now we tread the mimic scene no more,  
Possess'd of Power, and vested with a Crown, 5  
Who would not grieve so soon to lay them down?  
Yes; still imperial Fancy soars on wing,  
And in the shadow still prevails the King.  
Come forth, ye living! and arise, ye dead!  
(Ladies, they are harmless ghosts, don't be afraid) 10  
Cowards and brave, true men and thieves appear!  
Confess yourselves, and pay due homage here.

Behold

Behold your King to this bright circle bends,  
For here without co-rival reign his friends.

While in the heart of this degenerate land 15  
Frequent and full the shrines of Folly stand ;  
While covert guile, debaucheries and broils,  
The fair addition of our manhood foils,  
And foreign modes, and ill-adopted taste,  
Lay the rich glebe of ancient virtue waste ; 20  
Lo ! here the golden age restor'd we see,  
And sense and merit cherish'd at DRUMCREE.  
Lo ! here, as reverend chronicles unfold,  
The Muses flourish as in days of old,  
And round the jocund vicinage are seen 25  
Night-tripping fairies deftly foot the green ;  
Above, below, about, and every where  
We trace their steps, their dulcet voices hear ;  
And every dingle, bourn and bushy dell,  
Profuse of beauty, does their influence tell. 30  
Here native roses deck the virgin cheek,  
And untaught blushes inward worth bespeak ;  
Hymen unspotted keeps his peaceful throne,  
And Doctor's Commons is a name unknown :  
Free and at ease with genuine spirits warm, 35  
Bless'd in themselves, nor meditating harm,  
All spend their time in song, and dance, and sport :  
But banish the wild rout of Comus' court.

Appealing



Appealing now to you, bold truth asserts,  
Our actors all, save one, have topp'd their parts ; 40  
So felt, so mark'd, with such precision shown,  
You'd almost swear the characters their own ;  
But in the Poet's nobler flights, 'twas clear,  
They spoke themselves, and were no Actors there.  
For instance now, a paradox I own, 45  
Enough to put our gravest doctors down,  
We have seen to-night a dear respected youth,\*  
For prudence fam'd, integrity and truth,  
Of person pleasing, juvenile and thin,  
In braggart Falstaff even rival Quin. 50

Such is the magic power of Shakspeare's muse !  
Such ardours, friends ! your generous smiles infuse,  
Tho' all untrain'd, and aliens to the stage,  
We cheerly on and dare the critics rage ;  
Applaud but you, they rail, alas ! in vain, 55  
In that the summit of our hopes we gain.

MIGNONETTE-

MIGNONETTE-THEATRE, FAIRY-LAND.

---

*By Command of their Majesties Oberon and Titania.*

---

This present MONDAY, the 30th of SEPTEMBER, 1776,  
Will be presented the Masque of

C O M U S.

Comus, Mr. WHYTE,  
Elder Brother, Miss EMILIA LATOUCHE,  
Younger Brother, Miss HARRIETTA LATOUCHE,  
First Spirit, Miss MARIANN LATOUCHE,  
Second Spirit, Miss ANN LATOUCHE.

Bacchanals and Bacchantes,  
Master LATOUCHE, Master JOHN LATOUCHE,  
Master GEORGE LATOUCHE, Master DUNN,  
Miss WHYTE, and Miss MARIA LATOUCHE.

Euphrosyne, Miss DUNN,  
Pastoral Nymph, Miss MARIA MONRO,  
Sabrina, Miss GERTRUDE LATOUCHE,  
And the Lady, Miss LATOUCHE.

Sweet Echo, Mrs. LATOUCHE, echoed by Mrs. DUNN.

In Act 1, a Glee, by Mr. DILLON, Mrs. LATOUCHE, and Mrs. DUNN.

End of Act 1, a Lesson on the Harpsichord, by Mrs. J. LATOUCHE.

End of Act 2, a Hornpipe, by Miss H. and Miss EM. LATOUCHE.

In Act 3, a Double Minuet, by Miss H. LATOUCHE, Miss EMILIA,  
Miss MARIANN, and Miss ANN LATOUCHE;

With a Reel, by the same.

To conclude with a COUNTRY DANCE, by the Characters.

An occasional Overture, by Miss QUIN.

Prologue, by Mr. WHYTE.

And the Epilogue, by HENRY GRATTAN, Esq; spoken by  
Miss LATOUCHE.

---

LILLIPUT: Printed by ROBIN GOODFELLOW, Master of the Revels, and  
Serjeant-printer to OBERON, King of the Fairies.

P R O L O G U E

T O

C O M U S,

PERFORMED AT MARLAY, THE SEAT OF THE  
RT. HON. DAVID LATOUCHE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WHYTE.

I N strict observance of Theatric laws,  
We should, imprimis, plead the Author's cause ;  
Happy, at least in this, a brighter name  
Than Milton's shines not in the rolls of fame ;  
The intrinsic sterling of whose deathless lays 5  
Strikes censure dumb, and supercedes all praise :  
Yet, "fallen on evil tongues and evil day,"  
His COMUS, not exempt, neglected lay,  
'Till genuine taste, prevailing, found its worth,  
And taught the lyre to call its beauties forth. 10  
Scorning a barbarous, dull, fanatic age,  
For after-times he penn'd his sacred page,  
And bade his muse fit audience find tho' few,  
Prophetic surely with this night in view !  
O ! for a moment, heaven-born Muse ! descend ; 15  
Propitious, now, my ardent prayer attend ;

As



As erst thy Milton's, with celestial fire,  
 My mind irradiate, and my voice inspire!  
 So, as its brighter glories well demand,  
 MARLAY with LUDLOW might immortal stand. 20  
 Yet here tho' Naiads, Fawns, and Dryads vie,  
 And art and nature court the curious eye,  
 Could those the tooth of wrinkled care deride,  
 If conscious worth did not within reside?  
 The grand Elixir that, the potent spell, 25  
 Why here no anger, frowns, or sorrows dwell.

Our little Actors have, indeed, their cares,  
 For sure to night an arduous task is theirs,  
 With wish'd success, to grace their glorious cause,  
 And, by due steps, to merit your applause; 30  
 Then, lest their tender age might suffer harm,  
 Your's be the part each anxious fear to charm—  
 Hence, captious pedants!—envious railers, hence!  
 Nor dare prophane the shrine of innocence;  
 Nor let hypocrisy's insidious leer, 35  
 With false presentments, shed blear influence here,  
 To nip our early buds, and check the promis'd year! }

When MARIANN, dispatch'd of sovereign Jove,  
 Performs her high commission from above,  
 Whate'er slight imperfections may appear, 40  
 Pure nature speaks, and marks the mind sincere;  
 And, if I rightly of your feelings guess,  
 Tho' the Two BROTHERS prove but males in dress,  
 Such

# P R O L O G U E.

63

Such forms in fancy's eye, as Poets say,  
Trip o'er the clouds and in the rainbow play, 45  
Espousing sentiments so much their own,  
For all defects will easily atone.

Our dear ELIZA's suit we next might plead ;  
But who can equal to herself succeed ?  
With simple elegance she melts the heart, 50  
And in the Lady paints her own desert.  
O ! may she still, as now, her bosom keep  
Pure as the smiling thoughts of babes asleep !  
Virtuous herself, may she be Virtue's friend,  
And all good angels on her steps attend ! 55

As for our fairy BACCHANALIAN troop,  
(In character promiscuously they groupe)  
Careless and free, they'll top their several parts,  
And ask no advocate to gain your hearts—  
Nor let my hopes your wonted goodness fail, 60  
But, while you judge, let candour hold the scale.

K

EPILOGUE

# EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MISS LATOUCHE,

(THE LATE RIGHT HON. COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH)

WHO PERFORMED THE LADY.

WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

HIST! hift!—I hear a dame of fashion say,  
‘ Lord! how absurd the Heroine of this play!  
‘ A God of rank and station was so good  
‘ To take a Lady from a hideous wood,—  
‘ Brought her to all the pleasures of his court,  
‘ Of love and men and music the resort;  
‘ Bid mirth and transport wait on her command;  
‘ Gave her a ball, and offer’d her his hand;  
‘ And she, quite country, obstinate and mulish,  
‘ Extremely fine, perhaps, but vastly foolish,  
‘ Wou’d neither speak, nor laugh, nor dance, nor sing,  
‘ Nor condescend, nor wed, nor—any thing!  
‘ Now, put a modern lady in her stead,  
‘ More frail, you’ll say, but surely better bred;  
‘ Civil, soothing, smiling, courteous, she  
‘ Had found some means to please his majesty!  
‘ And,



' And, gentle and ambitious, by his fide,  
 ' Had reign'd his charming and immortal bride.  
 ' Or, had the subtle necromancer play'd  
 ' His Protean charms against the tender maid, 20  
 ' She, form'd to please, but capable to vex,  
 ' Had found some means his magic to perplex;  
 ' And, by those arts poor women have at hand,  
 ' Made him a monster straight—for all his wand!  
 ' Besides, this virtuous maid, with all her pride, 25  
 ' If we examine, was not fairly tried:  
 ' The son of Circe knew not how to move her,  
 ' Poor COMUS, though enchanting, was no lover!  
 ' COMUS who thought a lady's heart to gain,  
 ' Could he with wine possess her tender brain; 30  
 ' But many women, who the world refine,  
 ' Have thought of men who never tasted wine:  
 ' In all affairs of love and tender passion,  
 ' Best leave good angels to their inclination.  
 ' For England's daughters, fond of liberty, 35  
 ' Resist compulsion,—but are kind, when free;  
 ' And, if provok'd, with more than manly rage,  
 ' Will fight for virtue as a privilege!  
 ' But why choose COMUS?—COMUS won't go down—  
 ' Milton, good creature! never knew the town. 40  
 ' Better a sentimental comedy,  
 ' That leads the soul conscientiously astray!

Where

' Where about good fond rakes are always ranting,  
 ' And fond, frail women so divinely canting !  
 ' And sweet, sad dialogue, with feeling nice, 45  
 ' Gives flavour and variety to vice !'

So will a modern dame of fashion say,  
 And rail at us, our morals, and our play ;  
 But, gentle ladies ! you'll, I am sure, approve  
 Your sex's triumph over guilty love ; 50  
 Nor will our sports of gaiety alarm you ;—  
 These little Bacchanals will never harm you ;  
 Nor COMUS' wreathed smiles ; and you'll admire,  
 Once more, true English force and genuine fire ;  
 Milton's chaste majesty,—Arne's airy song, 55  
 The light note tripping on allegro's tongue ;  
 While the sweet flowing of the purest breast,  
 Like Milton tuneful,—vestal as his taste,  
 Calls music from her cell, and warbles high  
 The rapturous soul of song and sovereign extacy. 60

# E P I L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MRS. GARDINER,

AFTER THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH,

PERFORMED AT THE RIGHT HON. LUKE GARDINER'S THEATRE,

IN THE PHOENIX PARK,

ON THE 26TH AND 28TH OF JANUARY, 1778.

YOU all seem pleas'd, I read it in your eyes ;  
Then sure my heart with yours must sympathize ;  
Yet we, who strive to please you, have our fears ;  
Will none, who like the play, condemn the play'rs ?  
Will no severer tongue our sports arraign, 5  
And call this new-rai'd mansion Folly's Fane ;  
No souls sublime, who virtue's paths pursue,  
From Whist to Quinze, and from Quadrille to Loo,  
Laugh at our weakness for preferring still,  
Shakspeare to Pam, and Jonson to Spadille ? 10  
Those nicer minds who blame the moral stage,  
Do they prefer the pleasures of the age ?  
Parties and Routs, Ball-paré, Ball-masqué,  
Rotundas, Operas, Concerts, and—stay, stay,  
Festinos and Ridottos, and what not !— 15  
The Fantocini, I almost forgot.

For



For my part now, I own, I can't divine,  
 Why these are thought so very, very fine!  
 For instance now, a ROUT—none here but knows it—  
 The whole town cramm'd in two rooms and a closet, 20  
 Where fullen dowagers and ancient beaux  
 Rail o'er their cards, and almost come to blows;  
 Where effenc'd fops shed nonsense and perfume,  
 And silent misses glide from room to room;  
 Where smart coquettes their towering plumage show, 25  
 And puny lovers wonder from below.  
 But chief the macaroni strikes our eyes;  
 His foot conceal'd beneath his buckle lies,  
 And fatten half an ell, his coat supplies;  
 Whispering some fair, in tones so soft and sweet! 30  
 What might be posted in the public street:  
 'Lord! how Miss Bab is dress'd; she's quite a fright!  
 'Sestini acted vastly well last night:'  
 Then close into her ear he thrusts his nose,  
 'I swear you've got the prettiest suit of cloaths.'—— 35  
 Oh! but a BALL—a BALL's all fire and spirit—  
 There are, to whom the supper has its merit.  
 As for the rest—the misses meet at seven—  
 Our male and female fops lounge till eleven;  
 Then in they saunter, tir'd and bor'd to death: 40  
 'Lord! who can dance! it puts one out of breath;  
 'Bless me! what rude fatigue! 'tis horrid sure!  
 No, to be manly now, 'tis quite *Vielle Cour*——

They

# EPILOGUE.

69

They now in minuet flow must glide along,  
Or amble in the mazy cotillon.

45

But hark ! I think I hear some frantic fair,  
Thus call her favourite genius from her sphere :  
'Come thou in party colour'd robe arrayed,  
'Goddeſs ! yclep'd of mortals, maſquerade !'  
Give me to dance the motley crew among, 60  
And ſee what ne'er was read in fabled ſong :  
And lo ! the pantomimic ſcenes ariſe,  
Bears, witches, ladies, devils, and gooſe-pies !  
'I know you pretty maſk.'—'You don't.'—'I do ;'  
'I know that ſparkling eye.'—'Not you.'—not you.' 65

'Tis paſſing ſtrange, that thus your fancies hit,  
Noiſe without mirth, and laughter without wit.  
In times like theſe will you the hand accuſe,  
Which rears a temple to the mourning muſe ;  
That ſweet enchantreſs, who with magic power, 70  
Can fill the vacant, charm the ſtudious hour ;  
Can give to Fancy's work a blaze more bright,  
Or Reaſon's ſteady lamp feed with new light ;  
Will you the well intended act deſpiſe,  
Which by amuſement courts you to be wiſe ? 75

## PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN FOR THE

J U B I L E E T H E A T R E,

AT CHRISTMAS, 1786.

W H E N blooms no more the gaily blushing rose ;  
When mild Favonius' breath no longer blows ;  
But furly winter's harsh and gloomy train  
Chills every flower, and ruffets every plain ;  
Say, shall the mind confess the season's power, 5  
And droop contracted, like the short-liv'd flower ?—  
Or, shall we quit the desolated plain,  
Where sombre silence holds her listless reign,  
And hie to where the City's ardent throng  
Pours the full tide of gaiety along ?— 10  
Where young-ey'd pleasure—sweet, attractive grace !  
Charms every heart and beams on every face ;  
Where Fashion's laws, imperatively, say,—  
' Revel all night, and only sleep—by day ;  
' The rigid rules, your fathers taught, disown, 15  
' And live with any wife—except your own !  
' Turn day to night, prolong the festive hour,  
' And yield to Fashion's all-despotic pow'r.'

I've



P R O L O G U E.

71

I have heard tumultuous pleasures sometimes cloy;  
 And the heart, doubting, asks, can this be joy? 20  
 Asks, if 'tis real bliss that springs from these,  
 From bustling pleasure and from labour'd ease?  
 To me, I own, from such no pleasure springs;  
 I hold but light the modern, modish things  
 That jig and amble this fantastic round, 25  
 Where mirth's a mockery, poetry a sound.—  
 To bring or wit, or moral to the stage,  
 To hold up Nature's mirrour to the age,  
 To bid your breasts with honest ardours glow,  
 To call forth tears of salutary woe— 30  
 Effects, like these, my feelings truly please,  
 And your attesting tears my dearest praise.\*



SONG,

\* L

S O N G,

SUNG BY ORLANDO, IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

LONG time I serv'd young ROSALIND;  
But when her power she knew,  
The little tyrant grew unkind,  
And I my love withdrew.

Now anger all my bosom sway'd,  
Pride fortified my soul;  
I swore—but from her ambuscade  
The pretty wheedler stole.

I view'd her face; I paus'd awhile;  
I heard and stood reprov'd:  
She coax'd me to her with a smile;  
I kiss'd her, and I lov'd.

When beauteous ROSALIND commands,  
How vain the boasts of men!  
She frown'd—I broke love's filken bands;  
She smil'd—I lov'd again.

But, O ye Fair! be not inclin'd  
Like her your power to prove:  
Few nymphs can charm like ROSALIND;  
Few swains like me can love.

OCCASIONAL

# OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

JANE SHORE,

REPRESENTED AT LADY BORROWES'S, MARCH 16, 1790.\*

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

BY way of Prologue here I stand before ye ;  
Tho' faith I scarce know how to tell my story.  
The custom is, I think, to make excuses,  
To palliate faults and reconcile abuses,  
With solemn phiz and phraze devoutly humble, 5  
Left Critics, (none I hope are here), should grumble ;  
And for the Ladies, wheresoever muster'd,  
There's ~~flummery~~ ferv'd ; perhaps not worth a custard.  
Our Prompter might have found a Spokesman fitter ;  
For in my mouth, I doubt, 'twill make you titter ; 10  
But there he stands, so crusty and imperious,  
I'd better tack about ;—now to be serious.

In barbarous states and breasts unciviliz'd,  
Letters and polish'd arts are little priz'd ;  
There, all their lives in sensual pleasures sunk, 15  
The proof of excellence is getting drunk ;

But



But if the means their niggard fates deny,  
 To gaming's more pernicious arms they fly;  
 Where oft, to every social duty blind,  
 The sordid passion so inflames the mind, 20  
 They sacrifice their all; their children; wives;  
 Nay, desperate in the extreme, have stak'd their lives.  
 For crying proofs we have not far to roam;  
 The reign of ignorance prevail'd at home.—

In nations more advanced the ears are caught, 25  
 And Music supersedes the toil of Thought;  
 Whether the dexterous finger they display,  
 Run wild *bravures*, or chaunt the roundelay,\*  
 Or personal attractions would enhance,  
 To soft *minuetto* swimming thro' the dance. 30  
 Yet, not to talk profanely of the art,  
 Can wire and catgut more affect the heart,  
 Or purer joys, than Roscius can, dispense,  
 With Kemble's judgment, giving Otway's sense?  
 And on the list of friends whom worthier found, 35  
 With Rizzio's talents, or Tenducci's crown'd?  
 What deeper clouds hang o'er the private scene,  
 Than o'er the orchestra, to encourage spleen?  
 The prudent descants that the drama hit,  
 Preclude the curl-irons, harpsichord and kit; 40  
 For, from what has been, arguing what may chance,  
 No girl should learn to sing, or play, or dance,  
 Or have her hair dress'd *a-la-mode de France*.

}  
 All

P R O L O G U E.

75

All polished circles for amusement look,  
 Those deal out scandal, these prefer a book, 45  
 And mixing with the grave, the young and gay,  
 Lay by the sampler for a moral play.  
 Can this, knows any here? the science hurt  
 Of pudding manufacture, or of shirt?  
 Must every social virtue be effac'd, 50  
 To plant a needle, and to shine in paste?  
 And yet what husband blushes to give raps  
 At lectures upon handkerchiefs and caps?  
 Zounds! cries Sir Nob! and on his chair he shuffles,  
 Your head's an auction-room of gauze and ruffles, 55  
 And that loquacious clack, which never tires,  
 Is fit for nothing but to call in buyers.  
 Such are the contradictions that we meet  
 In man, so wise! so knowing and discreet!  
 If female minds are uninform'd and blank, 60  
 Whom, lordly firs! are female tongues to thank?  
 And if they thunder nonsense in your ears,  
 Why for such paltry talents choose your dears?  
 If you no higher excellence can brook,  
 Go wed at once your sempstresses or your cook: 65  
 No matter of what coarse, what groveling brood,  
 In thought how barren and in speech how rude,  
 You get a nurse, and have your tables grac'd,  
 Indulge your pride, and show the world your taste!

And

And when to pinch your destiny begins, 70  
 She'll darn your stockings, or she'll rub your shins :—  
 Cursing your blindness, then you'll feel at least,  
 Wherein the Angel differs from the beast.

But, not o'ermuch your patience to excise,  
 We'll, if you please, the matter compromise ; 75  
 Admit the things which furnish your delight,  
 To know and regulate is fit and right ;  
 And she who's in those requisites to school,  
 With all her breeding, is but half a fool ;  
 Yet mayn't the Sage's, or the poet's page 80  
 The eye of beauty in its turn engage ?  
 And shall vain bugbears, (stating right the fact),  
 Impose a negative to read or act ?  
 Many from pure deficiency want will,  
 And out of envy reprobate the skill ; 85  
 Some speciously to modesty pretend,  
 And some their cause with ridicule defend ;  
 But who their art applaud ; their humour who  
 commend ?

Does it more blameful confidence require,  
 To speak with Crawford's pathos, Siddons' fire, 90  
 Natures effusions that from Shakspeare flow,  
 Or Virtue's dictates justified by Rowe,  
 Than in a crowded drawing-room disclose,  
 'Midst staring misses, matrons, fiddlers, beaux,

The vocal powers, opinion not to wrong, 95 }  
 Such as to George or Billington belong, }  
 Attun'd to the smooth emptiness of modern song?  
 Yet in their places both, or either's right,  
 And those approv'd may sing, and these recite.

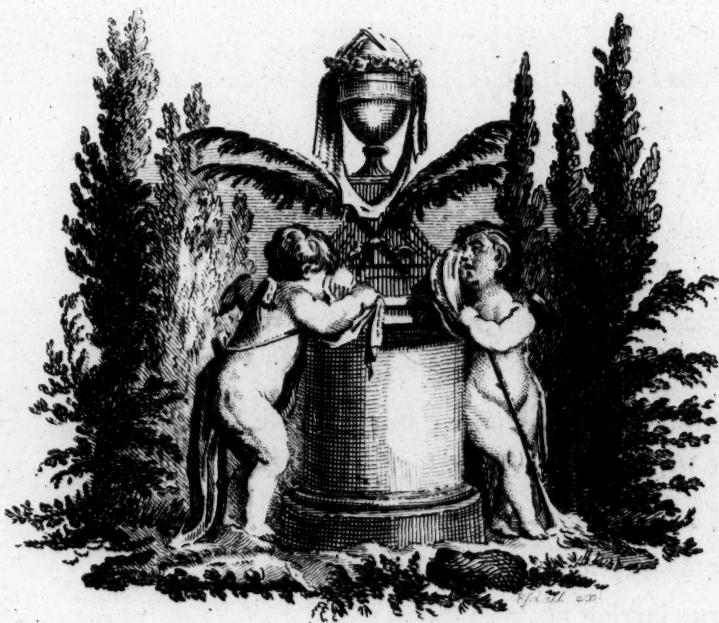
Since affectation, canting, and grimace 100  
 Are signs, none doubts,—of judgment, wit, and grace,  
 Let those who count the mind's improvement sin,  
 And shew their teeth for reasons—shrug and grin:  
 Let connoisseurs their tuneful banquets share,  
 And feed, like true camelions, upon air; 105  
 Let pert, untutor'd savages make sport  
 Of health and temperance, and destruction court:  
 Let those endu'd another's woe to feel,  
 Whose words are truth, whose actions prove their zeal,  
 Whose bosoms candour and good sense inspire, 110  
 Who look at home, nor cards, nor dice require;  
 Let those enjoy, thro' wisdom's mild controul,  
 “*The feast of Reason and the flow of Soul;*”  
 Such feasts as genuine worth, which here presides,  
 For guests of your distinguish'd taste provides. 115

You are bid to-night, can we our purpose keep,  
 To laugh with Jobson, and with Shore to weep:  
 Shore, did I say?—a novice in the art,  
 By much entreaty won, attempts the part;  
 Without one jarring atom is she made, 120  
 And friendship's call she tremblingly obeyed;

But



She now entreats indulgence to her fears,  
 Her inexperience, and her want of years——  
 The author's words and meaning to comprize,  
 To mark with truth the passions as they rise, 125  
 And 'gainst untried embarrassments to guard,  
 In eight days limits, was a task full hard;  
 But not to frustrate a dear friend's request,  
 She meets the peril, and submits the rest.  
 The fair Alicia, to the Drama new, 130  
 By me solicits your indulgence too:  
 As for the rest, I'll answer, to a man,  
 Tho' lately drill'd, they'll please you——if they can.



PRELUDE

P R E L U D E  
TO THE  
SAILOR METAMORPHOSED;  
OR, THE  
ANIMATION OF HARLEQUIN;\*

In which his mystic Presentation is now first elucidated.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY VI, MDCCXC.

SCENE, *a desert Coast; in the Back Ground a troubled Sea; clouded Moon, &c.—Thunder and Lightning—Screech Owl—Enter Witches severally, flying down on different sides—Hecate from above, over a skirt of the Sea.*

1st Witch. HECATE!

2d Witch. Hecate!

3d Witch. Hecate!

Hecate. Who calls for me?

I come, I come, I come—prepar'd you see—

[*Showing her wand.*]

What is't now, Beldames! you would have me do?

Bind up the Welkin, or a Tempest brew?

Or shrouded in the dusky cloak of night,

With mystic visionry I'll glad your sight,

And show the poor dull-thoughted sons of care,

With true adepts how bootless to compare.

Say but the word.—

M

1st Witch.

*1st Witch.*———Sister! we don't refuse  
Your proffer'd aid; yet tempests we'd excuse;  
Disposed to night amusing scenes to raise,  
And praise deserve from those deserving praise.

*Hecate.* Suppose we wake the music of the spheres,  
And with melodious sounds enchant their ears—

*2d Witch.* Why, sister! that were well; but nothing new;  
For skill is theirs; celestial voices too;  
And I divine, ere setting of the moon,  
To more effect we may prefer the boon.

*Hecate.* Then let's invoke the fairies for a dance—

*3d Witch.* Hum!—there again we stand but little chance;  
The tiny elves that deftly foot the ground  
Within our limits now are rarely found.

*Hecate.* I have hit it, crones!—as hitherward I bow'd,  
Horsed on the summit of a murky cloud,  
I mark'd a shipman o'er the ocean skim  
In his tight vessel, rigg'd in gallant trim,  
Plying off Howth, as conscious of her freight,  
A Prince of mighty trust to bless Ierne's state.—  
To prove his courage, and his mind prepare  
For rubs, which men in place are doom'd to bear,  
I'll loose the winds, and on the rugged rock  
Dash her proud keel—at the resistless shock,  
Masts, timbers, deck shall shiver to your view;  
This, aye! and more, I'll do! I'll do! I'll do!

*All.*

*All.* Good, sister! good; we all to that agree:

*1st Witch.* And thanks receive from me!

*2d Witch.* From me!

*3d Witch.* From me!

*[Waves her wand, and exeunt omnes.]*

## S C E N E II.

*Storm.—Ship in distress.—Wrecked.—Mariner cast ashore.—Re-enter Witches, who examine the body lying on the beach.*

*1st Witch.* Gone!

*2d Witch.* Gone!

*3d Witch.* Quite gone!

*Hecate.*————Then here our pastime ends!——

But let's unite our power, and stand his friends.

In life, esteem'd and lov'd, he bore a name,

And his revival will exalt our fame;

For know, tho' little dreamt, this trunk within

A genius lives—no less than Harlequin!

Him I'll call forth, and with full powers invest,

To play his gambols o'er at your behest;

But speedier to effect a deed so rare,

Call we our spirits hovering in the air,

Their choicest lore and fovereign spells to bring,

While round, and round, and round, we dance the ring.

*[Grotesque dance. The wood rises, and discovers a flaming cauldron.]*

Behold the cauldron! there, my sisters three!

Immerse the body; stir the pot with glee;

It



It fumes; it boils; with magic drugs replete,  
 To give him pulse and vivifying heat.—  
 The charm's wound up—enough—our labour's done,—  
 And now, my sisters! recognize our son.  
 Obey my summons, child of whim and mirth!  
 And from this potent wand receive new birth;

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Rise, like another Phoenix, from the flame,  
 And by good conduct my protection claim—

[*Harlequin rises.*

But heedless youth as perils oft invade,  
 Arm him, kind sisters! with your present aid;  
 And that he better thro' the world may shift,  
 Let each contribute some peculiar gift.

1st Witch. First, I this SWORD, for use not show, supply, }  
 And tho' unmeet to catch a lady's eye, }  
 Blade worthier thrift ne'er garnish'd coxcomb's thigh: }  
 'Tis PERSEVERANCE hight—of temper such,  
 Force can't resist, nor fraud elude its touch;  
 By which empowered to ward impending ill,  
 All things shall change obedient to thy will:

[*Clap of thunder and lightning.*

2d Witch. This HAT I give thee—mean and poor in size,  
 To those broad brims which fashion's slaves disguise;  
 This—clep'd above INTELLIGENCE—a fence  
 With which vain mortals easily dispense—

Will,

Will, like the storied cloud, screen thee from fight;  
 Confound thy foes, and shield thee from their spite—  
 But, safe in covert, keep from baseness free:  
 No rule are knaves and hypocrites to thee.

[*Thunder, &c.*

*3d Witch.* And by our art instructed in my task,  
 I from a statesman borrow'd him the MASK.  
 They, who the phantoms of ambition chase,  
 Have often need, I wot, to hide their face,  
 And lest at some short turn our vagrant fall,  
 Why not, as great folks wont, the time forestall?

*Hecate.* PRUDENCE, deceit apart, I don't condemn;  
 That dole be his, the other leave to them;  
 And in his tripping step and motley vest,  
 They'll find anon their idol's freaks express'd.—

Go now, accomplished cap-a-pee, appear,  
 And run secure thy frolicsome career:  
 A beauteous COLUMBINE at hand remains,  
 The pledge of peace, to recompence thy pains.—  
 In scrapes or 'scapes, pursuing or pursu'd,  
 'Tis all a type of life's vicissitude:  
 Then cheerly on and play your mimic parts;  
 Justice and candour dwell in worthy hearts;  
 To them appeal, make their applause your aim;  
 On Wisdom's basis rests the throne of fame;

And

And in life's real scenes, as yet unknown,  
Be goodness still and bliss unchang'd your own.—

Auspicious spirits ! your assent declare,  
And charm with dulcet notes the vocal air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

---

D U E T,

SUNG BEHIND THE SCENES.

**I**N youth's cheerful season, the morning of life,  
Unclouded with care and untroubled with strife,  
In dreams of amusement the night fleets away,  
And pleasure's gay sunshine illumines the day.

Tho' frail are the notions of joys ever new,  
The paths of discretion take heed to pursue ;  
So time's fruitful harvest shall ne'er know decrease,  
And Virtue shall lead you to honour and peace.

✂ It is not generally understood, that the character of Harlequin is conceived in the style of burlesque allegory, designed by the Italians in ridicule of CHARLES V. (CARLO QUINTO from whom it derives its name.—There is no particular authority for the appellation here assigned to his sword, &c. tho' perfectly conformable to the usage of the times of Chivalry and Romance.

THEATRE-

THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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P R O L O G U E

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

O R O O N O K O,

ON THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW IMOINDA,  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER VIIIITH, MDCCLXXXIV.

SPOKEN BY MR. YOUNG.

W H E N tight and trim the freighted bark appears,  
And just a-port with wind and current steers,  
Some adverse blast oft her due course defeats,  
And on the shoals the founder'd vessel beats :  
Vain is the pilot's skill, his courage vain,  
He struggles—faints—is buried in the main.  
So fares it on the stage ! sad truths attest,  
And recent some your memory may suggest.

5

Here, rest and peace to his respected shade !

Mossop his vast energetic powers display'd ;

10

But, shame to tell ! consummate in his art,

Stung with neglect, it broke his noble heart.

Harmonious BARRY, on whose silver tongue

Emotion glow'd, and charm'd attention hung,

Deserted,



And in life's real scenes, as yet unknown,  
Be goodness still and bliss unchang'd your own.—

Auspicious spirits ! your assent declare,  
And charm with dulcet notes the vocal air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

---

D U E T,

SUNG BEHIND THE SCENES.

**I**N youth's cheerful season, the morning of life,  
Unclouded with care and untroubled with strife,  
In dreams of amusement the night fleets away,  
And pleasure's gay sunshine illumines the day.

Tho' frail are the notions of joys ever new,  
The paths of discretion take heed to pursue ;  
So time's fruitful harvest shall ne'er know decrease,  
And Virtue shall lead you to honour and peace.

✂ It is not generally understood, that the character of Harlequin is conceived in the style of burlesque allegory, designed by the Italians in ridicule of CHARLES V. (CARLO QUIN-TO from whom it derives its name.—There is no particular authority for the appellation here assigned to his sword, &c. tho' perfectly conformable to the usage of the times of Chivalry and Romance.

**THEATRE-**

THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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P R O L O G U E

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

O R O O N O K O,

ON THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW IMOINDA,  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER VIIIITH, MDCCLXXXIV.

S P O K E N B Y M R. Y O U N G.

W H E N tight and trim the freighted bark appears,  
And just a-port with wind and current steers,  
Some adverse blast oft her due course defeats,  
And on the shoals the founder'd vessel beats :  
Vain is the pilot's skill, his courage vain,  
He struggles—faints—is buried in the main.  
So fares it on the stage ! sad truths attest,  
And recent some your memory may suggest.

5

Here, rest and peace to his respected shade !

Mossop his vast energetic powers display'd ;

10

But, shame to tell ! consummate in his art,

Stung with neglect, it broke his noble heart.

Harmonious BARRY, on whose silver tongue

Emotion glow'd, and charm'd attention hung,

Deserted,

Deserted, hence fair nature's standard bore, 15  
 While all the loves stood weeping on the shore!  
 And last came RYDER; many a hard campaign  
 He fought, ill-starr'd! his station to maintain;  
 Forc'd by dear-bought experience to confess,  
 "'Tis not in mortals to command success."—— 20  
 Upon this sea of troubles, tempest toss'd,  
 How oft too have the softer sex been lost!  
 Here, lur'd from far, in youth and beauty's pride,  
 Imperial YATES her dawning genius tried,  
 And here, even here, 'twas solemnly decreed, 25  
 Preposterous sentence! she could ne'er succeed.  
 BRENT too, another damning proof to give,  
 As here 'twere doom'd no nightingales should live,  
 Driven by the frenzy of a Gothic age, 30  
 Long reign'd the idol of a juster stage.  
 But pass we these ungracious subjects o'er,  
 And look to brighter prospects now in store.  
 Loudly 'tis rumour'd, and I fear too true,  
 Tho' prone to novelty, yet nothing new  
 Can make its way in this fastidious town, 35  
 Unless our neighbours first its merit crown;  
 But once it gains the imprimatur there,  
 We are sure to echo and applaud it here:  
 Hence we are aspers'd for poverty of taste,  
 Our judgment flouted, and our name disgrac'd. 40

'Tis yours the imputation to remove—  
Think for yourselves, and for yourselves approve.

Too long inthrall'd, emancipated now,  
No more to foreign influence meanly bow ;  
In arts as arms, let your traducers see 45  
You are, and justly merit to be free.

If youth and beauty can afford delight,  
We trust you'll prove unanimous to-night ;  
For who, solicited by youth and beauty,  
Would not declare for the protecting duty ? 50

To doubt in such a case, were much to wrong ye,  
Then cheer our Heroine, she was born among ye,  
And with a firm patriotic association,  
Support the spirit of non-importation.

Oppress'd, dismay'd, she views the awful scene, 55  
Really her first attempt, and not eighteen,  
Trembling to tread, and anxious for her fate,  
Where towering genius plum'd her wings so late :  
Yet while due tribute to desert is paid,

Shall native talents languish in the shade ? 60

35 Forbid it, firs ! and you, ye matchless fair !

Candid as beauteous, take her to your care,

And for her youth her imperfections spare. }

There she desponding stands, drooping and pale,  
Like the pearl'd rose-bud shivering at the gale ; 65

40 But in the beams of your auspicious eyes,

'Tis May bloom a CRAWFORD, or a SIDDONS rise !



# P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN FOR

A FIRST-APPEARANCE AT BELFAST,

MDCCLXXXVI.

THE SUMMER AFTER MRS. SIDDONS PERFORMED THERE.

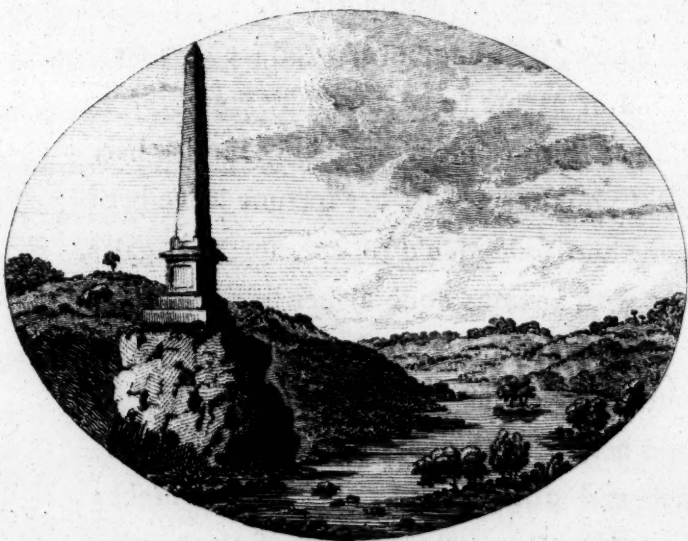
**H**ER tender pinions when the nestling tries,  
And quits her native spray, to range the skies,  
The feather'd kind collecting from abroad,  
Unite the little stranger to applaud ;  
With fond officious zeal her flights attend,  
And press, who foremost shall assistance lend ;  
'Till gathering strength she emulously roves,  
Shines out herself, and animates the groves.  
Thus birds a lesson reasoning mortals teach ;  
Nay trees and shrubs oracularly preach ;  
Not even a flower that blows beneath your eye,  
But, read aright, instruction will supply :  
The infant sapling that so frail appears,  
Duly supported and matur'd by years,  
Secure of wound and shelter'd from the blast,  
Returns, a thousand fold, your care at last ;  
Braves seas and storms its gratitude to show,  
Extends your trade, and thunders on the foe.

The very staple of this favour'd foil,  
 Till train'd by culture, and enhanc'd by toil, 20  
 What is it but a weed?—yet from that weed  
 Your health, wealth, strength and consequence proceed.  
 What prodigies from small beginnings flow,  
 Encourag'd thrive, and to perfection grow !  
 Even SHE, the mistress of the human heart, 25  
 Was once a child and novice in her art :  
 O! never then with supercilious pride,  
 Rashly condemn or hastily decide.

We now, Milesian born, produce to view  
 A child of nature to be nurs'd by you ; 30  
 Will you with candour graciously receive her,  
 Or, at your mercy, to her fortune leave her ?  
 Young and unhardened to our northern gales,  
 Befet with anxious doubts, her spirit quails ;  
 Tho' something known to fame, but that's not much, 35  
 Quite sensitive, she shrinks at every touch.  
 I told her, as with confidence I might,  
 Futile and groundless were her fears to night ;  
 Here all the sons and daughters of the north,  
 Worthy themselves, were ever friends to worth ; 40  
 Foes to oppression ; steadfast to their trust ;  
 To failings gentle and to merit just :  
 And tho' less genial beams our climes impart,  
 Here freedom reigns, the sunshine of the heart,

But

But what might more her drooping courage cheer, 45  
Her passport sign'd, she came—a Volunteer ;  
That name, which could the sinking state protect,  
To distant ages will ensure respect :  
She bow'd unfeign'd assent—it rests with you,  
To prove the portrait by your conduct true. 50



# F A C T S

ALLUDED TO IN

## WILDER'S FAREWELL EPILOGUE.

IN the year 1756, when Mr. SHERIDAN, after an interregnum of two years, was called from England to resume the government of Smock-alley, he procured, among other considerable acquisitions, the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. WILDER. They came out, Saturday December the 17th, in *MACHEATH* and *POLLY*, which they performed to crowded houses upwards of twenty nights, besides benefits; and long after the *Beggar's Opera* continued in fashion. The *Cock-and-Bull*, a favourite song, was also then introduced by WILDER with great success; and the *Oracle*, an Opera in two acts by Mrs. CIBBER, was got up, in which Mrs. WILDER, particularly excellent in girls' parts, performed *CYNTHIA*, and WILDER, *OBERON*, to whom she playfully gives the name of *CHARMER*.—In course of time, when *MOSSOR* assumed the reins, WILDER was appointed his deputy. The attachment was an unfortunate one, and involved him in perpetual difficulties: As a kind of recompence for which, *Mossor* offered to surrender in his favour. He next joined the standard of *BARRY*, and afterwards followed the fortunes of the late *THOMAS RYDER*, till his power was superseded; and, as *RYDER* himself led the way, he engaged under the banners of his successor. WILDER was upwards of forty years on the Stage: the last thirty-two of which he spent in Dublin, and never once forsook his colours while his employer was able to stand his ground. His first Wife dying in that interval, he married a second, still living, who by her personal advantages, virtue and conciliating manners, does honour to her noble extraction. In the year 1788, WILDER became so disgusted with his situation, he quit the Stage, and applied himself wholly to his  
original



original occupation, a Painter. His last appearance was for his own benefit, Friday, May 16th, 1788, when he performed his two most capital parts, Colonel OLDBOY in *Lionel and Clarissa*, and Major BENBOW in the *Fitch of Bacon*. After which he came forward, in great agitation, and addressed the audience; but with difficulty proceeded, almost subdued by his feelings; his tears, which he struggled to suppress, frequently choked his utterance; floods of sensibility poured from every eye, and at every pause the house attested the poor fellow's honest assertions with reiterated bursts of concurrent acclamation.—It was a trying, an affecting crisis: his auditors to a man seemed emulous who should most do honour to his exit—such is the prevalence of a good Character!

✂ The following authentic Anecdote furnishes a striking proof of the reduced state of the stage in Mossop's time, and of WILDER's unshaken fidelity. About the year 1766, early in May, two favourite performers, united in a second benefit, as compensation for arrears of salary. Dr. Fleury, a friend of both, took places, and, at the usual time, sent his servant to keep them. At seven o'clock he went, with two ladies, to the house; but, to his great surprise! found the servant on the outside playing ball. The doors had not been opened: however they soon got in, and, when the curtain drew up, only one lady, the Countess of Brandon, appeared in the Boxes. The band consisted of one solitary Fiddler, and a minuet in Abel's 1st Overtures, strummed over and over, was the sum of his Performance. Her Ladyship, finding her situation rather awkward, joined the Doctor's party in the Lattices.—The Play was the *FATAL CURIOSITY*: The MANAGER himself, with the strength of a respectable company, acted in it; yet the receipts fell short of five pound!—In this Period also, June 1760, poor WILDER had the additional misfortune of breaking his thigh; yet he behaved in suffering all as one that suffered nothing.

THEATRE.

THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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MR. W I L D E R'S

F A R E W E L L E P I L O G U E,

FRIDAY, MAY XVITH, MDCCLXXXVIII.

TWICE sixteen winters,—yes, just twice sixteen,—  
A faithful servant on your boards I have been ;  
Heroes and heroines, many in my time,  
Some in their wane, but more before their prime,  
I have seen to misery, nay, to death consign'd, 5  
And of their worth no trace remains behind.  
To-night, my turn to be forgotten near,  
Concludes my fond theatrical career.  
Yet ere I quit this tragi-comic walk,  
Indulge your hoary veteran with a talk— 10  
A moral may start forth, no doubt you'll catch it,  
At least I promise not to fling the hatchet.—  
So Nestor, small things to compare with great,  
Unfit for combat, was reduced to prate ;  
Adventurous youth with cautions he supplies, 15  
And, taught by his experience, they grow wise.  
Despoil'd

Despoil'd of rule in un auspicious hour,  
 When the first THOMAS was restored to pow'r,  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of licentious rage,  
 Promoted order and reform'd the stage, 20  
 With him, oblig'd to call in foreign aid,  
 My first campaign on this lov'd soil I made :  
 Pitch'd battles twenty I successive fought,  
 And ample treasures to his coffers brought ;  
 For years, encourag'd by your kind support, 25  
 I kept my post ; the Captain was my forte.  
 Did e'er, what will not Time ! Macheath shew dull,  
 I reforc'd him with the Cock-and-Bull.  
 Thus the old Bard, if fame record not wrong,  
 Reviv'd the Spartan glory with a song ; 30  
 And with, like him, the Oracle to arm her,  
 My OTHER-SELF drew crowds, to see—her Charmer.

What time impetuous HARRY fill'd the throne,  
 The man I serv'd ; his cause I made my own.  
 In the brief course of his successless reign, 35  
 I broke a limb ; was twelve times prisoner ta'en ;  
 And, tho' to honours and distinction us'd,  
 Like Belisarius, I the crown refus'd :  
 Secure in adverse gales—tho' weak my parts—  
 To find a safe asylum in your hearts. 40  
 Fir'd with that hope, these boards I dauntless trod,  
 Where glorious SPRANGER shone the leading God !

Nor

Nor when the second THOMAS lost the field  
 Did I retreat ; your favour was my shield.  
 Those days, Heaven knows ! of toil and peril past, } 45  
 Like a worn troop-horse, now you see me cast—  
 Yet Oldboy still and Benbow to the last.

As great folks use, to rest I now retire,  
 My little garden and my cheerful fire ;  
 No more a player—the only part I can, } 50  
 I'll act till death, and be—the honest man ;  
 Content to tread the calmer scenes of life,  
 Bless'd with good children and a virtuous wife :  
 To warm their hearts, I'll daily call to view  
 The gratitude I feel—I owe to you— } 55  
 Still, as I may, disposed to your commands—  
 The curtain drops—dismiss me with your hands.



THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

SPOKEN AFTER OTHELLO,

MONDAY, AUGUST THIRD, MDCCLXXXIX.

THE giddy youth, with emulative pride,  
Views the smooth surface of the frozen tide,  
And, ah! unconscious of the perils near,  
Arms his rash foot, and tempts the wild career:  
But many a doubtful struggle, many a pain,  
And many an anxious hour must he sustain,  
Ere, haply so atchiev'd, the envied poise he gain. }  
Tho, friendly omens should his ardour bless,  
And persevering toil induce success,  
The slightest crosses startled hope confound, 15  
And prone he falls, the sport of all around.

New to the world, and panting for a name,  
Such he who tries the slippery paths of fame,  
And, like a desperate gamester, hazards all,  
With none to pity, none to break his fall: 15  
For oft, too oft, unripen'd to withstand  
Envy's chill breath, or power's oppressive hand,  
True genius droops beneath inclement skies,  
Shrinks up its tender leaves, and, in oblivion, dies. 20

# OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

97

So the fond novice in a land unknown,— 20  
 My feelings speak, the picture is my own,—  
 Prompted by flattering dreams of bright renown,  
 Maugre the Cynic's sneer, the Critic's frown,  
 Plunges at once into the depths of fate,  
 And gains—experience—tho' full oft too late; 25  
 Nay oft success's fiery charms he spurns,  
 And to his dear, dear native soil returns.—  
 Oh! with what extacies my bosom swell'd,  
 When these known mansions I once more beheld;  
 And, tho' a while I folly's course had run, 30  
 My honour'd parents bless'd once more their son;  
 When hoping still, and meeting your regard,  
 The generous welcome of your hands I heard;  
 Oh! on your patience let me not intrude,  
 'Twas joy extreme, 'twas heartfelt gratitude. 35  
 If self-deceiv'd, or following nature's bent,  
 In this rough road I fail to give content, }  
 With indiscretion comes its punishment. }  
 But from these shores tho' I again depart,  
 No time shall raze your goodness from my heart; 40  
 And howsoever my destinies incline,  
 My country's glory always shall be mine;—  
 On your indulgence if I have trespass'd aught,  
 Impute it to misfortune, not my fault.

THEATRE-

THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

TO *TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA*,

FRIDAY, JUNE IIND, MDCCXCI.

SPOKEN BY THE YOUNG HEROINE OF THE NIGHT,  
FOR HER OWN BENEFIT.

CUSTOM, the tyrant of each servile fool,  
Seems to have made it an establish'd rule,  
That something flippant, jocular, and gay,  
By way of Epilogue should grace the play.  
Authors and actors, in or out of season,  
Step forth in rhyme—no matter for the reason,  
And oft, a practice which defies excuse,  
With pertness treat you, sometimes with abuse:  
Conceit for sense, scurrility for wit,  
Pleas'd or not pleas'd, to hear you must submit, 10  
And, what's yet worse, a woman must rehearse,  
At decency's expence, the fullsome verse.

Not with coarse jests to wound the modest ear  
Your little Protégé presumes to appear;  
She has been taught, and thinks it is a sin, 15  
To sacrifice decorum for a grin.

Your

## OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

99

Your present favours and your past review'd,  
She fain would show, excite her gratitude,  
Conscious the generous plaudits you bestow,  
More to your kindness than myself I owe. 20

Hard is the task, and oft essay'd in vain,  
The approbation of the town to gain;  
But by experience I may truly tell,  
In candour and good-nature you excel.  
You took me up, I glory in the hour, 25  
Just budding into life, a tender flower;

And in the bosom of this warm parterre,  
My place assign'd, you bade me flourish there.  
Whatever clouds alarm my pensive breast,  
What doubts foe'er perplex or cares molest, 30  
The evening's gladsome eye my spirit cheers,  
And hope prompts rapture in a night of tears.—

Why should I fear my feelings to express,  
When you protect me, and award success;  
If in the end I answer not the toil, 35

All must condemn the culture, not the soil:  
'Tis yours to call the sparks of genius forth,

To silence cavil, and conciliate worth;  
My ardent hope is, if to fame I rise,  
To blow beneath the sunshine of your eyes. 40

THEATRE-



THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

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P R O L O G U E  
TO THE TRAGEDY OF EDWINA,\*

THURSDAY, MARCH XXIX, MDCCXCII.

SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

AT seasons meet, deck'd in obsequious rhyme,  
Prologues have been, from immemorial time,  
Brought out by all retainers to the Stage,  
To palliate faults and stem the critic's rage ;  
An arduous task !——and to complete the bore 5  
We are doom'd to glean where others reap'd before :  
Yet to comply with custom, as all should,  
With customs well establish'd, wise and good,  
I for my client in this cause appearing,  
Solicit now a favourable hearing. 10

To night—with deference to begin my story—  
By me a suppliant Author comes before ye.  
Shall I, low bending, in a bondman's key,  
Thus, *forma pauperis*, put in my plea ?  
Or, *vi et armis*, in Theatric fury, 15  
Brow-beat, as oft, the scheme is, judge and jury ?

No

No—this were arrogant, and that were mean,  
 And, tho' well meant, more serious blots to screen,  
 Instead of soothing, might provoke your spleen. }  
 A first attempt, our author bade me say, 20  
 To candid breasts may find a fitter way ;  
 Little confiding in Dramatic power,  
 He but requests the indulgence of an hour ;  
 So, with the sunshine of your favour grac'd,  
 Fresh fruits may grow and ripen to your taste.— 25  
 His is a tale of woe, tho' well he knows  
 All are not touch'd alike with other's woes ;  
 The laughing Muse you with applause pursue,  
 On nobler grounds her elder sister's due.  
 There lives a charm in sympathetic grief, 30  
 To soften care and give the mind relief.  
 When from compassion's eye the dew-drops start,  
 Mild grows the temper and humane the heart ;  
 The strong, the weak, the lowly and the high  
 Are born to suffer, as they're born to die ; 35  
 And not the happiest individual here  
 But owes to martyr'd innocence a tear.  
 From poor EDWINA's fate the unpractis'd maid,  
 May learn, whate'er her good intents persuade,  
 Virtue itself's an insufficient shield, 40  
 When passion sways, and prudence quits the field.  
 As to the merits of our venturous Bard,  
 Suspend your judgment 'till the cause you've heard :  
 A lover,

A lover, husband, mistress and a wife,  
In error's maze involved, he draws from life ;  
The dire delusions that their peace destroy'd,  
Trac'd to their source, he wills you to avoid,  
And trusts, from rigid rule shou'd he depart  
To follow nature, you'll dispense with art.

45

Thus he relies on plain and simple truth ;  
Modest you'll own and promising in youth :  
Yet by descent were merit to be tried,  
Facts might appear to countenance some pride,  
And evidence, allowing envy scope,  
To curb detraction and encourage hope ;  
Better perhaps in other climates shown ;  
A prophet meets least honour in his own.  
But all in all so little we presume,  
Man but a rush you strike the trembler dumb ;  
O'erwhelm'd in dread suspense, the worst of states,  
He patiently your high decision waits ;—  
There, in some nook belike, sequester'd stands ;  
Dispel his fears and cheer him with your hands.

50

55

60

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

E D W I N A,

SPOKEN BY MRS. KENNEDY.

DEUCE take these authors ! what a set they are !  
My part scarce over, I must straight prepare  
To speak an Epilogue—and what's the end on't ?  
To stop your clamours ;—no, not it, depend on't.—  
Is it mere custom, or a point of right, 5  
That men the prologues, we must these recite ?  
Or is it wise, and covertly intended,  
That all is buzz, unless we come to mend it ?  
Confess you then, however you may flout us,  
You can't effect your purposes without us. 10  
You have all, who doubts it ? budgets full of learning ;  
We boast our powers to please, and quick discerning :  
Then, if to science you dispute our claim,  
Ours, 'tis confess'd, the loss—be yours the shame,—  
And yet those towering heads there in the pit, 15  
Seem to proclaim our judgment, taste, and wit ;  
Or else I am sure 'twere mightily to wrong ye,  
By crowding so unseasonably among ye.

But, Ma'am ! exclaims the Poet, to the question,  
The town is nice, and queasy of digestion ; 20

P

And



And if you must your rhetoric display,  
 Exert your talents now to save the play,  
 Three Court-days more at least ; for, Ma'am ! d'y' see ?  
 Bards are all partial to the number three.  
 Move an arrest of judgment, now's the time, 25  
 Pray a rehearing, and demur in rhyme.

Pssha ! stale device !——who can anticipate  
 What chance may govern, or avert his fate ?  
 Unless, as wits oft proudly make relation,  
 They were indeed endued with inspiration. 30  
 For instance now, suppose the piece go down,  
 And full applause our sanguine hopes should crown ;  
 To build on such a frail, foregone conclusion,  
 Might, ten to one, redound to our confusion :  
 For tho' by friends and flatterers promise cramm'd, 35  
 If by ill luck the bantling should be damn'd——  
 Weak and dispirited, on what pretence  
 Could I confront the visage of offence ?  
 'Twas never yet our sex's part believ'd,  
 To boast of favours which they ne'er receiv'd ; 40  
 And, tho' French fashions sometimes may betray 'em,  
 They, when they're vanquish'd, never sing Te Deum.

These things premised, I to our Author said,  
 Who Author-like, look'd wise, and shook his head,  
 If after all you disapprove my plan, 45  
 Point out the path, I'll serve you if I can ;

And if the bucks o'th' pit still make resistance,  
I'll supplicate the Gods for their assistance;  
Tied to no rules, impartial they bestow  
Their hands or oranges on all below;  
And, tho' sometimes intemperate in their zeal,  
They still are just, and act—because they feel.—

50

Ye all decisive Powers! ye happy Crew!  
The merits of our case now rests with you—  
No haughty 'Squire, proud of superior parts,  
Comes to o'erbear you with scholastic arts;  
A simple sempstress to your worships bends,  
And hopes, as most folks do, to gain her ends.  
Were Ladies train'd to exercise the Pen,  
They'd study day and night—to please the Men:  
And should four Critics female worth oppress,  
You would, I'm sure, protect them and redress;  
For 'tis the prime of nature's glorious laws  
When beauty pleads to vindicate her cause—  
I am a Woman, Sirs! my tremors show it,  
Then for my sake deal kindly with the Poet;  
We from your judgment to your hearts appeal,  
Generous as brave, you are not hearts of steel:  
Is there a Hector of your blustering tribe  
A look won't soften, and a smile won't bribe?  
Confirm my hopes then, lay your catcals by,  
And bid me wish the anxious culprit joy.

55

60

65

70

S O N G

S O N G,

SUNG BY MR. ———, AS APOLLO,

IN THE COMIC OPERA OF MIDAS.

AIR, BY DR. HARRINGTON OF BATH,

*How sweet in the Woodlands.*

WHEN love's sweet emotions first dawn in the mind,  
How soothing the pain is! the bliss how refin'd!  
In view dance the graces, the pleasures and smiles,  
And hope's gay illusion the bosom beguiles.  
Beguiles, beguiles, the bosom beguiles.

But soon the scene changes, and all that before  
Imparted soft transports, imparts them no more;  
Secure of her conquest, the nymph quits her charms,  
And leaves for possession a shade in your arms.  
A shade, a shade, she leaves in your arms.

Fond youth! then take warning, the precipice shun,  
O! fly the fair fiend or else you're undone:  
Allur'd by her converse, ensnar'd by her eyes,  
The heart that pursues her is slighted and dies.  
And dies! and dies! is slighted and dies.

ELEGIES

ELEGIES AND PIECES  
MISCELLANEOUS.

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ELEGY I.

ON THE DEATH OF

TWO GOLDFINCHES,

GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY MARY LESLIE,

(THE COUNTESS OF PORTMORE,)

ON HER LEAVING IRELAND.

ADIEU! O ye favourites, so dear!

Ye pretty sweet warblers, adieu!

No more your glad notes shall I hear,

No more meet your welcomes so true:

No more on my shoulder and head,

Free perching, my tea shall ye sip;

No more shall ye eye me for bread,

And snatch, with your bills, from my lip.

Dull



Dull Censors ! ye hold it a scorn,  
From such motives distress should appear :  
Yet, I lov'd them, and cannot but mourn ;  
They are dead, and I must drop a tear.  
Whoe'er shall such feelings despise,  
May act the more stoical part ;  
May vaunt himself happy and wise,  
But let him not boast of his heart.

Affection with virtue is join'd,  
It dwells with the brave and the free,  
It warms and ennobles the mind,  
Then is it a weakness in me ?  
If gratitude weakness implies,  
That weakness for ever be mine—  
And the gift for the giver I prize ;  
They, lovely MARIA ! were thine.

At Newland, where often I stray'd,  
And often you tripp'd by my side,  
One evening slow winding the glade,  
In a hawthorn the nestlings were spied :  
Soft transport quick glanc'd from your eye,  
Sweet innocence lisp'd on your tongue ;  
They chirrup'd !—you wish'd, with a sigh,  
To protect both the nest and the young.

Full feather'd, they home were convey'd—

For honour and freedom well known,  
With a LESLIE nought had they to dread—

And their fears were soon over and gone.  
At large, in your chamber they flew,

O! there, that 'till now they might rove!  
And fed, and attended by you,  
Forgot both the fields and the grove.

But the season of sorrow drew nigh—

Far hence must their mistrefs depart:  
Remembrance, even now, fills my eye;

For MARIA was dear to my heart.  
And she kiss'd her poor favourites, and cried;  
And she begg'd, to her birds I'd be kind;  
And she much in my care did confide:—  
And her words ever liv'd in my mind.

One morn of my CHARLEY bereft,

What else could from hirelings ensue?  
The window wide open was left,  
And away the dear libertine flew.

All the day, though 'tis strange to relate!  
All the day did he wantonly roam;  
But at eve the soft notes of his mate,  
Recall'd the bold fugitive home.

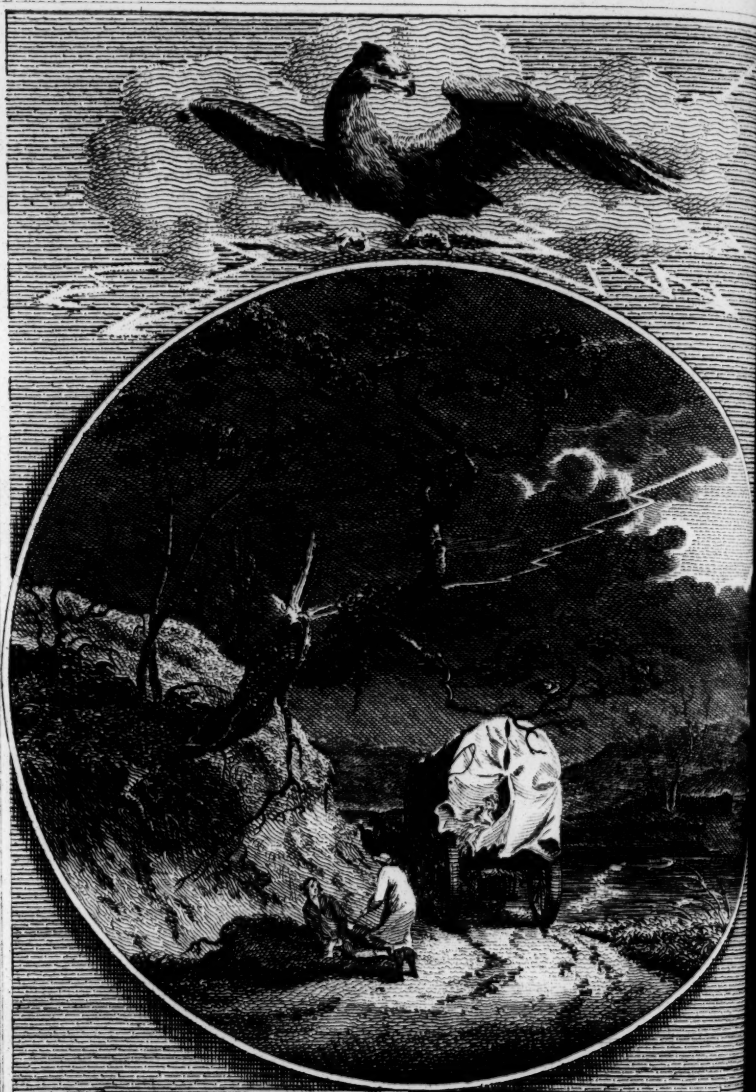
For

For years, the sole joy of her heart,  
Thence faithful he sung by her side;  
And at her when cold death flung his dart,  
He languish'd; he sicken'd; he died.  
Adieu! ye companions, so dear!  
Ye pretty sweet warblers, adieu!  
No more your glad notes shall I hear;  
How rare meet affection so true!



7 M 55





Bless'd be the Hand, which then, with timely Power,  
Humanely strong, and generously brave,  
Approach'd the Traveller in his needy Hour,  
And snatch'd the Poet from a watery Grave!

*Walter Scott's Essay on Poetry*

*Thence 18 p. 113.*

E L E G Y II.

C O L E S H I L L.\*

A D D R E S S E D

TO THOMAS SPRING, ESQ.

WRITTEN AT THE SWAN INN THERE,

ON SEEING A POEM OF HIS IN THE NEWS-PAPER.

WHEN, lonely, on far distant climates cast,  
The weary pilgrim, resting from his toil,  
Cheerless and pale, a world of peril past,  
Sees some known relick from his native soil ;

Fix'd, blest event ! in pensive joy he stands,  
His cares, awhile, to soft oblivion given ;  
He drops the crosier from his trembling hands ;  
He steals a sigh from his lov'd faint and heaven :

But, should, perchance, the sweet memorial bear  
Some stamp of worth peculiarly impress'd ;  
Should friendship mark some kindred traces there,  
Then, then, what ardors heave his panting breast !

Q

So,

So, even now, my penfive bosom glows,  
As o'er thy sterling lines I cast my eye;  
My pains, suspended, sink into repose,  
And, lo! once more, my slender reed I try.

Though small my skill to touch the various lyre,  
The Nine to me though niggards of their aid,  
My humble ivy dare to fame aspire,  
Beneath thy sacred laurel's friendly shade——

Well know'st thou, COLESHILL, seat of calm delight,  
A swelling mount, with bowery dwellings crown'd;  
How fair in prospect breaks it on the sight!  
How rich the Eden of the country round!

The muse, still grateful, loves the sylvan scene;  
Nor is the genius of the people rude;  
Humanity and courage grace the men;  
The nymphs all beauteous, sensible, and good.

Bleak was the night, and fore my mind oppress'd,  
When hither, first, I sadly bent my way;  
My frozen blood scarce crept in my torn breast,  
And all one trackless waste drear nature lay.

Fierce beats the tempest on my houseless head ;  
Dire pealing thunders round my temples roll ;  
Wide o'er the vale the foaming torrents spread,  
And instant fate horrific chills my soul.

Bless'd be the hand, which then, with timely power,  
Humanely strong, and generously brave,  
Approach'd the traveller in his needy hour,  
And snatch'd the poet from a watery grave !

Bless'd too the ancient hospitable pair !  
Thrice bless'd their mansion, humble though it be !  
Whose honest tongues bade cordial welcome there ;  
She Baucis kind, and good Philemon he.

In vain was press'd some earnest of regard,  
The meed of Virtue ne'er let man forget,  
They conscious duty held supreme reward.—  
Blush, blush, ye vultures of the sinking state !

Can strangers thus be to a stranger kind,  
And every melting soft sensation know ?  
And can the loveliest of her sex be blind,  
And not one touch of generous pity show ?

But



But such is oft the lovelorn wanderer's lot ;  
Such oft, sweet bard ! the muse declares was thine ;  
Oft small offences years of service blot,  
And such, O, pain to think it ! such was mine.

I saw the maid of every charm possess'd ;  
But not the peril wisdom ought to shun :  
Therania smil'd, then I indeed was blest'd ;  
Therania chang'd, and then I was undone.

You, who have hearts to struggle with your fate,  
And have the pangs of disappointment known,  
To woods and wilds your miseries relate,  
And judge of my affliction by your own.

Her beauty's power, her merit to display,  
In vain, alas ! would fancy's pencil try ;  
Her smiles diffuse new lustre o'er the day,  
And virtue speaks the language of her eye.

Her vows were mine—she knew not to deceive—  
And if she chang'd, mine was the crime alone—  
My fatal error must I ever grieve  
And must my life, can nothing less atone ?

Ignoble breasts, with vulgar notions fraught,  
To fell resentment may their souls resign;  
Great minds should know, by purer maxims taught,  
“ To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.”

I had a friend too, next Therania, dear ;  
So much belov'd, who could ungrateful be ?  
But bliss, we are told, comes always insincere,  
In love, in friendship, so it proves to me.

Of love, of friend, of health, of all bereft !  
Bereft of all ! O, 'tis too much to bear !  
No gleam of hope ! no ray of comfort left !  
Death, death alone can med'cine my despair.

The conflict's past !——no longer I complain,  
No longer I my wayward fate deplore ;  
Let but a few short moments intervene——  
The dull, insipid dream of life is o'er.

E L E G Y III.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF AFFECTION.

FRIENDSHIP and love!—what more could heaven  
impart,

In two fond breasts when mutual ardours glow?  
Hence every balm that soothes the feeling heart,  
Hence all the joys of social union flow.

How oft the theme of speculation made!  
How oft, alas! to futile form confin'd!  
How oft prophan'd some fordid views to aid!  
The fatal snare of many a generous mind!

O, where in native grace do you preside,  
In what blest'd mansion keep your envied seat?  
Swell you the train of luxury and pride,  
Or to the cot and humble vale retreat?

To every trite declaimer are you known,  
And prompt you still the sentimental tongue?  
Are you in labour'd systems justly shown,  
Or faithfully in mystic legends sung?

Haply

Haply the offspring of a feverish brain,  
Which but to folly and illusion tend;  
Or why so fruitless is the task to gain  
The constant mistress, or the steadfast friend?

Full many a curious descant have I heard  
The storied flights of amity to prove,  
And known it, O, my aching heart! averr'd  
The female mind not mutable in love!

If e'er the female mind be constant found,  
If love and friendship more than empty names,  
If e'er sincerity success has crown'd,  
How have I barr'd, how forfeited my claims?

How! how beyond atonement have I err'd?  
How could I so egregiously offend,  
That all my vows are to the winds preferr'd,  
And all my fairy dreams in anguish end?

If vows of mine e'er virgin ear betray'd,  
Or friendship's arduous task I sought to shun,  
Come forth, wrong'd man! come forth, deluded maid!  
Confront me now—'twere just I were undone.

None



None comes there forth?—why is it then decreed  
My dearest aims must still abortive prove?  
Still my true heart with disappointment bleed,  
The dupe of friendship, and the slave of love?

Oh! he gives nothing who gives all his store!  
Poor thriftless bankrupt! thou may'st learn at last,  
From sad experiment, instructive lore!  
'Tis expectation binds attachment fast.

Suspense and doubt solicitude awake,  
And specious craft not honesty is priz'd,  
Weep, virtue, weep! none love for virtue's sake;  
And modest merit is a thing despis'd.

All truth and fondness friend and mistress both,  
Bask in the sunshine and await your bliss;  
A cloud in view! they shun you with an oath,  
Or to the foe betray you with a kiss.

By no regards, no obligations tied,  
When shorn the flock is, and the harvest's o'er,  
The double mind can all respects deride,  
And in the face of kindness shut the door.

Yet honour reigns the boast of every mouth,  
On every tongue incessant fervors blaze ;  
The words indeed appear the words of truth,  
But fickleness and falsehood mark their ways.

Friendship to friendship, love to love succeeds,  
Quick as the shootings of the northern ray ;  
And, as his printless predecessor speeds,  
Each to the next yields momentary sway.—

One friend, one chosen friend, I once possess'd,  
And did I in the hour of trial fail ?  
Still be his virtues, his desert confess'd,  
But o'er his lapses memory drop the veil.

And thou, sweet peerless maid ! for whom I live,  
For whom in vain I breathe the tender sigh,  
My only treasure was a heart to give,  
My only consolation now—to die.

Depress'd beneath accumulating grief,  
Thou dear, sole object of my anxious care !  
Life of my life !—I see there's no relief ;  
Yet love will hope, tho' reason must despair.

R

O, be

O, be thou blest'd ! still that distinguish'd brow  
With wreaths of ever-blooming roses bound !  
Nor that pure bosom's animated snow  
E'er feel the thorns my tortur'd bosom wound——

Had I some lowly villager been bred,  
With rustic notions and of manners rude;  
Unschool'd in principles which ill bestd,  
Nor with vague theories my mind imbu'd,

To misery I had not been consign'd :  
Such is the boasted privilege to know !  
And all the advantage of a cultur'd mind,  
To point distress and give an edge to woe.

The lustre of thy charms at distance view'd,  
Struck, not enthrall'd, I then had safe admir'd ;  
Thy worth unknown had ne'er my soul subdu'd,  
Thy angel smiles with no delusion fir'd.

Some truer maid, the CHARLOTTE of the plains,  
With torpid preference I might regard ;  
For sensibility small favour gains,  
And pure affection seldom meets reward.

The chill of waning love's averted eye,  
The port assum'd, the faint abstracted air,  
The formal welcome, speech constrain'd and shy,  
Bless'd state of apathy! are stingless there.

There faith supplanted finds a sure resource,  
And slighted services as sure redress;  
'Tis not for common minds to feel their force,  
Or pine thro' life in exquisite distress.

O, bless'd in ignorance! thrice happy clown!  
Well may'st thou pipe and frisk it o'er the plain,  
Well may he sing who never felt a frown,  
Well may he smile who never met disdain.

For pity's sake the cruel kindness spare,  
You who the soul are studious to refine;  
Too much of sorrow man is doom'd to bear,  
Ah! why expose him to a fate like mine?\*



E L E G Y IV.

E X P O S T U L A T I O N ;

TO AN UNFAITHFUL MISTRESS.

**A**ND is there then no generous pity left !  
No truth ! no justice ! in the female breast ?  
Is that frail sex of honour quite bereft ?  
Their vows of love and constancy a jest ?

And generous pity can they ever claim,  
Who truth and justice show they disregard ?  
Dare they appeal to honour's sacred name,  
Who with base falsehood constancy reward ?

Oh, memory ! memory ! why wilt thou obtrude  
Thy cheerless records on my grief-worn soul ?  
Oh, give me peace ! Oh, teach me to exclude  
My bitter wrongs ! and my wild thoughts controul !

Was't not enough ?—good gods ! my heart will break !  
What could so fell a destiny provoke ?  
Must she a part in my destruction take,  
She, so ador'd ! must she too aid the stroke ?

Has she not listen'd to my tender tale,  
And drank the music of my love-tun'd lyre?  
Has she not met me smiling in the vale,  
And now—Oh, can she with my foes conspire?

A common lot I could with patience bear,  
And grievous ills have suffer'd unsubdu'd;  
But when a bosom'd traitor stabs—Oh, there!  
There pierce the thorns of foul ingratitude.

See here, ill counsel'd, dear, obdurate maid!  
And read unblushing, if thou can'st, the strain  
Writ by that hand; by that fair hand convey'd—  
What needed this? too strong before the chain.

' Oft my dear friend has fought my heart to move,  
' And if I lov'd him urg'd me to declare;  
' Not to suppose it would injurious prove,  
' And now my pen shall dissipate his care.

' With gentle smiles I favour'd your request,  
' Well weigh'd its meaning and observ'd its scope;  
' Full well my conscious looks my soul express'd,  
' And conscious looks full well encourage hope.

' But

‘ But spare me words—you could not misconceive,  
‘ What my past conduct must have plainly shown,  
‘ Nor justly ought, nor can you disbelieve  
‘ My fix’d attachment, fix’d on you alone.

‘ Your fond addresses have I not allow’d?  
‘ Your warm endearments have I not return’d?  
‘ The promis’d nuptials have I not avow’d,  
‘ And for your sake all other offers scorn’d?

‘ No mother’s tears, no father’s stern command,  
‘ Nay that might rather interdict your plea,  
‘ Forc’d me to yield a cold reluctant hand;  
‘ You were my choice, and my election free.

‘ If then your love be founded on esteem,  
‘ Affection’s only true and solid base,  
‘ Mine you no longer can precarious deem,  
‘ And to conviction let your doubts give place.’

Such the frank purport of thy artless page;  
Artless I thought it, and sincere believ’d.  
Beats there a heart such words might not engage?  
Claims he not pity whom such words deceiv’d?

Oh, truth! Oh, justice! honour! thrice rever'd!

Still may I cherish and your influence find!

Still may the maid, at your tribunal clear'd,

Prove as she's lovely, generous, good and kind.

---

E L E G Y V.

T H E R E T R O S P E C T :

M D C C L V I.

W H I T H E R, ye bright-ey'd train! immortal maids!

With whom, in tuneful ease, I wont to rove

Through smiling fancy's ever blooming shades,

Oh, whither are ye fled?—to what fam'd grove?

No more my breast your happy influence cheers;

Nor warm, poetic raptures now inspire:

Quench'd is the generous flame by chilling fears;

By all the enfeebling band of fond desire.

Ah! luckless, sure, when first THERANIA'S charms

In silken chains my reason captive led;

Better, by far, I had met the foe in arms,

And, for my country, not inglorious bled.

How



How wild the hope, that me, all-humble swain,  
 Whom only love, and constancy commend,  
 A nymph, in beauty's pride, should ever deign,  
 Kind, to admit her partner, or her friend.

An artless love, in this ill-fashion'd age,  
 Meets from each sordid maid repulse and scorn:  
 'Tis not the Man, his gifts alone engage;  
 Though every muse, and every grace adorn.

Away, then, from the proud, contemptuous fair,  
 To books, and sweet retirement let me fly;  
 There, with the mighty dead, forget my care,  
 Or learn (instructive lore) like them to die.

ΜΟΝΟΝ ΑΡΤΥΡΟΝ ΒΛΕΠΟΥΣΙΝ.

ANACREON.

JAMQUE VALE———

VIRGIL.

ELEGY

E L E G Y VI.

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF

THE REV. JOHN LAWSON, D. D. F. T. C. D.

WHAT! shall the fell destroyers of mankind  
Still live, with glory, down from age to age?  
Shall they a place in fame's fair annals find,  
And bloom, immortal, in the storied page?

Shall they, whose pride no other worth can boast,  
Than realms laid waste, and monarchies o'erturn'd,  
Shall they survive, 'till time itself be lost,  
Prais'd by each tongue, by every art adorn'd?

Shall these things be?—yet peaceful virtue die,  
Without the tribute of one pious groan?  
And, modest worth, without a tear, a sigh,  
Sink to the grave, unheard of, and unknown?

At dire ambition's call, when million's bleed,  
Shall honour's wreath the victor's temples bind?  
Yet no reward await the honest deed?  
No glory crown the pure, and spotless mind?

S

And,

And shall the muse too prostitute her tongue  
To wealth's vain glare, or power's unsteady blaze,  
While good men fall neglected and unfung ;  
No heart to mourn them, and no hand to praise ?

It shall not be—even now athwart the gloom,  
She comes, the goddess comes, to praise, to mourn,  
To tear the wreath from dire ambition's tomb,  
And place it high on virtue's sacred urn.

Though abler hands the glorious task decline ;  
Though Dunkin, modest, hides the heavenly fire ;  
Though Shepherd's dumb—yet shall one ray divine  
The last, the meanest of the train inspire.

Fate gave the word—and LAWSON is no more—  
Still green in earth the noble ruin lies ;  
How shall the weeping muse the loss deplore ?  
Harsh flow the strains that real grief supplies.

Yet, though the strains be harsh, though weak the tongue,  
That pays, ill chance ! this tributary verse,  
The heart shall aid the melancholy song,  
And pour its sorrows on thy honour'd verse.

Had

Had it pleas'd heaven—what has my frenzy said?  
Where would my wishes point? frail child of dust!  
Hark! from the grave, cries out the reverend dead,  
That heaven is wise, and all its ways are just.

O worth, beloved, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!  
Patient to hear, indulgent to redress!  
With every virtue, every grace adorn'd,  
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless!

Who now affliction's sorrows shall assuage?  
Who now the tears of suffering virtue dry?  
Who guard the orphan's unprotected age,  
Or kindle gladness in the widow's eye?

Who now our varying passions shall command?  
Teach the stern breast to feel another's woe?  
Ope the hard miser's unrelenting hand,  
And bid the streams of charity o'erflow?

These were thy arts—and glowing with the theme,  
While truths divine came, mended, from thy tongue,  
Vice heard, abash'd—youth caught the inspiring flame;  
And pleas'd attention on thy accents hung.

Respected



Respected shade ! Now, from the realms of joy,  
Indulgent listen to our fervent prayer !  
Still let thy ALMA's sons thy thoughts employ !  
O, still protect them with a parent's care !

Teach them to love mankind, and worship God !  
Curb the wild fallies of impetuous youth !  
Teach them to tread the paths that thou hast trod,  
And share those blessings that now crown thy truth !

And, lo ! around the pensive mourners stand ;  
Warm from the heart, the unbidden sorrows flow ;  
In dumb distress, each lifts his trembling hand,  
With looks that speak unutterable woe.

What, though no poet's pen, no sculptor's art,  
Adorns the grave where thy lov'd relics lie,  
A sigh shall burst from every feeling heart ;  
A tear shall fall from every honest eye :

And, though no statues weep upon thy tomb,  
No storied pillars labour with thy fame,  
Green, even in age, thy memory shall bloom,  
When pillars rise the monuments of shame.

ELEGY

E L E G Y VII.

TO THE MEMORY OF

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THINE eyes, dear youth! are clos'd in night;  
Thy thread, alas! is spun;  
Cut off, at once, from life and light,  
Ere half thy sands were run!

How short the date of human things!  
How tranfient are the joys!  
The flower, that in the morning fprings,  
The evening blaft destroys!

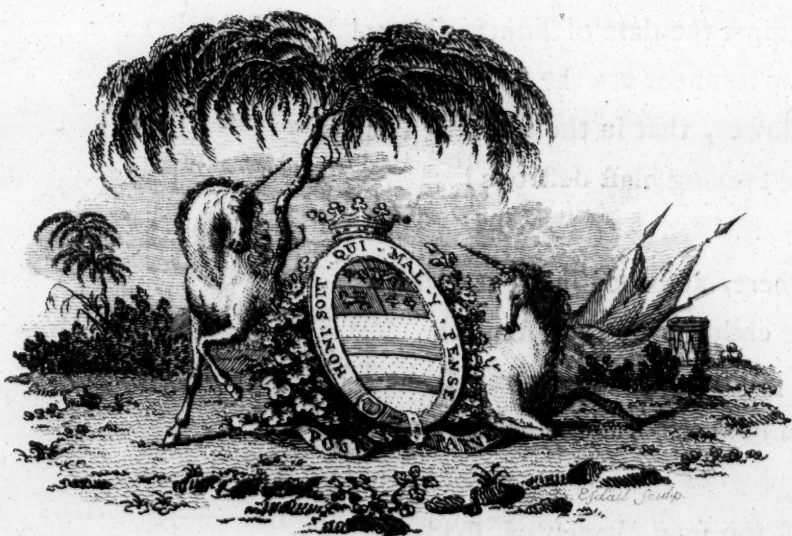
See where, abforbed in filent grief,  
The childlefs mother ftands!  
Some pitying angel bring relief,  
And hold her frantic hands!—

O, loft too foon, lamented fhade!  
Juft opening into man,  
While cuftom rul'd, and paffion fway'd,  
Ere reafons power began—

Yet,

Yet,—let me here the word recall,  
These rash repinings shun—  
'Twas heaven's high will decreed his fall;  
And let heaven's will be done!

Let all who lov'd his worth, his truth,  
Remember them with groans!  
And all the frailties of his youth  
Be buried with his bones!



ELEGY

E L E G Y VIII.

T H E M O U R N E R S,

A SKETCH FROM LIFE \*.

RUTLAND is gone ! and free from toils  
Of ill-requited fway ;  
No sycophants now court his smiles ;  
No tools his nod obey.

The flower of many a promis'd year  
Snatch'd off in early bloom ;  
To candour, justice, honour dear,  
He dropt into the tomb.

No weeping comfort smooth'd his couch ;  
No anxious parent nigh ;  
No kindred friend his end to vouch,  
Or close his asking eye.

Silent is every venal bard ;  
Mute every fawning tongue ;  
No dirges in the streets are heard ;  
No solemn knell is rung.

Suppose



Suppose them all but empty show,  
Where is decorum fled?  
Has custom nothing to bestow;  
Not one forc'd tear to shed?

Joy mark'd the dawning of his reign;  
All hearts his presence fir'd;  
But with him died the hope of gain,  
And gratitude expir'd.

Envy, thro' mists that all things views,  
His life presumes to scan;  
And slander tells us, wondrous news!  
He was, alas! but man.

Who?—Darkness hovering o'er the land  
To polish'd arts averse—  
Who first stretch'd out his fostering hand,  
And bade the clouds disperse?

While here fair science holds a place,  
Or learning bears a name,  
Regret his memory shall trace,  
And truth enhance his fame.

'Tis RUTLAND's due, the great design

Our annals will attest :

May wreaths unfading grace his shrine,

In peace his ashes rest !

Oft kindnesses not understood

Foul enmity produce,

And schemes replete with public good

Are branded with abuse.

The general weal, by few conceiv'd,

Confess'd he there pursu'd ;

But no respect, of life bereav'd,

Could obloquy preclude.

When, lo ! the royal mandate came,

To pour the mammon forth,

And down the foremost to defame

Fell prostrate to his worth.

Now arrogance and little pride

Obtrude their selfish claim ;

But rites, by narrow souls denied,

Prove heralds of their shame.

Slow mov'd the long proceſſion on  
In ſad funereal guiſe;  
And grief thro' tears conspicuous ſhone,  
In youth and beauty's eyes.

Even age ſubdued, tho' rigid grown  
To pity and remorse,  
Not yet quite harden'd into ſtone,  
Beholds the ſabled horſe.

The horſe that wont to bear his lord,  
His lord no more to bear,  
Drooping in dumb affliction, ſtir'd  
Each kind ſenſation there.

The honeſt Swiſs, for Minden's chief,  
Who riſk'd his vital breath,  
With fortitude ſuſtaining grief,  
Felt thrice the ſtroke of death.

He too whoſe ſlack unnerv'd hand  
Directs the doleful herſe,  
In other pomp was wont to drive,  
And mourns the ſad reverse.

One manly visage more appear'd,  
Where deep distress was writ ;  
Who can forget, so long endear'd,  
The honour'd name of PITT ?

Ye sons of levity and whim,  
Whom paltry cares enslave ;  
See, how pure nature's priz'd in him !  
How tears become the brave !

Many who join'd the pensive train,  
Might act a mimic part ;  
There, strongly character'd, 'twas plain  
Keen sorrow pierc'd the heart.

Some kindles—stop the dues are paid ;  
The pageantry is done—  
Go, parasites ! pursue your trade,  
And hail the rising sun !

Nor idly spent your incense dread,  
Tho' fate your views retard ;  
Viceroy and Kings are powerless dead,  
The living may reward.

H Y M N,



H Y M N,  
BY A YOUNG LADY,

PUPIL OF THE AUTHOR, A LITTLE BEFORE HER DEATH.

OCTOBER VTH, MDCCLXIII.

THOUGH little else thy servant knows,  
But sorrow, care and pain;  
On thee, my Saviour! I repose,  
Nor of my lot complain.

Thy mercies in my woes I prove;  
Thy justice I confess;  
Thy kindness, and paternal love,  
In thy corrections bless.

Now almost spent, an early prey,  
All human aid I see  
Is vain; yet cast me not away,  
Lord! still I have hope in thee.

O may

O, may I, once more, comfort find  
(Nor shall my soul despair)  
In death ; to meet the stroke resign'd,  
I ask no favour here.

Grant me, O Lord ! a safe retreat  
In that important hour,  
World without end to celebrate  
Thy glory and thy power.

---

## E P I T A P H.\*

GO, spotless honour, and unfullied truth ;  
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth ;  
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence ;  
Go, female sweetness, join'd to manly sense ;  
Go, soft humanity, that bless'd the poor ;  
Go, faint-ey'd patience, from affliction's door ;  
Go, modesty, that never wore a frown ;  
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown,  
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse,  
The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd  
thy herse.

STANZAS,

S T A N Z A S,  
ON THE  
RECOVERY OF DR. QUIN,

FROM A LATE DANGEROUS INDISPOSITION,  
IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

AS, late, at QUIN's devoted head  
The ruthless tyrant aim'd his dart,  
Around a general horror spread,  
And anguish seiz'd on every heart :

When, bursting from a golden cloud,  
Awake, alive to human woe,  
A seraph voice was heard aloud—  
' Yet, monster ! yet, suspend the blow—

' Disease and pain demand his aid ;  
' From him the orphan claims his fire ;  
' Unnumber'd vows for him are paid ;  
' With him unnumber'd hopes expire,

' Thought

‘ Though rare, alas ! on earth to find  
‘ A heart so fitted for the skies,  
‘ Yet, heaven in pity to mankind,  
‘ His perfect bliss awhile denies.—

‘ The fears of friendship to remove ;  
‘ To wipe the tear from pity’s eye ;  
‘ To banish from the breast of love  
‘ The dread suspense, the anxious sigh ;

‘ To spare the child to helpless age,  
‘ Just trembling on the verge of life ;  
‘ To shield from fate’s severest rage  
‘ The bleeding bosom of the wife ;

‘ For this he lives—yet heaven pursues  
‘ To nobler ends it’s vast designs ;  
‘ Nor to weak man’s contracted views  
‘ Supreme benevolence confines :

‘ On higher aims intent—to spare  
‘ Whom vice hath led from truth astray,  
‘ Till holy penitence and prayer  
‘ To mercy’s throne shall ope the way ;

To



' To mark to man, the slave of sense,  
 ' Bewilder'd in the vale of strife,  
 ' ('Till heaven shall, late, require him hence)  
 ' The bright example of his life——'

The angel ended—from on high  
 Responsive warblings breath along;  
 The Pœan swells through earth and sky,  
 And nature joins the choral song.

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### E P I T A P H,

ON OLD JOHN, MR. NUGENT'S COACHMAN,

BURIED IN CLONLUST CHURCH-YARD.

**H**ERE lowly in the peaceful grave beneath  
 The relics of a faithful servant rest;  
 He liv'd approv'd, was honour'd at his death,  
 And in the end shall number with the blest'd.

All you, his fellows! who his loss bemoan,  
 Would you, like him, be lov'd and honour'd too,  
 Bless the good pair, who rais'd this grateful stone,  
 And be, like him, obedient, just and true.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E I.

THE REPLY CONTEMPTUOUS.

TO T—— G——, A CLASS-FELLOW,

ON HIS PHILIPPIC, IN VERSE AND PROSE, AGAINST LUCAS.

SEPTEMBER VITH, MDCCL.

*This is inserted merely as the first effort of the author's pen: it however proved the means of introducing him to the Doctor, and gave rise to a friendship, which subsisted, with mutual cordiality, uninterrupted till his death.*

NOT to extort from fools unjust applause,  
Not in support of an inglorious cause,  
For the jew-smiles of Alderman or Grace,  
A poultry title, pension or a place;  
Not for because my father, brother, friend  
Were of that faction or this side commend,  
Not thro' a whim of blind mistaken zeal,  
A want of laurels, or perhaps—a meal;  
No, not all these could influence me, in spite  
Of nature and my envious stars to write :  
Truth fires my mind, and urges me to engage  
Thy slanderous pen, and tempt thy utmost rage ;

U

LUCAS,

LUCAS, that injured patriot name, to screen  
From foul aspersions and the attacks of spleen :  
For this I first implore the tuneful Nine,  
O! smile propitious on the fair design,  
Nor thou, O PHOEBUS ! needful aid refuse  
To an untutor'd, unexperienc'd muse.

15

Honest, good natur'd, generous and brave,  
To those in place respectful, not a slave,  
Striving for power no more than what he should,  
To do his king but first his country good :  
Tho' wise not vain, tho' learned yet well bred,  
The closest reasoner with the clearest head,  
Where solid sense and sprightly wit unite,  
The smooth-tongu'd Roman and the Stagyrte :  
To error gentle, yet to vice severe,  
A loving husband, and a friend sincere ;  
Unbigoted thro' principle or pride,  
He acts with spirit yet by reason's guide ;  
To suffering merit gentle comfort gives,  
Not with vain words but with his purse relieves ;  
Admires great actions whence soe'er they flow,  
Nor eyes askaunt the virtues of a foe.

20

25

30

This, the imperfect portrait of the man  
Whose glorious conduct thou presum'st to scan ;  
His parts, his learning, morals vilify,  
And all his labours impiously belie.

35

So

So MÆVIUS erst, that Cloaca of wit,  
 Against the great immortal MARO writ; 40  
 Another coxcomb, to display his sense,  
 Arraign'd the prince of Roman eloquence;  
 They did it too, like thee, to get a name,  
 And have been damn'd two thousand years in fame.  
 Thus if some deathless quill thy name shall give 45  
 To future time and it so long shall live,  
 What vast eclat thy mention must attend!  
 And every Bavius will thy cause befriend;  
 For Grub-street authors all in this are one,  
 They hate a genius brighter than their own; 50  
 But, if like thine, one more profound should rise,  
 To raise themselves they lift it to the skies.  
 Fear not, thy first performance will command  
 Praise from all mouths, and bays from every hand;  
 A libel upon wisdom, honour, all 55  
 That heaven approves, or mortals heavenly call.

But not as poet only you appear,  
 With equal right you take the critic chair;  
 Object, condemn, approve, affirm, deny,  
 Now pleas'd, now angry, all you know not why; 60  
 Call DIGGES a blockhead, let Sir SAMUEL pass,  
 HUBAND's your friend, but LUCAS a jack-ass;  
 How would that LUCAS weep, nay smile, to see  
 Even either ap'd by animals like thee!

How



How must he pity and detest the clime  
Where idiots judge and dunces scribble rhyme.

65

Thy rough, bombastic, heavy manner shows  
Thy pen unfit for metre or for prose ;  
Thy words ill-chosen, clownish, misapplied,  
At once expose thy ignorance and pride ;  
Thy numbers are (how weak the epithet !  
How short of justice !) shocking as thy wit.  
Go purchase BAILEY, on thy grammar pore,  
Read day and night ; but prithee write no more.  
Yet proof to all, the more you get the whip,  
Like master's top you but the founder sleep :  
Then, Muse ! forbear, nor to reclaim pretend  
This imp of MOMUS, he's too dull to mend.

70

75

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

TO

CHARLES LUCAS, ESQ. M.D.

ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT  
FOR THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

WATERSTOWN, AUGUST VIITH, MDCCLXX.

FROM noise and business for a while retir'd,  
With rural scenes and calm delights inspir'd;  
While here I wander lawns and groves along,  
Thy pen informs, thy merit claims my song.  
Early adrift on life's precarious stream, 5  
Thee I espous'd, my first and favourite theme,  
Thy injur'd patriot honours to defend,  
And thought it glory to be called thy friend.  
Nor did base adulation's servile voice  
Prompt the free tribute of my artless choice; 10  
For, all unknown, except in name and worth,  
Thy deeds supplied the truths my muse set forth;  
Nor now had gratitude, or friendship mov'd,  
If, fully known, I not the more approv'd.

Conduct,

Conduct, as thine, so spirited, so new, 13  
 Soon, Phœnix-like, the world's attention drew ;  
 Envy, alarm'd, in opposition rose,  
 And, but the honest few, all were thy foes.  
 Dark calumny a thousand engines tried,  
 To blast thy laurels, and thy worth to hide ; 20  
 And, centering in himself, the venal breast  
 Of thy proceeding made his schemes the test.  
 So Moles unable to perceive the sun,  
 Affirming his defects, expose their own.  
 Yet, still thy virtues genuine I believ'd ; 25  
 Nor in the ordeal were my hopes deceiv'd.

Cross'd in thy views, in all thy labours cross'd,  
 I saw thee in a storm of faction toss'd ;  
 Like the great Roman bravely, though in vain,  
 Struggling thy harrafs'd country to sustain. 30  
 Ye slaves of power ! scribblers of prose or rhymes,  
 Blush, blush for shame, to recollect those times !  
 Those times when, prostituted, every pen  
 Extoll'd, ador'd an impious race of men,  
 Who, lost to honour, in oppression bold, 35  
 Down trampled laws ; your rights and freedom sold.  
 Lucas alone then, obstinately just,  
 Stood forth your champion, and maintain'd his trust,  
 'Till the gall'd hand of delegated power  
 Forc'd him an exile from his native shore : 40

Yet,

Yet, true to principle, still undeterr'd,  
His country's weal he to his own preferr'd;  
Waited his time; the auspicious moment found;  
Return'd, attempted, with success was crown'd;  
And still in envy's and detraction's spite, 45  
He toils, unwearied, and persists in right.  
Might I, without a boast, that honour claim,  
I would avow our principles the same;  
And that the genius, which emblazes thee,  
Gave a small portion of thy flame to me. 50  
Be it my glory, as 'tis thine, to hate  
Each tool of faction, and each pimp of state;  
To drooping worth a fostering hand to lend,  
And, in whatever state, be virtue's friend;  
And, though thy heights I not presume to reach, 55  
To live the example of the truths I teach.

What! though the fawning, temporizing crowd,  
In rancour bitter, and in scandal loud,  
Decry thy measures; thwart thy generous toils;  
And, gorging, wallow in a nation's spoils; 60  
Still first, and dauntless in the glorious cause,  
Assert our rights, our liberties, and laws:  
Conscious of rectitude, that shall supply  
Comforts, which ill-got wealth and pomp deny;  
Nor, while from thence thy fair ambition springs, 65  
Need'st thou, a second SOLON, stoop to kings;

And,



And, though ingratitude dispute thy claim,  
The Octennial Bill bears record of thy fame.

Quite out of nature's, and of reason's course,  
Prescription had of law usurp'd the force ; 70  
While pension'd minions, gamblers, panders sate,  
From justice screen'd, assessors of the state.  
Stripp'd of our birth-right, vainly we complain'd ;  
For tyrants once, perpetual tyrants reign'd ;  
Sunk in luxurious sloth, their bills unpaid, 75  
Meanness and penury debas'd our trade ;  
And arts and learning all their vigour lost,  
Like budding flowers nipp'd by untimely frost.  
Those iron-times we now no more endure,  
And that palladium shall our rights secure. 80

Guard, guard it, friends! and with discretion use,  
Nor let misconduct tempt you to abuse ;  
Firm, incorrupt, great heirs of freedom born,  
The slavish baits of vile seduction scorn ;  
Scorn, and for ever brand, if such their lives, 85  
The wretch whose tongue a venal suffrage gives ;  
But, bold and prudent in your choice, respect  
Men of tried worth ; the specious knave reject ;  
And let this maxim fix'd impression make,  
*Who'er attempts to bribe, a bribe will take.* 90  
Do you yourselves the path for them pursue,  
And shew them 'tis their interest to be true ;

For,

For, lost again, its loss you may deplore ;  
Another LUCAS shall arise no more.

But yet the muse, though vast thy merits be, 95  
Ascribes, in partial strains, not all to thee :  
Oh ! could her flight support the grand design,  
Each patriot worthy in my verse should shine ;  
But future bards, in happier numbers blest'd,  
Rapt with the glorious theme, shall sing the rest ; 100  
Shall sing the man in wisdom's school approv'd,  
For taste admir'd, for generous worth belov'd ;  
While every youth, aspiring after fame,  
Shall pant for freedom at thy CAULFEILD's name :  
'Then, when each breast the voice of genius fires, 105  
And attic elegance the soul inspires,  
Assembled senates, wondering, shall avow,  
What TULLY was, a PONSONBY is now :  
Nor shall their actions fail of just applause,  
Who, like MOUNTMORRES, fought their country's cause.  
How with extatic warmth my bosom glows, [110  
To see the blessings LIBERTY bestows !  
For here, O LUCAS ! in these fertile plains,  
In native grace the charming goddess reigns :  
Through meads and pastures, verdant hills and dales,  
Her grateful influence uncontroul'd prevails. [115  
The chearful hind, his day of labour o'er,  
Safe from deduction counts his little store ;

While round his knees his decent fondlings cling,  
 And make the peasant in his heart a king. 120  
 Where dreary bogs extended long and wide,  
 Now bounteous harvest waves a golden tide;  
 And fattening herds, and ruminating sheep,  
 In goodly prospect range the upland steep;  
 The feather'd tenants of the woods appear 125  
 With bolder wing, nor dread oppression here;  
 Industrious truth unites the neighbouring swains,  
 And, once again, on earth ASTRÆA reigns.  
 Thus sweet contentment every care beguiles,  
 And every cot with peace and plenty smiles: 130  
 Nor needs the muse, each heart expanding tells,  
 Here LOUTH with liberty auspicious dwells—  
 Sprung from a race, in earliest annals found,  
 For wisdom, justice, and for arms renown'd;  
 In every arduous task of duty tried, 135  
 Who stood unblemish'd, or for freedom died,  
 With added beams, intrinsically bright,  
 He shines distinguish'd in unborrow'd light;  
 Bless'd as a master, as a landlord bless'd,  
 The first of husbands, and of friends the best: 140  
 His own in him a tender parent find,  
 And in his sphere the rest of human-kind;  
 O'er all his thoughts benevolence presides,  
 And all his actions inborn honour guides.

Learn'd,

Learn'd, without pride ; though highly fashion'd, plain :  
Inflation free, and, though a lord, not vain ; [145  
He meets respect, just as distinction should,  
From gentle manners, more than rank, or blood.  
Rare proof that virtue title best supports,  
And stamps true greatness, not deriv'd from Courts. 150

When LÆLIUS rul'd, times well remember'd yet,  
Often recall'd, and always with regret,  
A county, wise and generous in their choice,  
Unanimous on him bestow'd their voice.  
To fortune born, though then to wealth unknown, 155  
Free were his thoughts ; his actions all his own ;  
Not skill'd, nor form'd, in servile train to draw,  
His guide was reason, and his sanction law :  
Even LÆLIUS courted ; yet his steadfast soul  
No hopes could lure, no eloquence controul ; 160  
Friendship itself unbiass'd he withstood,  
Nor felt, nor thought, but for his country's good.  
And if, my friend ! e'er in detested hour,  
This isle should groan beneath perverted power ;  
When you, and he, and LEINSTER's self shall fail 165  
To awe corruption, which must then prevail,  
Smiling amidst the storm, he firm shall stand,  
The boast and patron of this hapless land ;  
And though of all state honours dispossess'd,  
Shall find superior lodg'd within his breast.—

Yet,



Yet, hold——too long against a harden'd age,  
Has satyr bent her ineffectual rage.

Lust of distinction, virulent and loud,

And party madness goad the jarring crowd;

Each petty newsmonger, howe'er absurd,

175

Three kingdoms' interest settles in a word,

And, big with self-conceit, contests the helm

With sage experienc'd pilots of the realm;

He peradventure mayn't the exchequer rob,

Yet works his way thro' many a dirty job.

180

TREVERE the cobbler starts TREVERE esquire,

A candidate to represent the shire;

And thriftless bankrupts, politicians grown,

Explode state failures heedless of their own,

And, like indignant POPE, uncase the pen,

185

To 'dash the front of shameless, guilty men.'

But shameless guilt who can expect to dash?

The curb it feels not, nor regards the lash——

They may be right, though differently I steer,

Yet, self-dependent, no man court nor fear.

190

Thou know'st, my LUCAS! and canst well attest

The secret workings of my inmost breast,

Born for mankind, not for myself I live;

Nor wish advantage, where I none can give.

My soul, confess'd, enlarg'd affection sways,

195

And warm affection ever tunes my praise;

Averse

Averse alike to flatter, or offend,  
 Justice my aim, and general good my end,  
 With equal eye, wealth, pomp, and power I scan,  
 And scorn the peer whose conduct shames the man. 200  
 Yet, scourging vice, we may be candid too,  
 And render praise to whom just praise is due.  
 Thus man, by bright examples, may be taught  
 To think aright, and act the part he ought.  
 Virtue, in her own loveliness array'd, 205  
 Will charm the froward, and the bold dissuade;  
 But error, we too rigorously oppose,  
 Callous, and proof to all correction grows.—  
 But in the account of duly stated time,  
 Too long perhaps I spin this idle chime.— 210  
 A nation's weal may mark thy pensive brow,  
 Or sickness languish for thy presence now.  
 Go, with thy grateful, wondrous skill restrain  
 The throbs of grief, and check the sting of pain;  
 Go, like thy sacred master, comfort give, 215  
 And bid flow, lingering deaths arise and live:  
 Preserve the husband to the weeping wife,  
 Or, in the mistress, save the lover's life;  
 Restore the hopes of some illustrious line,  
 And let them thank thee with a heart like mine. 220

TO

E P I S T L E III.

TO JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, ESQ

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, FELLOW OF  
THE LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF  
PERTH, AND HONORARY MEMBER OF THE  
ETRUSCAN ACADEMY OF CORTONA,

ON READING HIS MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS.

FRIDAY, MARCH XXVIITH, MDCCLXXXIX.

WITH keen research, and penetrating eyes,  
While you pervade the shades where science lies,  
And, vers'd in ancient and historic lore,  
The manly records of our fires explore ;  
Their customs, manners, habits, language trace,      5  
To truth add lustre, and to wisdom grace ;  
The hidden treasures of times past unfold,  
And even their very dross transmute to gold :  
While thus, when crowds, at time and health's expence,  
Provoke derision, you exalt your sense ;      10  
The veil of dark antiquity remove,  
Our minds irradiate, and our taste improve,  
And, fill'd with patriot zeal, the deeds rehearse  
Of chieftains mighty and renown'd in verse ;

I, to

I, to a bard's great name who can't aspire, 15  
Smit with congenial feelings, touch the lyre;  
Call'd forth by thee my voice impartial raise,  
Less to record than testify thy praise.

Thy own rich page, from imperfection free,  
Embalms thy fame and needs no aid from me. 20

O! had I leisure for the just design,  
And talents ample as the theme were mine,  
Not thy bright name alone, the charter'd band,  
That blest with learning's beams their native land,  
And gave her claim among the nations birth, 25

The last in effort though not least in worth,  
Should all, if minstrelsy distinction give,  
While truth with merit dwells applauded live.

But worn with toil and circumscrib'd in time,  
Ill suits my lot the laurel'd haunts of rhyme; 30

Though fancy sometimes fluttering on the wing,  
Tempts my rash hand the soothing harp to string,  
In ceaseless tumults each vibration drown'd,  
Emits, if any, but a feeble sound:

Some happier genius hence, for song admir'd, 35

May catch the hint, and, as of old inspir'd,

To distant ages make the worthies known,

And, with his country's glory, fix his own.

Here all my hopes and my ambition end;

Suffice it me to be approv'd thy friend. 40

EPISTLE



E P I S T L E IV.

TO A L A D Y

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HER POEMS,

IN ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES ON THE OCCASION.

OCTOBER XXIII<sup>D</sup>, MDCCXC.

FAIR sufferer! charm'd, I read thy partial lines,  
Where bright the ray of native genius shines,  
And from thy lips delighted more have heard,  
Which beggar praise, and soar beyond reward;  
But tho' thy flowing strains my pen invite, 5  
Why should'st thou tempt the press? ah! wherefore write?  
If gilded laurels lure thy venturous muse,  
A slippery path and dangerous she pursues.  
From critic rancour and the fangs of spleen  
Thy gentle spirit, what, alas! shall screen? 10  
When MILTON fail'd, what merit can engage  
A loose, luxurious, vain and trifling age?  
The muse for ANDRE, hapless victim! fir'd,  
With affluence blest'd, even by the foe admir'd;  
What could they less, when in such charming lays, 15  
She wreathes his urn with never-fading bays?  
SIWARD, whose various strains the age surprise,  
And show her wit as piercing as her eyes,

But

But envy with desert admits no truce,  
 Where most applause was due incurr'd abuse, 20  
 And, as if taste were from the nation fled,  
 BARBAULD and MOORE lie in the shops unread.

Would'st thou, humane the wish, improve mankind,  
 Restrain the froward and direct the blind, 25  
 And bid the muse, her grateful lore of old,  
 Bright honour's paths and virtue's charms unfold;  
 Arduous the task is, and, the event will prove,  
 Secures not friendship, nor conciliates love.

And then the sex! ye Gods! on what pretence 30  
 Can they presume to knowlege, wit or sense?

Flat usurpation! such a stumbling block  
 Must all the lords of the creation shock:  
 Not greater was his crime, who durst aspire  
 To steal from Heaven great Jove's authentic fire. 35

Are there not calls more suited to their parts,  
 Domestic cares and culinary arts?

And if no boys and girls you have to teaze ye,  
 Will nothing, cry the Dons, but scribbling please ye?

Then your kind friends, the female tribe I mean, 40  
 O lud! an authorefs! almost die with spleen.

In fly-traps to catch beaux your skill exert,  
 For fops knit purses, or with puppies flirt;

Shine at the ball, the opera, park and play,  
 Revel all night, and lie in bed all day; 45

Y

Those

Those precious sciences to women known,  
And in your quarrel they'll defend their own.  
Superior parts obtain but cold respect,  
Excite detraction and provoke neglect;  
Fear shuns their walk, and hate's a-kin to fear;  
A common case adduced will make it clear.

An author once, it might be you or I,  
Must needs the pulse of old acquaintance try;  
They met, and, as is usual among friends,  
His hand the bard,—a finger he extends;—  
Perchance, a tribute to the taylor due,  
He forc'd a civil grin and put forth two;  
Nature, howe'er the lips may play their part,  
Will somewhere out, and leave unveil'd the heart.  
The bard his hand, I should say finger, took,  
And blithely ask'd him, how he lik'd his book?  
The book! and round a vacant stare he flings,—  
O yes!—your book contains some pretty things;  
But with new works such trouble one receives!  
It took me a full hour to cut the leaves.  
The humbled author startles at the sound,  
And scarce articulates, 'twas neatly bound.  
I, whose quick feelings more are on the stretch,  
Had turn'd upon my heel and damn'd the wretch.  
Thus dunces, their own consequence to feed,  
Desparage works they have not sense to read.

If thou must write, and would'st thy works disperse,  
 Write novels, sermons, any thing but verse ;  
 Tho' beaten paths, there's chance thou may'st succeed ;  
 For matrons sermons, misses novels read ; 75  
 And those, when sermons tire, if decent print,  
 A novel take, so nought immoral's in't.  
 The curious virgin, blooming smart sixteen,  
 Obtains the treasure, and attacks it keen ;  
 Each page she turns some fertile scene displays 80  
 To fan her hopes, her vanity to raise,  
 And, when the heroine's thrown upon the shelf,  
 She gives a new Edition in herself.  
 Proof after proof imagination warms,—  
 Young Rakehell comes dressed in ideal charms, } 85  
 And, half-unask'd, she leaps into his arms :  
 But, oh ! the sad reverse—perhaps a wife—  
 Illusion's fled, and she a wretch for life.  
 Yet, while corruption's tide I strive to stem,  
 Let me not rashly in the gross condemn ; 90  
 Some claim regard, and I might name a few  
 By BURNEY written, or suppose by YOU :  
 Scarcely a reader but with interest finds  
 Time well employ'd with BURROWES and with HINDES,  
 And would'st thou with the pleasing mingle pith, 95  
 Read the RECESS, and study CHARLOTTE SMITH.  
 The pay of authors, not on griefs to dwell,  
 Their staple friends, the booksellers, can tell :



Thy JOHNSON early was their bounty taught ;  
 His ABYSSINIA bare five guineas brought ! 100  
 Rhyme is at best an unproductive trade ;  
 By speedier means are princely fortunes made.  
 Subscriptions Mammon for his favourites meant ;  
 No poem ever yet brought *cent per cent.*—  
 There is a kind of authorship, in which 105  
 Adepts start up, and instantly grow rich.  
 To trim thy little lamp and furnish oil,  
 Make use of lottery ink, improv'd by Hoyle :  
 Whoever in that onward track aspires,  
 No fund of taste, no classic lore requires ; 110  
 If well he know that two and three make five,  
 The less his genius, the more sure to thrive.  
 Nor rests the truth on theory alone,  
 Examples numerous might with ease be shown :  
 Friend POPE, if living, would himself allow, 115  
 For one Sir BALAAM there's a hundred now.  
 ALSCRIP, tho' born and on a dunghill bred,\*  
 His friend's distress makes pander to his bed ;  
 He has no wife ; his friend can't there requite him ;  
 Then how to quash the Indictment? Underwrite him. 120  
 " Lodg'd in the Bank lies Forty Thousand Pound,"  
 Hit Blank or Prize—a devilish tempting sound !—

Aye !

\* This Paragraph was written on the back of a Lottery-Office  
 Advertisement then in circulation.

Aye! and to strike your saucy medlers dumb,  
 Pounce! hand the Ledger,—Balance clear—a Plumb!—  
 To warrant policies and ape one's betters 125  
 Is the true Omnium, *ALSCRIP* thinks, of Letters.  
 Deep read in Stock-Job, and usurious schemes,  
 He quaffs his Claret, and on Down in dreams;  
 A cap of velvet shrouds his new-shorn head;  
 His feet in style on velvet carpets tread; 130  
 The day in town; at eve he can retreat,  
 Not to a pigstye; but his country feat;  
 There rate his workmen, count his fleecy store,  
 And melons cut where mushrooms grew before.  
 Dull care, begone! here ease he courts and health, 135  
 For if one can't enjoy it, What is wealth?  
 The coarse brown platter, that sufficed of late,  
 Shines an epergne; his quondam trencher, plate!  
 Three powder'd lacquies, at his sideboard plac'd,  
 Attend his Honour's beck in liveries lac'd, 140  
 And He, who whilom perch'd behind the Coach,  
 Now lolls within, enfur'd from all reproach.  
 Hence, as new claims new consequence inspires,  
 The Isle of Saints is now the Isle of 'Squires.  
 Amid the glare, should worth superior shine, 145  
 Peers rank with peers, that marks a strain divine.—  
 The Great themselves, if thou to greatness look,  
 Encourage Hoyle, and con the lottery-book.

But

But if Subscriptions still be thy resource,  
 Think not unruffled thou shalt run the course: 150  
 Try high and low, through court and country range,  
 Friendship with times, with fortunes manners change:  
 They, who thy warm prosperity would grace,  
 Touch but their purse, will curse thee to thy face.  
 Let those who would disarm reflection's sting 155  
 A writ of error in their conduct bring.

PARNASSUS' flowery haunts and PINDUS' shades  
 Lie all deserted by the Aëonian maids;  
 Along the banks of clear meandring stream  
 No favour'd Poets of Elysium dream; 160  
 The powers of Song, that charm'd the World of yore,  
 Save by a few, like thee, are felt no more;  
 Even Love, inspirer of the tuneful breast,  
 Is lost in avarice, and become a jest.

Time was when wealth and honor crown'd the verse; 165  
 To rocks and deserts modern bards rehearse;  
 They might as well impress the bounding deer,  
 As gain attention from a modish ear.  
 These halcyon times MÆCENAS fees more wit  
 In one fat haunch, than all e'er Virgil writ: 170  
 More to his gust, tho' it might task his skill,  
 To scan the heroics of a tavern bill;  
 Or quaint conceits, oft coin'd before, to coin,  
 A needless passport to the-bumper'd wine;

Or

Or snatch a Catch,—Oh! how divine they sing! 175  
 For Bourdeaux now's the Heliconian spring;  
 While wondering Bards, who seldom get a taste,  
 See purse-proud Vintners with their laurels grac'd.

Wide is the difference, to experience plain,  
 'Twixt talents in the pocket and the brain, 180  
 And those profusely with the first supplied  
 Their slender quota of the latter hide.  
 Full thirty Suns, Heaven knows! with ceaseless toil,  
 I have cultivated an ungrateful foil,  
 And my best pains to fill a leaky pate 185  
 Have been for worship oft repaid with hate:  
 So are the master's care, and wholesome rule,  
 Spelt and misconstrued by the golden fool.

The Muse I courted answer'd every end,  
 To sooth a vacant hour and please a friend; 190  
 No interest expectation did inflame,  
 I lost in labour what I gain'd in fame.  
 My lot allows for few amusements time;  
 Perhaps the most excusable is rhyme.  
 In Bacchus' orgies I can bear no part, 195  
 Nor scarcely know a diamond from a heart;  
 And if ambition aught on earth can raise,  
 'Tis to be prais'd by those deserving praise.  
 Hope's brightest prospects realiz'd be thine,  
 As every wish for thy success is mine. 200



THE NIGHTINGALE,  
A FRAGMENT.

MDCCLI.

Now sinks the Sun, and Hesper drives away,  
Skirted with fleecy gold, the somber'd day;  
Soft cooling Zephyrs fan the buxom air,  
And sober Night invests the hemisphere;  
The Stars crowd up heaven's ample roof, and so, 5  
With twinkling radiance, greet the World below;  
And now unveil'd the silver-mantled Queen,  
With lambent glory, decks the solemn scene,  
And slyly peering thro' the leafy boughs,  
Darts her chaste beams, friendly to lover's vows. 10  
The busy tribes now rest their wearied eyes,  
And safe in cottages Contentment lies;  
Grave Silence puts his gayest wardrobe on,  
And mild Good-humour gilds his reverend throne.  
True to her mate on yon tall poplar's height 15  
Sits Philomel, the minstrel of the night;  
Timid and shy she first attunes her throat,  
And wakes attention, touching note by note.  
The mellowing tones connected now appear,  
And grateful ravishment dwells on the ear; 20  
Smoothly continuous she gently plains,  
And sweetly modulates her soothing strains:

Now

Now bolder grown, with just gradation swells,  
 And all the grove her tale responsive tells ;  
 Trilling she holds her voice ; and gliding thence 25  
 Mellifluous down, it dies upon the sense ;  
 Scarce heard. . . far, far remote, we catch the notes,  
 As through the listening air the melting cadence floats.  
 Thus, soft and slow, brisk, lively, clear and strong,  
 Till morn she warbles forth her varied song ; 30  
 Piercing the haunts of love and pensive care  
 With sounds almost too exquisite to bear.

## THE SCOLD.

### A SONG FOR MISS SPENCER,

IN CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

MDCCCLVII.

SOME women take delight in dress,  
 And some in cards take pleasure ;  
 While others place their happiness  
 In heaping hoards of treasure :  
 In private some delight to kiss,  
 Their hidden charms unfolding ;  
 But, all mistake the sovereign bliss,  
 There's no such joy as *Scolding*.

The

The instant that I ope my eyes,  
Adieu all day to silence ;  
Before my neighbours well can rise,  
They hear my tongue a mile hence ;  
When at the board I take my seat,  
'Tis one continu'd riot ;  
I eat, and *scold*, and *scold*, and eat,  
My clack is ne'er a-quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
I ever am complaining ;  
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old ;  
Each guest at table paining :  
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,  
Though of my own providing,  
I still find fault with every dish,  
Still every servant chiding.

But, when to bed I go at night,  
I surely fall a weeping ;  
For then I lose my great delight—  
How can I *scold* when sleeping ?  
But this my pain doth mitigate,  
And soon disperses sorrow ;  
Although to-night it be too late,  
I'll pay it off to-morrow.

# THE NOSEGAY.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY MARY LESLIE,  
COUNTESS OF PORTMORE,

ON HER LADYSHIP'S PRESENTING A VERY ELEGANT ONE  
TO THE AUTHOR.

NEWLAND, AUGUST XXVTH, MDCCLX.

JUSTLY, descriptive fancy's tuneful tongue,  
Stiles you the emblem of the fair and young ;  
But if with **STELLA** you presume to vie,  
Your odours sicken, and your colours die.  
The lily, tinted by the fresh-blown rose, 5  
In vain with her would rival charms disclose ;  
Her blooming cheeks a lovelier vermil shew ;  
Her heaving breast a more unfullied snow :  
The fragrant jasmine languishes beneath  
The modest effluence of her balmy breath ;  
And, every sweet, attractive grace you wear, 10  
Collected and improv'd, reigns native there.  
But, bounteous nature, not to form confin'd,  
As richly triumphs in her ample mind :  
The early dawning radiance, which appears  
In that, so bright, so far beyond her years, 15  
Shall



Shall, if prophetic verse can aught presage,  
 Shine out, mature, the glory of her age.  
 Thus, when young PHILOMELA tunes her throat,  
 So strong, so clear, so musical her note,  
 So nobly bold, so genuine, and so much  
 Of lineal elegance in every touch,  
 With sweet surprise, all hearts the song approve,  
 And own the future mistress of the grove.

Here, sketch'd in STELLA, dear MARIA! see  
 What you are now, and what you hence may be: 25  
 But let the native blessings you possess,  
 Not make your thought, or application less;  
 Birth, wealth, nor beauty, can with those dispense;  
 For they're, at best, poor substitutes for sense;  
 Promiscuously by giddy fortune given; 30  
 But that's the choice, peculiar boon of heaven.  
 Seek wisdom, then; and, with unceasing care,  
 Adorn your mind, and plant perfection there:  
 Sickness, or age, will spoil external grace,  
 And dim the lustre of a beauteous face; 35  
 That, with encreasing splendor, will outlast  
 The cruel power of envious time to waste.  
 Nor distant far, whate'er your triflers say,  
 The most protracted period of decay.  
 But as scarce yet your unexperienced eye 40  
 Could mark how swift the transient minutes fly,

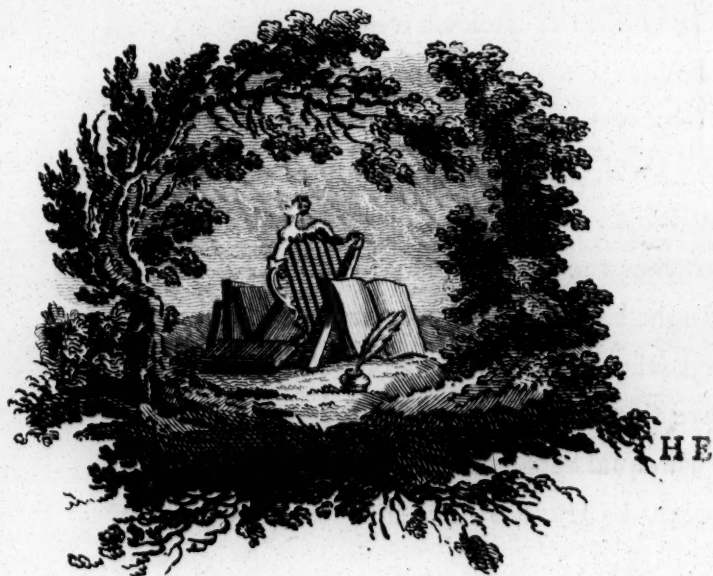
Observe

Observe that wreath, of late so highly priz'd,  
 Now thrown aside, neglected and despis'd :  
 Hence learn to cultivate the present hour ; 45  
 Nor fall, unnoticed, like the fading flower.  
 And when the muse, your happiness her end,  
 Would moral truths and useful recommend,  
 And let you candidly, since none are free,  
 Your little errors and omissions see ; 50  
 Or would the laurel'd walks of science show,  
 Which none, without minute attention, know ;  
 Let not your cheek uneasy blushes paint ;  
 Nor downcast eye condemn the kind restraint ;  
 But, emulous, suppress the trembling tear, 55  
 And meet instruction with a willing ear.  
 The goodly harvest yours ; the care is mine,  
 That you, superior to your sex, may shine,  
 The brightest gem of your illustrious line. }  
 Studious of that, my duty and regard , 60  
 May dictate things apparently too hard ;  
 But, from the first, persist in what is right,  
 And custom soon will make the practice light.  
 Let others seek excuses to protect  
 Their tottering fame, and palliate their neglect ; 65  
 Your faults, 'twere but a vain attempt to screen ;  
 For in the brilliant all defects are seen ;

Tho' in the inferior tribes they'd scarce appear ;  
Perhaps seem beauties, if not view'd too near.  
Such, for a day, exotic charms may boast, 70  
And each, her sole ambition, reign a toast ;  
But you, with more exalted views aspire,  
And teach mankind with reason to admire.  
What though a thousand fools your praise rehearse,  
(As fools and coxcombs often scribble verse) 75  
And flattery a thousand altars raise,  
If undeserv'd, 'tis satyr, and not praise ?  
The approbation of one man of sense  
Outweighs them all in worth and consequence.  
Then you, by striving to be good and wise, 80  
Begin the race, and win the glorious prize ;  
In all that's generous, affable, humane,  
Be still the foremost, but in nothing vain ;  
The paths of honour steadily pursue,  
And with yourself the admiring world subdue : 85  
Tracing your noble parents, who had stood  
Honour's elect, exclusive of their blood ;  
And her, the elder partner of your birth,  
Who from herself, not that, derives her worth.  
From such bright precedents you soon may learn, 90  
To gain esteem should be your first concern ;  
For that, of all the social ties, is best,  
The corner stone, and earnest of the rest.

Thus,

Thus, when of old, PYGMALION's hand display'd  
 The polish'd beauty of his ivory maid, 95  
 So true to nature, exquisitely wrought,  
 It smil'd, and look'd, as if the body thought;  
 And every smiling look so much affords,  
 Amazement silent stands, expecting words.  
 The raptur'd master view'd it, and admir'd; 100  
 Pleas'd with his art, but not with love inspir'd;  
 The Gods too pleas'd, so sings an ancient bard,  
 To crown his labour, and his skill reward,  
 Their aid impart; and, by their mandate warm'd,  
 It breath'd; it liv'd; she reason'd, and she charm'd; 105  
 And, from her reason, as her charms improv'd,  
 She grew a LESLIE, honour'd, and belov'd.



THE



T H E A N N I V E R S A R Y .

T O A R P A S I A ,

ON ENTERING HER TWENTIETH YEAR.

W H I L E others, lavish in exalted lays,  
Proclaim thy triumphs and record thy praise,  
Whence comes it I, the tuneful tribe among,  
Alone, withhold the tribute of my song?  
Nor, while admiring crowds their offerings bring, 5  
Even on thy birth-day, say one civil thing?  
So much applauded, honour'd and endear'd,  
Child of my care! has it not strange appear'd?

I might, 'tis true, have gardens rang'd and fields,  
And cull'd the choicest treasures FLORA yields; 10  
The breathing violet and the blushing rose,  
With every opening sweet the spring bestows,  
Thy lovely bosom might conspire to grace,  
Yet faintly match the wonders of thy face.  
To trace the lustre of thy speaking eyes, 15  
I might have roam'd, like brother bards, the skies;  
And when I thro' the angelic choir had run,  
Have tipp'd their beams with radiance from the fun.  
With equal ease, propriety and truth,  
I might to HEBE's have compar'd thy youth; 20

And

And brought each nymph of old and modern times,  
Renown'd for charms, to decorate my rhymes;  
And if, to image thy enchanting form,  
A kindred soul could polish'd marble warm,  
The all-perfect Medicean Venus might,  
With thy resemblance dazzle human sight :  
While gaily round, alluding to the day,  
The officious nereïds dance and tritons play,  
And in cool grot or amaranthine bowers,  
Commit thee to the loves and festive hours.

30

The soft-ey'd graces with their charge elate,  
To deck their smiling queen might ready wait,  
And with ambrosial dews imbue the lips,  
Where cupid revels and enraptur'd lips.

Such the conceits, when beauty is the theme,  
On which full oft our fancy-mongers dream ;  
But, hunting wit, tho' nature they disguise,  
Applied to thee, it proves at least they have eyes.  
To pen thy praise were but a waste of parts ;  
All who behold thee feel it in their hearts.

40

To me the more important care's assign'd,  
To form thy judgment and improve thy mind ;  
To call the native powers of genius forth,  
And on the public ear impress thy worth.  
Scorning inferior arts, be thine the scheme  
To gain the plaudit of deserv'd esteem,

45

Whate'er

Whate'er illusive prospects court thy view,  
'The onward paths of excellence pursue;  
Nor too securely loiter in the chace,  
A trifle lost the Grecian maid the race;  
And, whatsoe'er the colour or pretence,  
Let not good nature supersede good sense.  
Envy may carp and calumny invade;  
No power can conscious rectitude degrade.

50

The time arrives, how flattering to my hope!  
When thy consummate talents shall have scope,  
And all the virtues latent in thy breast  
Break into day, conspicuous and confess'd.  
And, if the page of fate I truly read,  
Illum'd with laurel'd gold, it stands decreed,  
In future story when thy name shall shine,  
Her rosy finger fame shall point to mine,  
And, emulous thy merits to display,  
Succeeding poets sing the TWELFTH OF MAY.

55

60

THE

T H E L Y C E U M.

T O M R. W A L K E R.

WRITTEN AT HIS OPTIC LECTURE,\*

MAY XIVTH, MDCCLXXI.

W H I L E, with convincing eloquence,  
You philosophic truths dispense,  
And, in ten thousand pleasing ways,  
Divert the sun's all-cheering rays,  
What living wonders here abound,  
Beaming superior influence round!

5

Lo! goodness, gentle and serene,\*  
In charming EMILY is seen;  
Concentering to the dazzled sight  
A glow of pure intrinsic light,  
Unting'd with one affected air,  
Which rank, too oft, and beauty wear.  
Look there, ye meteors of a day!  
Who throw your time and selves away;  
Look there, ye supercilious great!  
Ye slaves to fashion, pomp, and state,  
Look there! and learn, 'tis true desert  
Alone, that captivates the heart;

10

15

And,



And, such is blest AMELIA's store,  
The heart she gains returns no more.

Belov'd ELIZA, here shines forth,\*  
The beauteous quintessence of worth;  
Yet, rob'd in splendors, like the sun,  
She shines not for herself alone;  
But, easy, affable, and gay,  
She sheds on all a brighter day,  
And, with a candour known to few,  
Sets others' merit full in view.

This praise is hers—and, proud to tell,  
I have known her long, and know her well.

In ANNA's speaking eyes we find\*  
Each calm perfection of the mind,  
And, sparkling with celestial rays,  
Each goodly disposition plays,  
Lodg'd in a frame, where, often sought,  
Envy could never find a fault.  
Such might, to mortals, angels prove,  
Sent erst on embassies of love.  
Consult the impression in your breast,  
And own, what all mankind attest.

When worth and loveliness supreme,  
The raptur'd poet makes his theme,  
Recreant to beauty, taste, and wit,  
Who could a sister's claim omit ;\*

Tho' now her glories matchless rise,  
 The cynosure of distant skies——  
 By modern pens, and bards of old,  
 In copious strain we are loudly told,  
 Of PALLAS, and the wife of JOVE,  
 Of HEBE, and the queen of love,  
 Of PROSERPINE, who PLUTO charm'd,  
 And her, whose quarrel nations arm'd;  
 Of paintings too, one finish'd piece  
 Comprising all the toasts of GREECE!——  
 Fond tales of wonders well devis'd;

45

50

55

But, tho' we mourn our absent fair,  
 In FANNY all are realiz'd,\*

And bloom in just assemblage there.

Say, can the spangling dews supply  
 Refractive brightness, like her eye?

60

Or can the morning's radiance speak  
 The modest sweetness of her cheek?

And, could consummate genius find  
 Tints to express embodied mind,

Her features, person, mien, are such!

65

O! what Promethean art could touch!

If excellence conciliates fame,

Fair CROSBIE, too, bears lawful claim:

Regard her well: but, O beware!

A swarm of cupids ambush there!

70

A a

Sweet

Sweet BIDDY's cherub-smiling form\*  
 The most insensible would warm :  
 Such loveliness, we well conceive,  
 In EDEN's bowers attended EVE ;  
 Such innocence, such winning grace.  
 Ere art dar'd nature's works deface ;  
 With every virtue in her breast,  
 In heaven's essential colours drest'd.

75

Here too,—but painting falls beneath  
 The soul conspicuous in WESTMEATH.\*

80

The muse might numbers more rehearse,  
 Fit subjects for immortal verse :  
 But, lost in wonder, love, and praise,  
 She finds they far exceed her lays—  
 Where beauty, thus, and sense unite,

85

What richer gifts can heaven bestow ?  
 This charms the soul, that glads the sight,

Whence all our dearest blessings flow :  
 Each aiding each, their lustres shine,  
 Resistless, permanent, divine—  
 Thus, female minds, with knowledge fraught,  
 Are just and liberal notions taught ;  
 Through wisdom's glass their foibles view'd,  
 Stand self-convicted and subdu'd :  
 No more caprice their conduct rules ;  
 No more the prey of rakes, and fools ;

90

95

Their

Their souls, with truth and honour charm'd,  
Are, thus, 'gainst all seductions arm'd :  
Nor need they dread the pedants sneer,  
Who by the card of reason steer.

100

Through ignorance, alone, and pride,  
The fair are learning's aid denied ;  
And merely bred to taste or know,  
The glare of dress, and farce of show.

What wonder, then, in folly train'd,  
Through life the impression is retain'd ?  
And if, as sure, they want not powers,  
Whate'er their faults, the crime is ours.

105

But *here*, for *here* at least, you must  
Admit their claim ; my Thesis just ;  
And, hence, this fair conclusion draw,  
MINERVA owns no Salic law.

110

THE



# THE REMONSTRANCE.

TO THREE YOUNG LADIES,

*Miss J. P. Trench, Miss Ann Trench, and Miss Nugent,*

WHO DECLARED THEMSELVES DYING, FROM THE FATIGUE  
OF A BALL, AND INSISTED UPON SOME  
VERSES TO THEIR MEMORY.

MDCCLXXI.

FOR mercy's sake, ladies!—how can you impose  
A task of this nature on me?

'Tis clear past a doubt, and what every one knows,  
I hold not the Muses in fee.

I have courted them sometimes, 'tis true, but in vain,  
They ne'er would indulge my request;  
They mock'd my addressee, derided my pain,  
And turn'd all my prayers to a jest.

The subject too, truly! supposing you dead  
An elegy I must indite!  
The town would all swear, I was turn'd in my head;  
The town, at least, once would be right.

But

But grant me dispos'd with your wish to agree,  
I deal not in fiction nor art ;  
How then could I furnish description for three,  
Where each is supreme in desert ?

Of goddesses, graces, and many such more  
Trite fancies 'twere easy to speak ;  
And roses, and lilies, and dimples good store,  
And Cupid's bedecking each cheek.

The sex, tho' I stripp'd, as most sonneteers do,  
And all in your persons combin'd,  
Tho' I, and some others, might feel it full true,  
Yet you would continue still blind.

Admit now sweet NANCY's perfections I sung,  
What more could for FANNY be writ ?  
And, JENNY ! thy praises must die on my tongue,  
Unless I could borrow thy wit.

'Mongst brothers and beauties, affection is rare,  
All ages and nations attest ;  
But concord and friendship, this let me declare,  
Here mutually glow in each breast.

Long

Long blessing and blest'd then, O! may you survive,  
Still greater enjoyments to prove;  
New pleasures from yours, my fond heart shall derive,  
Then take me a fourth in your love.

---

## I M P R O M T U,

AT MR. WALKER'S LECTURE

ON LIGHT AND COLOURS.

MARCH VIITH, MDCCLXXI.

**M**OST justly, WALKER! you declare  
'No art with nature can compare;'  
And yet, if the reverse were true,  
Perfection would be found with you:  
Then lay your apparatus by;  
Look round! and here yourself supply;  
No longer in the prism seek  
For tints more pure on MIRA's cheek,  
And own the eyes of pretty lasses  
Transcend your finest burning-glasses.

INVOCATION:

I N V O C A T I O N ;

O R,

C L I O S U P P L A N T E D

T O M I S S N U G E N T,

THE LATE HONOURABLE MRS. ROCHFORD.

COME, Madam CLIO ! no resistance,  
Come quickly, lend your best assistance ;  
Since many with no better claim on't  
Assume, I find, and vaunt the name on't.

Come, lowly bending down before ye,  
As custom wills it, I implore ye ;

Come, shed your choicest influences  
Profusely o'er my scatter'd senses,

And smile propitious on your poet,

Who feels perfection and would show it :

Poet ?—ah ! no ; that proud addition

Had found no place in my petition ;

But, that in rhyme a little scanted,

'Twas an auxiliary wanted ;

Then seeing, CLIO ! help's so needful,

I prithee of my prayers be heedful ;

And since, like fancy-mongers noted,

That might by dozens here be quoted,

5

10

15

Staunck



Staunch pious christians, laurels courting,  
 Instead of church, your fanes resorting,  
 Since then, I say, in imitation  
 Of wits attach'd to invocation,  
 I pay thee homage in the proem,  
 Inspire, as thou wert wont, my poem.  
 Tho' after all their solemn straining,  
 And sweet inanity of meaning,  
 With many a pompous nothing blended,  
 Their cause, I ween, but little mended ;  
 Yet, I'll be judg'd by DAN APOLLO,  
 If you assist I'll beat them hollow.  
 This, as they list, they may deride as  
 A sample for the ear of MIDAS ;  
 We might in turn, to quit their kindness,  
 Enchase their spleen and show their blindness ;  
 For, to retort on their heroics,  
 They'd prove no greater wits than stoics :  
 My rhymes I deem not tho' so clever,  
 To live, 'tis a long time, for ever,  
 Like some, who, for charade or rebus,  
 Claim their descent from Father PHOEBUS ;  
 But if that PHOEBUS ne'er existed,  
 Meseems they have a little miss'd it.  
 Then, CLIO ! 'tis not to be wonder'd  
 That I expect of years some hundred ;

There

There are my notions who have flouted ;  
 But your good will I never doubted,  
 And yet your aid I don't much care for ;  
 Now, with your leave, I'll tell you wherefore.

45

It is my pride, some say, my failing,  
 To cherish candour and plain dealing,\*  
 And, prompting generous emulation,  
 Desert to honour more than station :  
 Your votaries, CLIO ! bouncing fellows,  
 Most mickle strange romances tell us ;  
 Mad blades, whose trade confess'd is fiction,

50

And forging names to grace their diction ;

Yet, after all your influence boasted,  
 I no where find you e'er were toasted ;  
 Nor e'er did your whole choir inherit

55

A tythe of FANNY's sterling merit,

60

And if a muse I needs must fly to,  
 What fairer name could I apply to ?

None other will I, madam CLIO !—

But why that pert invidious heigho ?

Hope you to match her ? range your forces,

65

Ransack your stores, try all resources,

Allusions, similies and fable,

And vouch the finest things your able ;

Convene your goddesses and graces

Renown'd for shapes, extoll'd for faces ;

70

B b

Your

Your HEBE, JUNO and MINERVA,  
With all the Olympical Caterva;  
DIANA, VENUS, CERES, FLORA,  
And that Chief-d'Oeuvre clep'd PANDORA;  
Then look on FANNY, you'll allow her,  
As none but must, superior power;  
In every movement, limb and feature,  
A blameless, unaffected creature,  
With every mental gift to charm us,  
And not a single thought to harm us.  
An angel! no; though not a jot less,  
Pure flesh and blood, refin'd and spotless!

Roses and lilies all adorning,  
Each nymph be sure outshines the morning!  
And not a scribbler but's a dreaming  
Of deaths, from fair one's optics streaming!  
All idle rants of purblind fancy,  
Trump'd up when nothing else they can say;  
But those whom nature moves and justice,  
In phrase direct and plain their trust is.  
Thus, truth to speak, as bound in duty,  
FANNY's the quintessence of beauty.

B E L V I D E R E.

WRITTEN IN THE ABSENCE OF SOME LADIES,  
ON A PARTY THERE,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER VTH, MDCCLXXII.

HERE every view, hill, vale and grove,  
With various wonders grac'd,  
The noble owner's judgment prove,  
His genius, and his taste.

BERNE'! can thy favour'd race,  
Such scenes as these survey,  
Yet quit, abandon, scorn, disgrace,  
And on thy ruin prey?

Fell paricides! you ought to know,  
Tho' deaf to every tie,  
'Tis yours to heal your country's woe,  
And all defects supply.

Bright precedents!—first, sweet retreat!\*

That airy crescent stands,  
And shielding off the noontide heat,  
The region round commands.

Thence,



Thence, deck'd in nature's birth-day green,  
Wide stretch the floppy dales;  
High o'er the side-long copse between,  
The stately lodge prevails.

There blithesome fwains in ruffet weed,  
Attend their fleecy care,  
And all we of Arcadia read,  
And Tempè, centers there.

The lake beyond, capacious lies,  
In prospect unconfin'd,  
And emblematic to our eyes  
Presents his lordship's mind.

That pillar'd dome, in rustic style  
And Sylvan pomp profuse,  
How rich to fight! a cavern'd pile,  
For ornament and use.\*

In the brown umbrage of the wood  
If lonely you retire,  
There unexpected beauties crowd,  
And force you to admire.

Sequester'd

Sequester'd arbours, structures wild,  
Root seats and ivy'd cells,  
Where poetry, rapt fancy's child,  
And contemplation dwells.

In vain the muse exerts her art  
To paint each charming scene ;  
Grand, copious, just, in every part,  
Even FISHER strives in vain.\*

Stretch'd on the margin of the brook  
That babbles idly by,  
With pipe, and scrip, and dog, and crook,  
How blest'd might COLIN lie !

Or on the borders of the lake,  
With softly pensive tread,  
His PHOEBE arm in arm might take,  
And woo the blushing maid.

Haply in this o'erhanging bow'r  
Deceive the live long day ;  
Oft steal a kiss, her looks devour,  
And breathe his soul away.—

**But**

But great and wondrous, BELVIDERE !  
 Tho' all thy beauties grant ;  
 Tho' art and nature triumph here ;  
 Yet still we something want.

We something want ! — what can you mean  
 Where such perfection's shown ?  
 'Tis plain ; no female gilds the scene ;  
 Man should not be alone.

In PARADISE, we thus conceive,  
 Unblest'd was ADAM found,  
 'Till, N——T like, accomplish'd EVE  
 His social ardour crown'd.

## I M P R O M P T U.

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A TRENCHER, IN THE COTTAGE  
 AT THE CROOKED WOOD, AUGUST MDCCLXXIII.

LET wealth regale itself on costly plate,  
 Cares will intrude and happiness prevent ;  
 But peasants, who off humble trenchers eat,  
 With rosy health enjoy supreme content.

STANZAS,

S T A N Z A S,  
T O M I S S L A T O U C H E,  
THE LATE COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH,  
WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS,  
CELECTED  
FROM OUR BEST WRITERS, BY THE AUTHOR, HER PRECEPTOR;  
ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

TUESDAY, JANUARY XVIIITH, MDCCLXXV.

HAIL! dear ELIZA!—hail! the auspicious day,  
Sacred to innocence and smiling mirth;—  
Strike up the instruments, all hearts be gay,  
And with due honours grace ELIZA'S BIRTH.  
While all around in just applause combine,  
Can I, who best should know thee, niggard mine?

That matchless elegance and winning grace,  
Which mark thy movements thro' the mazy dance;  
That perfect symmetry of mien and face,  
Are merely foils thy merits to enhance:  
In the rich temple of thy ample mind  
Are all the virtues with good sense inshrin'd.

Even



Even on the festal hour, lo ! I encroach ;  
Sure proof how well the truth I may attest ;  
For, truth to thee at all times shall approach,  
Not as a stranger, but a welcome guest ;  
So by hereditary worth inspir'd,  
In affluence blest, unenvied and admir'd.

Could words the dictates of the soul impart,  
On such a theme the muse might 'raptur'd dwell ;  
But, like thyself, ELIZA ! void of art,  
These simple lines my warm affection tell ;  
While, thy felicity my aim and end,  
To thee this votive garland they commend.

To raise the genius poets wrote of old,  
To mend the heart, and generous views inspire :  
Their happiest portraits here display'd behold,  
And let thy soul bright emulation fire.  
One virtuous action, one well-natur'd deed,  
Does all address in polish'd arts exceed.

ADVICE

A D V I C E  
T O A Y O U N G L A D Y,

ON THE DANGER OF INDISCRIMINATE ACQUAINTANCE.

To nature much, yet art declares,  
As much to her thou ow'st,  
And pointing out thy air and mien,  
By that confirms her boast.

She says to fashion and improve  
She largely did impart,  
And modesty and candour join  
To regulate thy heart.

Dear favourite of contending powers !  
Thus all thy charms assert,  
And wit and judgment eager rise,  
To publish thy desert.

Then, loveliest blossom of the spring !  
Should folly dare aspire,  
Let not the fluttering insect nip  
That worth which all admire.

C c

Thy

Thy heart, still conscious of itself,  
Suspects no latent snare ;  
But where the sun intensely shines,  
The lurking adder's there.

And envy, like the canker worm,  
The fairest fruit assails ;  
Is still assiduous to destroy,  
And oft, too oft, prevails.

Even things most rare, familiar made,  
No longer are explor'd,  
Which treasur'd right might lustre gain ;  
Might be like thee ador'd.

Thy soul, where all perfections meet,  
All pure sensations warm,  
Can the insipid dangler please ?  
His trite suggestions charm ?

Admitting such, howe'er in sport,  
All will not so explain,  
And sense and honour 'twill deter,  
That ne'er give virtue pain.

The flimsy tribe may suit the scope  
Of slight unfinish'd girls ;  
In thee 'twere waste of time at best  
To strew before them pearls.

If praise delight, 'tis merit's due,  
And none can bar thy claim ;  
But those, who most deserve themselves,  
Contribute most to fame.

Mark you those mantling shrubs, how fair !  
What sweets those flowers disclose !  
Comes the bleak east, parch'd is the tree,  
And sickening droops the rose.

The mantling shrub, the opening flower,  
Thy sweetness fall beneath ;  
More noxious than the eastern blast  
The officious coxcomb's breath.

It ranges far, it pierces deep,  
It spreads contagion round,  
And chief the baleful influence aims,  
Where charms like thine abound.

Such



Such affable engaging ease,  
 Such artless innocence,  
 In situation so expos'd,  
 Need such consummate sense.

The first approach 'twere best to guard ;  
 If there repuls'd they fail,  
 No wrong can vanity presume,  
 Perchance would blush to rail.

Thus the weak shaft at random sped  
 Discretion may despise ;—  
 Oh ! may experience dearly bought,  
 Ne'er dim those beauteous eyes.

---

E P I G R A M.

**J**ACK talks of honour, truth, and heart  
 And kindness in event ;  
 Show it, says Time—JACK skulks apart—  
 O ! damn your sentiment.

T H E B A L L O O N.

T O

RICHARD CROSBIE, ESQ.\*

ON HIS

### ATTEMPTING A SECOND AERIAL EXCURSION,

TUESDAY MAY THE XIITH, MDCCLXXXV.

THO' envy, CROSBIE ! vilify thy name,  
And strive to blast the harvest of thy fame,  
'Tis virtue's common lot ; nor thou repine,  
The tribute due to great attempts is thine.  
Deep tho' the barbed shaft of rancour pierce, 5  
The sentence past, time only can reverse ;  
To time, the impartial arbiter, submit,  
And let dark calumny her venom spit.  
You, of HIBERNIA'S sons, none can deny,  
A DEDALUS, first launch'd into the sky, 10  
And with the flame of patriot glory fir'd,  
To the third region of the air aspir'd ;  
Untutor'd and alone pursu'd your flight  
Thro' untried space impervious to the fight.  
So in the fiery car the prophet caught, 15  
Majestic rising pierc'd the azure vault ;  
Towards earth from high his awful presence bow'd,  
Look'd up, and vanish'd thro' the impending cloud.  
Eyes !

Eyes! take your last—thy soul's soft partner cried,  
 Her trembling infants clinging to her side, 20  
 As down her woe-wan cheeks the silent torrents glide.  
 What must the husband, what the father prove,  
 Leaving the weeping pledges of his love!  
 And, in his fate involv'd, where's the relief  
 To sooth the orphans' cries, the widow's grief? 25  
 Nature knock'd at his heart, but knock'd in vain;  
 His noble daring nothing can restrain;  
 Thro' hope's prospective, scenes remote he view'd,  
 Nor dreamt how near him lurk'd ingratitude.  
 Generous as brave the IRISH are renown'd, 30  
 In that presumption all his cares are drown'd,  
 And what his soul superior had conceiv'd,  
 He plann'd, constructed, gloriously atchiev'd;  
 His country's fame among the nations rais'd,  
 Prov'd his desert, and liberally was—prais'd. 35  
 But in the zenith of his triumph crost,  
 Chang'd is the scene, his occupation lost:  
 On frail foundations all his castles rear'd,  
 In one capricious moment disappear'd!—  
 The multitudes that gaz'd with straining eyes, 40  
 The tongues that rent with pealing shouts the skies,  
 The knees that suppliant for thy safety bent,  
 The astonish'd crowds that witness'd thy descent,

The

The hearts that even with adoration glow'd,  
The hands that flowers beneath thy footsteps strew'd,  
CROSBIE ! more fickle than the inconstant wind, [45  
Mere weather-cocks to every gust you find ;  
And tho' exalted to the lunar sphere,  
Foul-mouth'd detraction would pursue thee there ;  
The hard-earn'd laurel from thy temples wrest, 50  
And plant with thorns thy unoffending breast.

No wonder babblers swell the daily lie,  
When better judgments follow in the cry ;  
Injurious clamours raise on vague report,  
And with the miseries of nature sport. 55  
Lives there from human casualties exempt ?  
His crime imputed, What ? His last attempt——  
He fail'd——yet firmly to his purpose stood,  
And all perform'd that art and nature could ;  
But still he fail'd——and nothing can atone 60  
For disappointments——tho' the worst his own ;  
His fame, his fortunes, what had'st thou ? at stake ;  
Blush, censure ! blush, and retribution make.

COLUMBUS thus his daring sails unfurl'd,  
Stemm'd seas unknown and gain'd another world ; 65  
But found at last, to recompence his pains,  
His throne a dungeon, and his trophies chains.

From wisdom merit consolation draws,  
Not from the breath of popular applause.

THE



T H E E G G,  
A P I C T U R E O F T H E T I M E S,  
B Y W A Y O F A P O L O G U E.

MAY XXIST, MDCCLXXXV.

WITH flimsy petulance and captious pride,  
Nearly, I ween, to ignorance allied,  
How cavalierly some folks will decide !  
And with a specious temporizing spirit,  
On fortune lavish what they strip from merit.  
Patterns of taste, and prodigies of learning,  
On every subject equally discerning,  
They talk at large about it and about it,  
Clear as the light ; 'twere heresy to doubt it ;  
And as the ignis fatuus, fashion, burns,  
Are this and that, and every thing by turns.  
But as extremes are seldom lasting found,  
One folly's quickly in another drown'd ;  
And what this minute is so flush and current,  
The next supplanted proves to all abhorrent.

The topic now that every tongue engages,  
The foil of past and theme of future ages,  
Art's proudest boast, and crown of speculation,  
Is that phenomenon clep'd Aërostation.

Each

Each feeble amateur, believe his tale, 20  
 Can ride the welkin and elude the gale;  
 And like the finny tribes that range the ocean,  
 Direct or retrogade, impel his motion.  
 But why so long the experiment delay?  
 Perhaps by compact CROSBIE shew'd the way. 25  
 The enterprize procur'd him many a shout;  
 But soon the storm of favour veer'd about;  
 He thought 'twould last; oh! simple and absurd!  
 Even in the breath of praise he blame incurr'd.  
 Would it not make a very stoic fret, 30  
 The world should benefits so soon forget?—  
 Let them snarl on, or they with envy burst;  
 Tho' hardly treated, thou art not the first.  
 Scarcely an hour without example passes,  
 Those who rely on public fame are asses; 35  
 Fate unprovok'd our dearest aims may frustrate;  
 A case in point the axiom will illustrate.  
 Some centuries ago, a genius rose,  
 His name on record every school-boy knows,  
 A navigator from his cradle bred, 40  
 Who took a strange vagary in his head  
 To search for worlds, and, of his skill persuaded,  
 With much remonstrance, Spain his project aided.  
 The flights, obstructions, vain delays surmounted,  
 Need not, as things are managed, be recounted. 45

Consign'd to heaven, the destin'd bark he enter'd,  
And shap'd a course none e'er before had ventur'd.  
The Celtic shores receding far behind,  
With swelling sails he scuds before the wind ;  
His stout-ribb'd keels untravers'd billows plow, 50  
Hope at the helm, and courage at the bow ;  
The voyage long, and great was his distress,  
But perseverance crown'd him with success.  
A world obtain'd, now trim in glory ride  
His argosies safe on their native tide. 55  
Fame, almost breathless, flew with the report,  
And soon in person he arrives at court ;  
Was graciously receiv'd—the people stare !  
To see plain dealing so respected there.  
He show'd his charts, describ'd the courses run, 60  
The realms discover'd, and the trophies won ;  
The battles, sieges, hair-breadth escapes narrated ;  
But little in his own behalf dilated ;  
And to repay a tyrant's scanty aid,  
Crowns at his feet, and mighty empires laid ; 65  
Nor was the homage scorn'd ; for there's a time  
When kings have eyes and worth appears no crime:  
But genuine worth, conspicuous near a crown,  
Tho' rarely seen, is quickly jostled down.  
Had he been read in men and manners more, 70  
He might have kept some snug douceurs in store.

Thro' all degrees, in every age and nation,  
Smiles dwell on hope, and friends on expectation.  
Essential services themselves defeat,

And prove, tho' good, the agent indiscreet; 75

In triple ratio as the debt encreases,  
Expectance grows and obligation ceases:

Affert your claims, 'tis plain to every dunce,

That damns your fame and cancels them at once;

And not unfrequently among the great,

The path of honour is the road to hate;

This he experienced, but was wise too late.

} 80

'Twas now the work of enmity began,

And for his merit all detest the man;—

[85

Some thought he might speak true, and others doubted;

Some gave the lie direct, and numbers flouted;

Some construed it a personal affront,

And swore, if not prevented, they had don't;

The thing was plain; they knew it to a peg—

On this the man, prepar'd, produc'd an egg;

90

He had of envy and detraction heard,

And opportunely stood upon his guard.

' My lords! great latitude of self-defence

' Appears not in the log-book of my sense;

' How should an uncouth tar, bred up in storms,

95

' Frame his rude speech by your scholastic forms?

' Expos'd



' Expos'd to shoals, from which no craft's exempt,  
 ' I soon should founder in the vain attempt.  
 ' The ablest timoneer, expert and clever, [100  
 ' Can't hold the watch and keep the deck for ever:  
 ' Suppose then, serious business we suspend,  
 ' And for amusement set the Egg on end.  
 ' 'Tis not for me with cavaliers to shine,  
 ' And in your courtly games no skill is mine;  
 ' The Egg imported from abroad I own, 105  
 ' Where bulls are scarce, and ombre is unknown:—  
 ' Here, try it, good, my Lord! two minutes labour  
 ' The rule prescribes, then pass it to your neighbour.'

At his request each took the Egg in hand,  
 But not a Don of them could make it stand. 110  
 Oft and again alternately they toil'd,  
 Tried every way, and every way were foil'd;  
 Then in a peevish, supercilious tone  
 Declare unanimous, 'twas not to be done:—  
 He smil'd, and taking it, the end he crack'd, 115  
 And so to their confusion prov'd the fact.

Shrewd was the bait, and credit thus maintain'd;  
 But secret malice is not so restrain'd:  
 His destiny to work his fall conspires,  
 And for his foes accomplish'd their desires. 120  
 A rival started in the great design,  
 Of fame ambitious, born a Florentine;

The

The way mark'd out, with happier omens fraught,  
He gain'd the haven, and the advantage caught.  
The prince in honour's seat the minion plac'd, 125  
And fovereign beauty with her favour grac'd;  
His recent deeds obscur'd the other's fame,  
And one keen hit immortaliz'd his name.  
But hard indeed the first adventurer's lot,  
Rack'd with the wounds of man remembering not. 130  
Ye connoisseurs! who boast mechanic skill,  
Artists! or amateurs! or what you will!  
Who furnish fuel just to feed contention,  
And, lacking genius, thrive by circumvention;  
You! who, all talents but your own decrying, 135  
Are such adepts, in theory, at flying!  
No doubt, if fortune favour, a balloon  
Constructed properly might scale the moon;  
The journey certes would enhance your glory, [140  
Maugre friend WILKINS who went there before ye:  
Yet, in the name of justice, let me beg,  
Since you've been told the secret of the Egg,  
With modesty your high pretensions veil,  
And, ere you rashly judge, apply the tale:  
To merit ever give the credit due, 145  
And honour truth, lest truth dishonour you.

THE NEW - FERRY, \*

ADDRESSED TO THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL,

SUNDAY, JULY XXIXTH, MDCCLXXXVII.

IN early youth o'er MERSEY's tide  
By wayward fortune trick'd,  
While sleep my weary eyelids clos'd,  
I got my pockets pick'd.

Twice fifteen years elaps'd, again  
The skippers mock'd my care ;  
For, tho' I kept a good look-out,  
They robb'd me in the fare.

The ferry much improv'd I found,  
The port, the docks, the streets ;  
But, O ! curst thirst of lucre ! still  
Disgrac'd with rogues and cheats.

Yet partial to this goodly town,  
It flatters native pride,  
That though I suffer'd and was vex'd,  
'Twas from the farther side.

Nor mean I all should wear the cap  
Full well befitting one,  
By fellow swabbers HENRY hight,  
An imp of CHATTERTON.

Hard is his visage, hard his heart,  
Uncouth his speech and chuff;  
The squalid waterman of Styx  
Had scarce a mien so gruff.\*

Did he, the fouls to ferry o'er,  
For CHARON take the helm,  
Not one, tho' of Elyfium sure,  
Would visit PLUTO's realm.—

Tho' born in storms, to objects loath'd,\*  
And storms in life inur'd,  
Even at his aspect I recoil'd,  
And scarce his fight endur'd.—

I tread the ground, where, blithe and free  
In thoughtless years I stray'd,  
And trace the haunts, to memory dear,  
Where oft my childhood play'd.

Around



Around the place fond, anxious looks  
At every turn I threw,  
In hopes, nor vain my hopes at last,  
To meet some face I knew.

I stop at each remembered spot,  
And on the prospect dwell;  
Then of some boyish incident  
My sweet companions tell.\*

Here, the prompt champion of my friend,  
I check'd his saucy foes;  
And here a hardy conquest gain'd,  
And here a bloody nose.

Here LEADBETTER kept school—here HUGHES,  
By death long since remov'd;  
A tear, affection's tribute, shows  
Their pains not thankless prov'd.

As recollection livelier grew,  
From place to place I rang'd;  
See palaces where oxen grazed,  
And huts to churches chang'd.

St. PETER'S, GEORGE'S, NICHOLAS' too,  
The seaman's ancient trust;\*  
Each object with delight I view;  
Yet still intrudes disgust.

Why should a foul, imposing elf  
My soul's serene o'er-cast?  
Keep clear your wharfs, ye sons of trade!  
For first impressions last.

'Tis meet the labourer to reward,  
And 'tis as strictly true,  
Integrity's the safest plan,  
And wisest to pursue.

Frenchman or Dutch, or friend or foe,  
By name whatever call'd,  
He'll scarce the mooring recommend,  
Who has his hawser gall'd.

To see this town, their father's boast,  
Oft would my children crave,  
And, lo! the poor young travellers greet  
A rude designing knave.

Weeds are produc'd in every foil ;  
But that's a lame excuse,  
And justly censure they incur  
Who tolerate abuse.

Are there no laws, no magistrates,  
Extortion to correct,  
That strangers who your wealth admire,  
Your justice may respect ?

---

## I M P R O M P T U.

**Y**E Gods ! who sit and live at rest,  
Attend to hear my wishes ;  
I'm in a hurry to be blest'd,  
So, pray ! be expeditious.

Grant me—let's see—now, if you please,  
This very moment, grant—  
Plague take it ! how vexatious this !  
I can't tell what I want.

SONNETS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

---

S O N N E T I.

T O

M I S S P L U M M E R.

LEFT FOR HER IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

M D C C L X X I.

PLUMMER! whose growing beauties every hour,  
Transcend the promise of thy early days,  
Mark, with attentive eye, yon opening flower,  
Nor slight the simple lesson it conveys :  
Bright to the sun it spreads its vivid hues,  
And wide around its living fragrance throws ;  
Scarce thy own lips a sweeter breath effuse,  
Scarce thy own cheek with purer crimson glows.

Anon, sad emblem ! mark this child of MAY,  
The rude east nips it, or the worms devour ;  
Borne by the blast, or scatter'd by the shower,  
Its odours languish, and its tints decay :  
Hence learn, dear maid ! that beauty's but a flower ;  
The gay, brief triumph of the passing hour.

SONNET



S O N N E T II.\*

TO THE

R E V. D R. B O W D E N.

ON HEARING SOME MALICIOUS REPORTS SPREAD AGAINST HIM,

MDCCLXXI.

BOWDEN! whose skill in every liberal art,  
(If right the muse of future time presage)  
Shall flourish long in fame's recorded page;  
Yet more approv'd for morals and for heart.

Though ribbald tongues assail on every part,  
Though slander's shafts the envenom'd battle wage,  
Virtue's firm shield repels their idle rage,  
And malice mourns her ineffectual dart.

Well sung the bard "back wounding calumny  
"The whitest virtue strikes"—the fairest flowers  
With envious tooth the canker-worm devours;  
Yet harmless, BOWDEN! is such enmity  
While LIFFORD loves thee—slander cannot sting  
While virtue o'er thee spreads her guardian wing.

SONNET

S O N N E T III.

TO GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.

ON READING SOME ILLIBERAL STRICTURES ON  
HIS WRITINGS AND CHARACTER.

MDCCLXXII.

HOWARD! whose eagle-genius soars above  
The weak enervate flight of modern rhymes;  
Whose bosom, glowing with thy country's love,  
Curbs the wild phrenzy of distemper'd times.

Whether those sacred heights thy fancy climbs,  
Where memory's maids round *Shakspeare's* temple rove,  
Or, deeply shuddering at a nation's crimes,  
Her sluggard sons you waken and reprove.

Complete thy generous toil—lo! fame pursues,  
Her golden trump, her laurel wreath she brings,  
To crown with deathless praise thy various worth;  
Though rancorous envy the fair palm refuse,  
'Tis virtue's tax; for true the poet sings,  
“It is the bright day brings the adder forth.”

SONNET

S O N N E T    I V.

ON SEEING

M I S S   P O P E

I N   V A R I O U S   C H A R A C T E R S.

W R I T T E N

O N   T H E   B A C K   O F   A   P L A Y - B I L L ,

M D C C L X X V .

**T**O copy nature is no easy part,  
A thousand failures daily prove it true ;  
The test and pride of imitative art ;  
The poet's, painter's, and the player's too.

But art consummate vests her offspring ease  
With prompt address her beauties to unfold ;  
She waves her wand, when 'tis her cue to please,  
And every thing she touches turns to gold.

Thus, nature's mirrour, Avon's druid shone,  
Educ'd each charm and to advantage dress'd ;  
Thus long has REYNOLDS, art's creative son,\*  
Perfection felt, and what he felt express'd ;  
And, tho' an age may but one phoenix hope,  
Thus GARRICK shines and his fair pupil POPE.

SONNET

S O N N E T V.

ON READING

MRS. DOBSON'S LIFE OF PETRARCH,

IN THE

COTTAGE AT FURNACE,

THE SEAT OF RICHARD NEVILL, ESQ.

JANUARY VITH, MDCCLXXVI.

CEASE then, illiberal, vain, short-sighted tribe!  
Cease to depreciate and degrade the fair;  
Know ye, when wisdom's lore you there prescribe,  
What bootless self-delusion marks your care?

On MERSEY's laurel'd banks, abash'd you'll find  
That worth you envy and affect to scorn,  
Imbuing LAURA's unrelated mind,  
Pure as the dewy spangles of the morn.

Away! your social feelings all debas'd,  
You scan their beauties with a jaundic'd eye,  
By culture deck'd, and elegance of taste—  
On leaves of brags your penitence enrol,  
Nor quit, to wallow in a sensual sty,  
“The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

SONNET



S O N N E T VI.\*

T O

M R. T H O M A S H I C K E Y,

W I T H S P E N S E R ' S F A I R Y Q U E E N.

HICKEY! whose faithful pencil nature guides,  
Attend the immortal strains sweet SPENSER sings,  
While on his fiery Pegafus he rides,  
And steers his easy flight with rapid wings.

Short is the date of sublunary things!  
Not so, the genuine joy, the transport bright,  
That from the Muses' sacred fountain springs;  
Perpetual source of ever-new delight.

In mad ambition's toils let fools unite;  
Be thine the pleasing task, the fond desire,  
To trace fair nature's forms, to blend aright  
The painter's magic skill, and poet's fire.  
Congenial studies mutual aids impart,  
"And images reflect from art to art."

IMPROMPTU.

L I T C H F I E L D :

T O M I S S S E W A R D ,

LEFT IN FARQUHAR'S PARLOUR AT THE GEORGE INN,  
THURSDAY AUGUST II ND, MDCCLXXXVII.

THRICE favour'd LITCHFIELD! fair, illustrious town!

High in fame's brightest page stands thy renown.

From thee, whatever sage or poet knew

Of wisdom's endless volume, JOHNSON drew ;

In thy rich glebe, pendent with golden fruit,

Production rare ! did GARRICK's laurels shoot ;

But what should flatter as it honours most,

A SEWARD's genius is thy living boast :

Whether in virtue's cause her bosom glow,

Or the sad strain to friendship sacred flow,

Or meditating yet a nobler song,

With wonted aid the muses round her throng,

In wit a phoenix, and in heart a dove,

Her sex's pride, our wonder and our love.

Hither, elate with hope, I came from far

To view insphered the famed poetic star,

Which oft in song, tho' a reflected blaze,

Had rapt my fancy and outshone my praise ;

But from this feat of excellence depart

With lingering step and disappointed heart ;

For still to me, with deep regret I own,

She shines unseen and captivates unknown.

\* F f

IMPROMPTU.

I M P R O M P T U,

ON SEEING MRS. BARRY IN THE CHARACTER OF ZENOBIÆ.

MDCCCLXXIII.

TO crown the fame of this dramatic age,  
Three heroines lately have adorn'd the stage;  
First, great and glorious, with consummate pow'r  
The sock and buskin graceful PRITCHARD wore;  
Next plaintive CIBBER topp'd the tender part,  
Drew tears from brutes, and cleft the flinty heart:—  
To full perfection none durst e'er aspire,  
With CIBBER's softness tempering PRITCHARD's fire;  
What then could nature for her BARRY do?  
"To make a third, she join'd the former two."

---

ON SEEING A VERY YOUNG PERFORMER IN THAT  
DIFFICULT AND TRYING PART,

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

MARCH XXIII, MDCCXCI.

MONIMIA'S rising talents, heaven-acquir'd,  
I have oft remark'd, applauded and admir'd:  
Prov'd in a complicated round of parts,  
She gains all hands and captivates all hearts.  
Her youth, her beauty, modesty and sense  
O'er all she does a nameless charm dispense;

Yet

Yet for EUPHRASIA when her name I read,  
Her skill I fear, her inexperience dread—  
‘How should a perfect novice hope to draw,  
‘With taste and judgment what she never saw?’  
Thus closely question’d, not untruth to say,  
On specious grounds, I went to see the play;  
When, lo!—the sex how fertile in device!—  
Copying her faithful glafs, and in a trice  
Collecting all her powers, the cunning elf  
Gives us a striking portrait of herself.  
Her tones, looks, actions, suited to the word,  
Like strings in perfect unison accord,  
And filial virtue with enchanting grace  
Pervades her form and brightens in her face.  
Others from stage finesse applauses seek,  
What nature dictates her exertions speak,  
And up to each incitement of her part,  
Attest the genuine feelings of her heart;  
We see, allowing for dramatic strife,  
The very character she acts in life;  
And not a movement of her lovely frame,  
But gives an earnest of her future fame.  
Envy may snarl and jealousy repine,  
’Tis hers with honour unimpeach’d to shine;  
New to the stage, unpatroniz’d, unknown,  
Her merit’s glorious and ’tis all her own.

TRANSLATIONS.



TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.\*

---

A CHANCERY SUIT

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF

V I N C E N T B O U R N E.

THREE inches of a party wall,  
'Twixt BOURKE, and LISLE, had kindled hate;  
Angry and long the strife—the hall  
At last must settle the debate.

Pleadings on pleadings rise, a mountain!  
(In course of law the usual way 'tis)  
And words—beyond the power of counting—  
Yet not one word, or tittle, *gratis*.—

Month follows month; term, term; and each,  
(O law! ingenious in delay,  
Thy mysteries deep what thought can reach?)  
Each party still has costs to pay.

*Complainant*

*Complainant* BOURKE; *Defendant* LISLE;

Such are they, while the suit depends:—

‘Aye’ (cries old *Bramble*, with a smile)

‘But both *Complainants*, when it ends.’

Thus, of a turtle once, rare dish!

A case adjudg’d, reporters tell——

Court, agents, lawyers, ate the fish:

The parties—supp’d upon the shell.

### EPIGRAM.

ON TWO SISTERS UNHAPPILY DROWNED AS THEY WERE  
BATHING IN THE SEA. FROM THE LATIN.

WHAT to the faithless ocean now is due?

She gave *one* VENUS, and has taken *two*.

ANOTHER, BY A SCHOOL BOY.

AH! tell me now, ungenerous wave!

What thanks to thee are due?

*One* VENUS, it is true, you gave;

But you have taken *two*.

EPIGRAM,

## E P I G R A M,

ON A CHILD AND HIS MOTHER, BOTH EXTREMELY HANDSOM,  
AND BLIND OF AN EYE : FROM THE LATIN.

TO your sweet mother, lovely boy!  
The eye you have resign;  
You'll then another CUPID prove,  
And she a VENUS shine.

## A N O T H E R.

TO your fair mother, lovely child !  
That sparkling eye resign,  
You'll justly then be CUPID stil'd,  
And she a VENUS shine.

---

## A P I C T U R E O F R E L I G I O N.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. J. BERNE.

WHY does my breast with sudden transports glow ?  
My ravish'd soul what new-felt ardors fire ?  
What mystic visions down the welkin flow,  
Charm fancy's eye and my rapt thoughts inspire ?

Behold

Behold Religion's heavenly form appears!

And lo! she grasps no thunders in her hand!  
No priestly fury on her brow she wears!  
Nor scatters strife and terror thro' the land!

Before her steps, see! superstition flies,  
And bigot fury mourns her power o'erthrown;  
Chain'd at her feet oppression prostrate lies,  
And persecution blasted by her frown.

Mild to command, and gentle to persuade,  
Peace in her looks, and blessings in her hands,  
Sweet charity attends, in smiles array'd,  
And calm benevolence before her stands.

Gay hope, soft pity from the skies descend;  
With lively faith her influence to maintain;  
Reason and justice at each side attend,  
With every social virtue in their train.

Such is her form!—all gentleness and joy,  
She claims her fair dominion o'er the mind;  
No flames to burn, no dungeons to destroy,  
No whips to torture and enslave mankind.

May



May heaven her presence thro' the world extend,  
 And to her precepts every heart incline ;  
 I ask no more, if she her succour lend,  
 Wealth, fame and honour gladly I resign.

---

A PARAPHRASE,  
 ON CRASHAW'S CELEBRATED EPIGRAM,  
 ON OUR SAVIOUR'S TURNING WATER INTO WINE,  
 AT THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE.  
 S T. JOHN, CHAP. ii.

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE, BY A LAD NOT FIFTEEN.

ONCE to a marriage feast, among the rest,  
 The Lord of Life went, an invited guest:  
 Three cheerful fons had set ; but now a doubt  
 Perplex'd the governor—the wine was out.  
 The holy mother, likewise present there,  
 With prudent purpose interpos'd her care,  
 And to her son's celestial aid applied,  
 Which never fails who in his name confide ;  
 But tho' untimely the request was made,  
 He, what a lesson ! filial reverence paid.

The menial train, obedience strictly taught,  
 From the next fountain, as directed, brought  
 A copious freight, and, as 'twas meet there should,  
 Arrang'd in view the festal vases stood,  
 Those, with the limpid stream, the ready band  
 Fill to the brim by the divine command;  
 The attentive crowd stood in his presence hush'd,  
 The conscious water saw her God and blush'd;\*—  
 Hence, of the simple element procur'd,  
 Into their goblets at his bidding pour'd,  
 Straight to the governor the servants bore;  
 But, who can heaven's mysterious ways explore?  
 'Tis WINE!—and all with admiration mov'd,  
 The fresh supply beyond the first approv'd.  
 Thus manifest his glory was made known,  
 And the great honour due to parents shown.

## MARRIAGE IN CANA.

*The following lines on our Saviour's turning water into wine were  
 written by Crasbarw, a Latin poet of the last century,  
 not by Dryden, to whom they have been attributed.*

## EPIGRAMMA.

UNDE rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?  
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?  
 Numen, convivæ! præsens agnoscite numen,  
 Vidit et erubuit Nympha pudica Deum.

G g

A PA-

A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
ON THE  
REV. DR. WATTS'S CELEBRATED DISTICH,  
ON THE  
S T U D Y O F L A N G U A G E S  
ADDRESSED TO THE  
YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
BY ONE OF THEIR SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

“LET every foreign tongue alone  
“Till you can spell and read your own.”

With equal justice, sense and truth,  
So says the guide and friend of youth :  
For ignorant in that, 'tis plain,  
Your boast of literature is vain ;  
But make your own your first concern,  
All others you may quickly learn ;  
And thus with minds prepar'd and free,  
Their beauties taste, their idioms see.

Pedants may flout and keep a pother  
About this language, and the other,  
And swear that none can write or speak,  
Who have not Latin learn'd and Greek :

He of all judgment is depriv'd, 15

Who knows not whence a word's deriv'd,

And every Briton willy nilly,

Must dig good English out of LILY.

These are vague notions foster'd long,

Crude in their birth, in practice wrong; 20

Like many more of ancient date,

Wifely reformed or obsolete.

Thousands, 'tis true, the course have run,

Which reason would have bid them shun:

'Tis common sense and good in law, 25

To furnish brick we should have straw;

But by the mystic code of schools

There's neither straw allow'd nor tools;

And years of pain, and learning's stock,

Begin and end in—*Hic, hæc, hoc!!!* 30

What charms are there, in sense or sound,

Of such intrinsic merit found,

That, not thro' prejudice to err,

Terms of our own we mayn't prefer?

And just as well the purport fit, 35

With OXFORD writing,—*He, she, it?*

Or do they more in church or state

Improve discourse, or point debate?

Poor boys in training, it appears,

Condemn'd to waste their tender years 40

On



On exercises, which conduce  
To little or no real use,  
Seem to perpetuate BRITAIN'S doom,  
To groan beneath the yoke of ROME.  
ROME that abandon'd us in need,  
Still o'er our judgment takes the lead ;  
We scout her eagles with disdain ;  
The fasces still usurp domain ;  
Still, of court influence tho' bereft,  
In schools the badge of slavery's left,  
And interest still, or affectation,  
Warps the free spirit of the nation ;  
Tho' richer prospects grace our view,  
Than ever GREEK or ROMAN knew.—  
All must be through the classics led,  
Before the horn-book well they've read ;  
A more oppressive task in fact  
Than ÆGYPT'S tyrant could exact,  
Which genius in the cradle cramps,  
And all her generous efforts damps ;  
But in your native language skill'd,  
You on a sure foundation build ;  
The edifice will rise sublime,  
In perfect order, place and time.  
There, and there only should commence  
The path to knowlege, wit and sense ;

45

50

55

60

65

For

For there the young ingenious mind,  
 The road to excellence will find,  
 And in the flowery walks of science,  
 May bid disgraceful birch defiance ; 70  
 But who, a novice there, aspires,  
 Must work his way through thorns and briars,  
 And when the craggy steep is past,  
 May skulk a useless drone at last ;  
 Nay, tho' he get A. B. at College, 75  
 Be stopt of his degree in knowledge.  
 Then cultivate your native soil,  
 The harvest will repay your toil ;  
 And be it every Parent's care,  
 To plant the seeds of goodness there. 80

\*.\* The petty ambition of pretending to superior skill, in other languages, seems pleasantly and aptly ridiculed in the following anecdote.

One of our modern modishly-bred ladies, boasting of her proficiency in the *French* tongue, asserted she understood and spoke it better than she did English; and, for the truth, appealed to a French lady in company. The adroit Parisian very candidly and sensibly replied, 'I am not, my dear madam! sufficiently acquainted with the English to determine; but I should be ashamed and sorry to say, I spoke any language half so well as my own.'

JUVENAL'S

J U V E N A L ' S  
S T A T E   O F   T H E   L E A R N E D ,

S A T I R E   V I I .

A L T E R E D   F R O M   D R Y D E N .

VEXATIONS numberless, thro' every state,  
All learned professions, all bright talents wait.  
But, Oh ! what stock of patience wants the fool,  
Who wastes his time and lungs in teaching school ?  
To hear the babbling of untoward boys, 5  
Conning trite forms, on mischief bent and noise !  
Sitting, or standing, still confin'd to roar  
In one dull round the same thing o'er and o'er ;  
Prelecting still, enforcing and expounding ;  
Their unsusceptive ears still all confounding : 10  
What part of speech, declension, number, case,  
Mood, tense, voice, person, government and place ?—  
Themes to discuss, epistles to indite,  
Accounts to shine in, and with grace to write ;  
The world's extensive volume, old and new, 15  
With Scientific mastery to view ;  
Historic lore, and chronologic too ;  
Then to pronounce the various works of wit,  
With sound discretion, and with action fit ;

All aim at these : but at the quarter-day, 20  
 The parent grumbles, and is loath to pay.  
 ' Pay, Sir ! for what ? The boy knows nothing more,  
 ' The six months past, than what he knew before : '—  
 Taught or untaught, dunces are still the same ;  
 Yet still the master undergoes the blame ; 25  
 Without exception, though each single boy  
 In open school his utmost care employ ;  
 Tho' hours on hours, day after day, he has tried  
 With shame to check, or stimulate with pride ;  
 Encourag'd, threaten'd, reason'd, flogg'd, caress'd, 30  
 To rouse the latent spark within his breast,  
 Defeated and perplex'd, 'till his parch'd tongue  
 With sheer fatigue has to his palate clung.  
 The murder'd master cries, would parent's hear  
 But half the stuff that I am doom'd to bear, } 35  
 For that revenge I'd quit the whole arrears—  
 But, if my friendly counsel might be us'd,  
 In purse and fame egregiously abus'd,  
 Such barren soil let not the learned try ,  
 But to more grateful occupations fly : 40  
 The meanest trade, the spade and pick-ax take,  
 Rather the sweltering hod your option make.  
 More to be envied, easier and more sure,  
 The drudge's dole, who plies from door to door,  
 Than his, who, counting on his hard-earn'd gains, 45  
 Reaps such a sorry harvest for his pains.

Muse



Musick and dancing lavishly are bought ;  
 Those youth are long and sedulously taught ;  
 But sense and learning deem'd not worth a groat\* }

Whate'er connects with luxury and show, }  
 Largely our prodigals on that bestow. }  
 Capacious palaces and villas, grac'd }  
 With all the wild extravagance of taste ; }  
 Exotics nurs'd with counterfeited fun, }  
 And whole estates to pleasure gardens run ; }  
 Coursers of blood, and matchless in the race, }  
 'Train'd to the turf, or destin'd to the chace ; }

Expensive services of curious plate ; }  
 Suites of domestics, carriages of state, }  
 And troops of DUNS announce them wise and great. } 60

But, tho' superb the mansion be or not,  
 The cook and cellar never are forgot ;  
 And, nought to risk in serious matters, here  
 Talents and breeding must be made appear :  
 In scorn of character, of time and health, }  
 The table groans with the parade of wealth ; }  
 Here rich and poor, of high and low degree, }  
 Strain all alike, and scorn oeconomy. }

CLAUDIUS, to fashion and his taste a dupe,  
 Rags half an ox in a turrene of soup ; }  
 But more, if possible, profusion shines }  
 In wild variety of costly wines : }

Yet, 'midst this wasteful riot, there accrues

A thrifty pittance for *Quintilian*'s dues;

For, to breed up the heir to common sense, 75

Is evermore the parents least expence.

'From whence then, comes *Quintilian*'s vast estate?'

Because he was the darling son of fate;

And, out of mere caprice, luck made him great. }

Urge not in precedent one single man, 80

As rare as a white crow or fable swan;

Some friendly stars exerted all their power,

And smiled propitious on his natal hour;

To them, not merit his success was due;

For fortune never was to merit true; 85

And they who draw from fortune's ample source,

Are good and wise, and all things else of course:

'Tis she that flings the die; and, as she flings,

Of kings makes pedants, and of pedants, kings.

Most masters execrate the barren chair; 90

Like him who hang'd himself through mere despair

And poverty; or him, whom *CAIUS* sent,

For liberty of speech, to banishment.

Even *SOCRATES*, ungrateful *ATHENS* sees

In want, and sentenced by unjust decrees, 95

In peace, ye shades of our forefathers! rest;

No heavy earth your sacred bones molest:

Eternal spring, and rising flowers adorn

The relics of each venerable urn,

H h

Who

Who pious reverence their preceptors paid, 108  
 As parents honour'd, and as gods obey'd.  
 ACHILLES, grown in stature, feared the rod,  
 And stood corrected at the Centaur's nod ;  
 In useful learning did his years employ,  
 And promised all the hero in the boy. 109

The scene's much alter'd in our modern schools ; }  
 For, blind the parent, every Tony rules ; }  
 And masters but mere cyphers prove and tools. }  
 Young Sulky, by his tutor once reprov'd,  
 Swell'd with revenge, and swore he'd be remov'd ; 110  
 And, lo ! a miracle, to make it good,  
 A bottle of red ink is turn'd to blood ;  
 He sinears his shirt, and Abigail, his friend,  
 Alarms mama, and so he gains his end ;  
 And every tattling gossip thro' the nation 111  
 Brands the fell tyrant's name, and blasts his reputation.

Go ask what fruit PALEMON's pains produce,  
 And how he's paid ? Why amply—in abuse :  
 And, tho' approv'd his care, confess'd his toil,  
 They hardly claim one supercilious smile : 120  
 Some ten days over, or perchance a score,  
 He's pass'd unnotic'd, and is known no more.  
 As to his profits, tho' confin'd and bare,  
 Yet even of those the ushers must have share :  
 Besides, the rents and servants must be paid ; 125  
 And thus of little still a less is made.

Yet,

Yet, in the bargain, every sly device  
 Is tried, to screw out something of the stated price ;  
 And, after chaffering as with porters, still,  
 Dear generous souls ! they tax the quarter's bill : 130  
 If not contented, take your bill away ;  
 Commence your suit, and try the law's delay ;  
 Or, acquiescing to avoid the suit,  
 They bleed your purse and character to boot.  
 But who the dues curtail, and thus protract, 135  
 Most from the abject pedagogue exact.—  
 ' Be sure you perfect him in grammar rules,  
 ' And all the best historians read in schools ;  
 ' The authors ; every poet to a hair ;  
 ' I, as your own, commit him to your care : 140  
 ' Your daily pains, 'beseech you, to employ,  
 ' To form the future conduct of my boy,  
 ' And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,  
 ' To perfect symmetry in every part ;  
 ' His principles and morals strictly guide ; 145  
 ' Spare no expence, but all his wants provide.  
 ' He always shew'd a generous, docile spirit ;  
 ' Is tender, gentle, and you'll find has merit.  
 ' Be, Sir ! his better parent ; and beware  
 ' No improprieties his health impair. 150  
 ' This be your task'—and literally pursu'd,  
 The great reward is——BLACK INGRATITUDE.\*



P A S C H A S I U S.

— *Nay! prithee, peace, good Wife!*

NOT even a day, nor hour, alas!  
No, nor a moment's time can pass,  
Wherein my wife, curs'd fate! will fail,  
At all her servants round to rail;  
And, when I would the storm assuage,  
Upon myself she vents her rage.

With all the changes of her face,  
My life still varies.——Fond of peace,  
I am forced to wage eternal war,  
And her to please, with them must jar;  
Thus I, for quiet, live in noise,  
And love of ease, my ease destroys.

How wretched is the luckless wight,  
Who, even at home, must ever fight!  
Or with his servants still at strife;  
Or ever battling with his wife——  
With me, alas! thus matters are;  
My marriage state's a state of war.

THE

## THE D E R V I S E,\*

### A P E R S I A N T A L E.

M D C C L X X I.

A N humble Dervise liv'd of yore ;  
No treasures he possess'd ;  
Yet was his mind, with wisdom's store,  
And heaven's protection blest.  
Full fourscore well-spent, holy years,  
A pilgrim's life he led :  
Serenely gay the saint appears ;  
For angels gave him bread.  
His copious locks, like feather'd snow,  
The peace of God bespeak ;  
His eyes with warmth celestial glow ;  
With rosy health, his cheek.  
At MECCA, he had often been,  
And every holy place ;  
The blest'd ELIAS oft had seen  
Corporeal face to face.  
It happen'd once, at BAIRAM's feast,  
To fair SPAHOUN he came :  
A RAJA claim'd him for his guest,  
In honour of his fame.

The

The pious pilgrim blest'd the board,  
With costly viands crown'd,  
Regardless of the splendid hoard,  
That glitter'd all around.  
A pot of sweetmeats near him stood ;  
On this he cast an eye ;  
Seem'd quite forgetful of his food,  
And drown'd in revery.  
But gushing tears, at length, betray'd  
The anguish of his breast ;  
And heavy sighs their passage made,  
That show'd a heart oppress'd.  
' O ! sons of pomp and vanity !'  
The prudent sage began,  
' In this small vessel you may see  
' The history of man.  
' This pot an emblem true conveys  
' Of earth and all its joys ;  
' And shows the thousand various ways,  
' How man himself destroys——  
' Behold the busy, anxious flies,  
' That hover round these sweets,  
' See ! how, like us, each insect vies,  
' 'Till each his ruin meets.  
' Some on the borders gently tread,  
' And sip with cautious touch,  
' While others eagerly are led  
' To plunge, and take too much.

' The

' The first, from danger soon are freed,  
 ' By no strong tie detain'd ;  
 ' The second, justly are decreed  
 ' The death their rashness gain'd.  
 ' Hence, mortals ! wisely learn to shun  
 ' False pleasure's fatal cup :  
 ' Drink lightly ; or you'll be undone,  
 ' Inthral'd and swallow'd up.  
 ' You, like the one, who gently taste,  
 ' When AZIEL calls aloud,  
 ' To bless'd abodes, with joy shall haste,  
 ' And quit the giddy crowd :  
 ' But if by passions blindly led,  
 ' That no true medium know,  
 ' With quick destruction on your head,  
 ' You'll sink to endless woe.'

---

 E P I G R A M.

*Fructu, non foliis, arborem aestima.*

CÆLIA, a friend in speculation,  
 Was hurt by some abuse ;  
 She did not want an explanation——  
 She wanted an excuse !!!

THE



## SENTIMENTAL ACQUITTANCE;

OR, AN EASY WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS:

CONVENIENTLY ADOPTED BY CERTAIN PLAUSIBLE DECLAIMERS,  
ACCORDING TO A FAVOURITE MORAL MAXIM EXHIBITED  
IN PRIOR'S EPIGRAM.

I OWED to JOHN great obligation;  
But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation;  
Sure JOHN and I are more than quit.

### THE ANSWER.

MAT with my purse bought food and raiment;  
But MAT, my claim to quash,  
Tenders a scrap of wit in payment;  
I wish it had been cash.

### ANOTHER, BY R. N. ESQ.

WITH gratitude no longer glow,  
Since friendship's laws I so forget;  
Yet sure the equivalent you owe,  
Renounce the friend—but pay the debt.

7 MA 55

THE

## A P P E N D I X.

---

### T H E

### M E R C H A N T ' S   T A L E .

AN affair having occurred in the box-room of the theatre-royal, on Monday evening last, in consequence of an unprovoked attack on my person; and a malicious misrepresentation of that affair having appeared in some public papers, I feel myself impelled, however reluctantly, to trespass on the public attention, by a simple narrative of facts.—I am equally stimulated to this by what I conceive a proper respect for the rank of a citizen, which, in a political point of view, I do not consider the object of insult from any profession, however distinguished by the King's commission, supported by the people for their PROTECTION, and not for their DESTRUCTION.

On Monday, the 21st of December, I went with two friends to the box-room of the theatre-royal, and paid for my admission; we were shown by the box-keeper into a box, in which were three gentlemen, two of them in regimentals, and three ladies; one of the gentlemen told us, the box was engaged to him and his party, to which he was politely answered, that, the moment his company came, we would withdraw, with which he appeared satisfied.—Soon after came a third officer, and one of the other gentlemen went out. After sitting some time the last mentioned officer went out; and after the play, my two friends also retired to another part of the theatre. The officer soon after returned, and sat himself down by me in a manner so abrupt as to push me backward off the seat, which I con-

ceived to be an accident, and therefore did not resent, though the rudeness of the gentleman astonished me much, as he did not offer any apology. My two friends returned before the farce began. On entering the box, by accident, the flap of the seat fell against the officer, for which an immediate apology was offered, which, the officer not regarding, thought proper to say, we were troublesome, and that he did not know what business we had there—sharp words ensued—the dispute however subsided, and civility seemed to be perfectly restored.

A few minutes before the farce ended, the officer who had been so very rude went out:—my friends and I, when the amusement concluded, were retiring peaceably through the box-room.—We there saw six or seven officers standing together;—one of them, pointing to me, said, ‘That is he;’—upon which the officer who had distinguished himself by his rudeness in the box, seized me by the collar, and, with the most abusive language, threatened to break my bones. One of my friends remonstrated on the impropriety of such expressions, and offered to give him my address, which the other rejected with more scurrility of language, and then pushed the pommel of his sword with great violence in my eye. A scuffle ensued, and I made the best defence I was able with a stick which I fortunately happened to have in my hand. The other officers joined in the attack, threatening instant death, which I have every reason to apprehend would have been the consequence, (FOR THEY DREW THEIR SWORDS) had it not been for the interference of some gentlemen present, whose intrepidity broke into the circle in which they had me encompassed, and prevented any fatality which might have been intended.

I have been most unmeritedly traduced, and expressions alledged to have been applied by me to the ladies in the box, (of which I trust I am incapable) which would have disgraced the meanest of mankind; and which, if really used,  
must

must have drawn forth the instant resentment of the two officers under whose immediate protection those ladies were;—but those gentlemen not only thought proper to sit silent during the altercation in the box, but to take no part in the affray which ensued.

Of the foregoing facts I have numerous respectable witnesses, many of whom were before total strangers to me.—I am not disposed to enter into newspaper contests, or abusive recrimination.—This is the first and last time I shall take notice of any anonymous publications; having resorted to the laws of the country, from which, though a stranger, (being a citizen of London) I have full confidence in meeting redress. I am, also, proud to say, that I am now a citizen of the metropolis of Ireland, and I trust never to be found shrinking from the duties I owe to that character; and I feel that I should wrong the justice of my cause, if I had not an honest confidence in the candour, impartiality, and support of my fellow citizens.

No. 129, Abbey-street,  
Dec. 26, 1789.

MICHAEL WORTH.

THE



T H E M E R C H A N T;

O R,

THE RECREANT KNIGHTS DISCOMFITED,

*A LESSON TO ARROGANCE.*

AN HEROIC-SERIO-COMIC BALLAD,

CONTAINING A FAITHFUL RELATION OF A STRANGE AND  
TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN NINE GREAT  
OFFICERS AND A PEACEFUL CITIZEN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all!  
A woeful skirmish late there did  
In SPRANGER's booth befall.<sup>1</sup>

Tho' strange it should be sung or said,  
Impeach my lays who can,  
How nine dubb'd errants, dight in red,  
From one small merchant ran.

To lounge the tedious hours they went  
At HEXHAM's mimic fight;<sup>2</sup>  
But dearly shall they all repent  
The pastime of that night.

Alert

Alert they to the boxes crowd,  
Of gaudy trappings vain,  
And look, full crusty, glum and proud,  
On little folks disdain.

They gabble loud, damn all they saw,  
And all the house disturb;  
For 'gainst ill-breeding there's no law,  
And on their tongues no curb.

A youth beside them took his place,  
Of small account to see,  
And, footh to say, 'twas great disgrace,  
He should so near them be.

Him first in guarded speech they taunt,  
Which courteous he repell'd;  
Thence gathering heart they huff and vaunt,  
By him with smiles beheld.

For prowess high in PLYMOUTH streets  
Recorded stands their fame,  
And eke their thrice renowned feats,  
DEE's frighted shores proclaim.<sup>3</sup>

Nor

Nor shall thy meed in OSTMEN'S-TOWN,<sup>4</sup>  
SLIEVE-GORGET be forgot,  
When GEORGE, the hatter, knock'd thee down;  
CORK-HILL, the fatal spot.

Prefuming like a lordly brave,  
Thou didst thy venom spit;  
But that could not thy bacon save,  
Which might have taught thee wit.

FITZ-MINION too may rue the day  
With *Volunteer* at strife,  
Who kick'd and cuff'd him on the quay,  
For tampering with his wife.

The deeds erewhile of their compeers  
I could alike unveil;  
But now in pity spare their fears;  
The time supplies my tale.—

The prompter rang, the curtain rose,  
The actors plied their parts;  
But nothing could content the beaux,  
For rancour fill'd their hearts.

Eftsoon

Eftfoons they heard the beaten drum,  
And wonderful to fay !  
Anon they felt their courage come ;  
But mischief mark'd its way.

SLIEVE-GORGET fightly, large and strong,  
BELANNA's dear delight,  
And CRUSKEEN-BORB of froward tongue,<sup>s</sup>  
But ftomach fmall for fight :

With feven more, robuft and tall,  
Train'd warriors from their birth,  
Becaufe a ft ranger to them all,  
Confpire to murder WORTH.

For WORTH was the young merchant's name,  
And doubly 'twas his right ;  
Thofe recreants prov'd it to their fhame,  
When they provok'd his might.

In vengeful dudgeon forth they ftroll'd,  
And rak'd the box-room fire,  
Left haply fhould their wrath catch cold,  
Their valour might expire.

With



With direful threatenings high in oath,  
Each chieftain seiz'd his post,  
And, as becomes the martial cloth,  
Each seems himself a host.

Away, away, thou reckless 'squire!  
Away, devoted groom!  
Who dares oppose them in their ire,  
Too surely tempts his doom.

Soon WORTH appear'd, the hostile crew,  
A desperate band, I trow,  
With naked swords all at him flew,  
Resolv'd to lay him low.

SLIEVE-GORGET, like a frantic scold  
Amidst her brawling crones,  
First on his collar laid fast hold,  
And swore he'd break his bones.

To give his stern bravado weight,  
He stoutly stamp'd the board,  
And in his face he bolted straight  
The pummel of his sword.

This

This was by concert signal made  
The onset to begin,  
Which on the instant all obey'd,  
And closely hemm'd him in.

Ah! woe is me! there's no resource,  
And here thy days must end!  
For sure 'gainst such united force,  
'Twere bootless to contend,

With oaken stick, scarce worth a groat,  
He kept them all at bay,  
And quickly to confusion brought  
The authors of the fray.

SLIEVE-GORGET earn'd a fractur'd head,  
In doleful plight was he!  
Poor CRUSKEEN-BORB roar'd out, he's dead!  
And crouch'd upon his knee.

'Twas then his heart string honour pinch'd,  
A cord she feldom touch'd;  
His trusty whinyard never flinch'd,  
And firm the hilt he clutch'd.

K k

Yield

Yield thee, vile caitiff! fierce he cries,  
Or this decides thy fate;  
Vain hope!—a chop betwixt his eyes  
Consign'd him to the grate.

His harder hap I needs must tell,  
Ye courtly blades beware!  
The ruthless embers on him fell,  
And burnt his well-dress'd hair!

There lies he as presumption should;  
Revenge O'BROUGUS vow'd,  
As near his smouldring curls he stood,  
Wrapt in a savoury cloud.

Soon He, pot-valiant now no more,  
Recoils with streaming snout;  
As tho' the bumpers quaff'd before  
Deserted that way out.

Beneath a lady's arm entrench'd,  
His colleague tilts a poke;  
But from his gripe the cheese-fork wrench'd,  
**WORTH** with his sapling broke.

Behold

Behind him one, all blanch'd with fear,  
Prepares a mortal thrust;  
His left hand timely gain'd his ear,  
And fell'd him him to the dust.

With brandish'd faulchion, gleaming bright,  
Another brav'd the list;  
Plumb in the mark, as swift as light,<sup>6</sup>  
He darts his manly fist.

Like the chaf'd furge he forms his trunk;  
Down dropt the guiltless steel,  
And ficken'g fore, like gin-swill'd punk,  
He to and fro did reel.

On all around, stand or retreat,  
He dealt with peerless skill,  
And down he laid them at his feet,  
Like sacks upon the mill.

O stain to arms! FITZ-MINION then,  
Shock'd at the sight, did scream;  
Assert your place in beauty's ken,  
And your lost fame redeem.

Had



Had BUCKINGHAM not quit the land,  
Or WESTMORELAND appear'd,  
Accounts against you so to stand,  
You must be all cashir'd.

The words had scarce a passage found  
From out his trembling lips,  
When WORTH, to face him wheeling round,  
The musky major trips.

Oh! I am hurt! he piteous cried!  
My friends! be witnesses all!  
But what more deeply hurts my pride,  
The merchant sees me fall.

And many were the lookers on,  
Who well his drift could read;  
But to redress him ran not one,  
For all approv'd the deed.

The vanquish'd knights, if 'twould avail  
I could by name record;  
But that would little grace my tale:  
They had their just reward.

Their

Their foul defeat, of all the corps,  
Escap'd there none to tell;  
Save one, who sculk'd behind the door,  
Discover'd by the smell.

The strife near twenty minutes cost,  
Ere WORTH got time to breathe,  
And now in generous pity lost,  
He looks on those beneath.

Tho' match'd against such fearful odds,  
His life and fame at stake,  
To see them like a heap of clods,  
His very heart did ake.

Why would you so, with grief he cried,  
Expose a soldier's name?  
I almost rather would have died,  
Than tarnish you with shame.

The Girls on red-coats wont to doat,  
Perceiving how they err'd,  
Struck with amazement! chang'd their note,  
And WORTH, sweet souls! preferr'd.

So

So home he went with laurels deck'd;  
His foes bestrew'd the field:  
Thus virtue's sons obtain respect,  
And courage is their shield.

The Nine, repriev'd for future fate,  
'Gainst WORTH sneak'd off to swear,  
And each display'd his reeking pate,  
Which made the justice stare!!!

Good lack! good lack! his worship cried,  
Thus pride must have a fall!  
Can honour be to WORTH denied.  
That singly fac'd you all?

I'll not distress the brave young man  
With warrants, and so forth;  
Go home, and do the best you can;  
To make it up with WORTH.

God save the King and Justice too,  
And let good sense increase,  
That dress'd in scarlet, green or blue,  
We may see shows in peace.

<sup>1</sup> *In SPRANGER'S Booth.*—The Theatre Royal, Crow-street Dublin, built by *Spranger Barry*, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> *At Hexham's mimic Fight.*—The Battle of Hexham, a dramatic Piece by *George Colman*, Esq. acted that memorable evening.

<sup>3</sup> *DEE's frighted shores.*—The City of Chester stands on the Banks of the River *Dee*, which incloses it on the south and west.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor shall thy meed in Oshmen's Town.*—*Dublin*, so called from the *Oshmen* or Danes, its original inhabitants.

<sup>5</sup> *And CRUSKEEN-BORB.*—A fine patronymic termination<sup>3</sup> which luckily characterises this complicated hero, at once the Ajax and Therfites of the poem; it means in English, *fierce*.

<sup>6</sup> *Plumb in the mark.*—*Mark*, a technical term in the *Mendozan* school, by which is meant the pit of the stomach.

<sup>7</sup> *'Gainst WORTH sneak'd off to swear.*—This singular circumstance, however extraordinary, is a fact, modestly omitted by *Mr. Worth* in his narrative prefixed, and with equal modesty and reserve he touches upon other particulars, detailed in this ballad as they really happened. He was next morning apprized of their application to the justice, and by advice of his friends, as a matter of self-defence, tendered *his* examinations, which were admitted, and the affair is at the present writing *sub judice*. —The matter has been since determined in the Court of King's Bench, with exemplary damages in favour of *WORTH*.



PRIDE AND IMPERTINENCE.

I M P R O M P T U.

**T**HE Peacock is the proudest bird;  
The Mag excels in noise;  
VANILLA, wantonly absurd,  
Sets both before our eyes.

---

E P I G R A M.

*Carvete, Amici!*

**C**YNTHIA, this morning clasp'd her friend,  
A chosen, tried and true one;  
But see how CYNTHIA's friendships end;  
To night she sports a new one!

---

D E F E N C E.

*In nova fert animus.*—OVID.

**W**HY are you with poor CYNTHIA vex'd?  
In spite of art and fashion,  
Is she not constant to her text?  
Variety's her passion.

THE

## T H E H O N E :

### A PIECE OF IRISH MYTHOLOGY.

FUNGOR VICE COTIS.

HOR.

GRIFOLIA, fairest of O Connor's race,  
Of spotless virtue, and angelic face,  
Was by O Neil, a youth of princely blood,  
With wanton fire, and loveless courtship woo'd;  
He watch'd her steps, by lawless passion sway'd,  
And once, alone, surpris'd the pious maid.

On the green banks of Neagh's peaceful sea,  
The chaste Grifolia had retir'd to pray:  
Here, the base prince, with more than savage power,  
Assail'd the vestal in her sacred hour.  
He talk'd—he pleaded of love's darts and fires;  
Of his warm wishes, and his strong desires;  
Of time, and place—of his long suit refus'd;  
Of wealth; of title; patience;—all abused!  
At length, he seiz'd the fair, resistless prize,  
While fires indignant darted from her eyes;  
He grasp'd—he press'd the virgin to his breast,  
And urged her yielding to his high behest.

' Tyrant!' she cried, ' thy vain attempt forbear;  
' My strength may fail; but heaven will hear my prayer:  
' O! may the sacred guardian of this land  
' Protect a maid from thy polluting hand!

‘ May he, whose power expell’d the prowling wolf,  
 ‘ Save virtue from perdition’s fatal gulph !  
 ‘ May he, who purg’d this Isle from poisonous air,  
 ‘ Blast thee ! or snatch me to his faintly care !’

She pray’d—He still invades her blushing charms—  
 When, lo ! a prickly HOLLY fills his arms !  
 Wounded, and stung with disappointed pride,  
 He drew a faulchion from his trembling side,  
 And smote the new-rais’d Holly as it grew,  
 When to the lake the sever’d fragment flew ;  
 It sunk, and, as it disappear’d, the flood  
 Was crimson’d o’er with drops of virgin blood ;  
 Groanings were heard ; and, what is still more strange,  
 A plaintive voice succeeds the wonderous change !  
 From the deep lake, in words articulate,  
 Thus mourn’d Grifolia her disastrous Fate :

‘ O cruel prince ! transform’d, and turn’d to stone,  
 ‘ My honour’s safe !’ she cried, then sigh’d—‘ O HŌN !’  
 O Honour ! Half dissolv’d in liquid air  
 Was the last breathing of this hapless fair.  
 Thus, Myrrha, victim of a former time,  
 Shar’d thy sad fate ; but how unlike thy crime !

Amaz’d the prince gaz’d o’er the silent flood,  
 And grew a burning nettle\* as he stood :  
 Rank as his thoughts, and fiery as his lust,  
 Chang’d to that weed, his punishment how just !  
 While chaste Grifolia constantly is seen  
 Rob’d in a vesture of eternal green ;

Each

Each leaf in military form appears  
Arm'd with a range of vegetable spears.  
Thus nature shows in emblematic sense  
Her persevering virtue and defence.

The rude, unletter'd natives of this land,  
When struck by power, or pain's oppressive hand,  
In accents flow and sad, express their moan,  
And, to this hour, sob out and cry, ' Oh HONE! †  
But those, whom arts and education fire,  
Who into nature's curious laws enquire,  
Place portions of this ever-verdant tree  
In Neagh's peaceful petrifying sea,  
Where, steep'd a time, it hardens into stone,  
And thus becomes the edge-bestowing HONE.

T H E C O T E R I E.<sup>2</sup>

FOND Girl! you ask the reason why  
At you the shafts of slander fly,  
And wherefore Beldames, old and young,  
Against you arm the flippant tongue?  
Say rather, How can you remain  
Blind to what others see so plain?  
Alas! uncensur'd, few inherit  
Wit, Beauty, Elegance and Merit;  
Divest yourself of all the four,  
And be like them, they'll rail no more.

THE



T H E M I R R O U R.<sup>3</sup>

LORD Cobweb, a reputed wit,  
Premier and patron of Deceit,  
A Code of institution writ,  
How, like himself, the world to cheat :  
A courtly art, or fame says wrong,  
By others known and practis'd long——  
The Gem, which comes a Brilliant forth,  
Shines at the expence of solid worth ;  
But your good heart and sense, my dear !  
Have nothing from the world to fear.  
The best of shapes and first of faces  
Can ne'er be injur'd by the *Graces*.

September 17th, 1793.

<sup>1</sup> THE HONE :—A species of stone found at Lough Neagh in the province of Ulster, of which Hones for whetting Razors are made, supposed to be Holly converted into that substance by a singular petrifying quality attributed to the Lake.—\* Burning nettle, *urtica urens*.—† Oh Hone ! the customary plaintive ejaculation of the native Irish.—This was written as a school exercise, the motto being the Thesis prescribed for the purpose.

<sup>2</sup> THE COTERIE.—To a young Lady, enquiring how she could be the object of malevolent animadversion, which she was never in the way of having provoked.

<sup>3</sup> THE MIRROR.—To a young Lady, against whom the powers of detraction were lavishly exerted by certain *charitable* dowagers, at a certain party a-la-mode, under a denomination of some consequence in the system of a late archdidascalie Peer.

O D E

O D E  
TO THE  
C R E A T O R.

ALL hail to HIM, who sits on high!

To HIM your chearful voices raise!

To HIM, the Ruler of the Sky,

Be Glory! Honour! Love! and Praise!

Ye Wife! ye Good! in age, in youth,

The Song of Joy, O, never cease!

HIS words are all the words of Truth;

And all HIS paths the paths of Peace!

This globe of earth, the sea, the air,

Were form'd by HIS all-wise command;

The Heavens and all their Hosts declare

The work of an Almighty Hand:

The rough wild sea HIS voice obeys,

When the loud winds the waves deform;

HE walks (how wonderful all HIS ways!)

On the broad pinions of the storm:

When all this fair creation lay

Involv'd in universal night,

HE spake the word, and all was Day;

HE spake the word, and all was Light:

He

160 ODE TO THE CREATOR.

HE sees the secrets of the heart ;  
HE searches all the human soul ;  
His skill directs in every part ;  
His power informs the wonderous Whole.

'Twas HE ! JEHOVAH ! King ! and God !  
Gave us to breathe this vital air ;  
We are the children of HIS nod,  
His last best work, HIS dearest care.

The earth shall moulder into dust,  
And life's gay dream shall pass away ;  
Rejoice, ye Good ! Rejoice, ye Just !  
His glory never shall decay !

All hail ! JEHOVAH ! King and God !  
Ye nations all, adore HIS name !  
Approach, approach HIS high abode,  
With thanks, with joy, and loud acclaim !

All hail to HIM, who sits on high !  
To HIM your chearful voices raise !  
To HIM, the Ruler of the Sky,  
Be Glory ! Honour ! Love ! and Praise !

HYMN.

H Y M N.\*

PARENT of Good! O God supreme!

The helpless Orphan's friend!

Thy gracious aid the wretched claim,

To thee their cries ascend:

With tender pity warm each heart,

With charity divine;

And boundless bliss to those impart

Whose works resemble thine.

When, cloath'd with terrors, God shall rise,

To scourge a nation's pride;

When, wing'd with death, his lightning flies,

And spreads destruction wide;

When earthquakes burst the trembling sphere,

And nature's face deform,

Your pious alms shall guard you there,

And shield you from the storm.

Since God, with unexampled care,

Bestows what you possess,

'Tis yours, the gifts of heaven to share,

And while he blesses, blest.

Think, while you bid the fruitful stream

Of Christian bounty flow,

That angels shall in heaven proclaim

Each mercy shown below.

\* This Hymn was set to music and sung at a Charity Sermon  
soon after the earthquake at Lisbon.



MY OWN EPITAPH.

**B**ORN premature, such the all-wise decree !  
Loud shriek'd the storm, and mountains ran the sea ;—  
Ah ! what, sweet Voyager ! in that dreadful hour,  
Avail'd thy blooming youth ; thy beauty's pow'r ?  
She died !—her breast with double anguish torn,  
And, her sole care, I first drew breath forlorn.  
Her nurse, when female aid was most requir'd,  
Faithful to death, kiss'd, bless'd her and expir'd ;  
The stout ship braved the elemental strife,  
And the good crew preserv'd my little life.  
LIVERPOOL receiv'd and foster'd me a while,—  
Call'd, thrice repuls'd, thence to HIBERNIA'S ille,  
With letter'd aid she taught me ills to bear,  
And long, not unesteem'd, I sojourn'd there.  
Erewhile the state was of my Sire bereft,  
And I, hard fate ! a helpless orphan left :  
Nor, as if mark'd for persecution's spite,  
Did one parental smile e'er cheer my fight.  
My arms two Sons and one dear Daughter bless'd ;  
Heaven be their refuge !—here at last I rest.  
Faults too I had, and failings not a few ;  
But yet a heart, I trust, humane and true :  
If more the curious reader ask to know,  
The final Sentence all in all will show.

JAMQUE OPUS EXEGI.—

THE

THE piece which first occurs in the ensuing part of this volume (elsewhere partially given, as it had been received, for another's) is the production of Mrs. CATHERINE EURY, mentioned in a note upon a passage, page 41. She not unfrequently indulged herself in the conversation of the muses, and left many elegant and valuable performances behind her, which it is feared are now irrecoverably lost, or appropriated by characters accustomed to think such alienations venial, who seldom trouble themselves about the merit of restitution.

The subsequent pieces, addressed to my father, have also most of them appeared in print under the eye, or with the concurrence of their respective authors, some of whom were his pupils, and are now republished together, supposing it may prove a gratification to see them connected with the writings of a gentleman for whom they have given such expressive demonstration of their esteem and regard.

The Collection might have been abundantly augmented from original MSS. in the possession of the editor.

E. A. W.

S T A N Z A S,

INCLOSED TO A YOUNG LADY, IN CONSEQUENCE OF SOME  
INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS RESPECTING THE  
GENTLEMAN ALLUDED TO,

B Y M R S. E U R Y.

**W**HEN MERSEUS, virtue's friend, was born,  
Nature, his person to adorn,  
Each manly grace assign'd,  
And, willing to complete the whole,  
Into his bosom breath'd a soul,  
The best of humankind.

His heart delights in doing good ;  
Nor would he injure if he could,  
The basest of his foes ;  
But fly with pity to the wretch,  
And fortune's aid unsparing fetch,  
To mitigate his woes.

A stranger almost from his birth,  
I foster'd not his fame and worth,  
Lost on a distant shore ;  
But he, remembering not my fault,  
My fate a gentle lesson taught,  
And bade her frown no more.

Unfought

Unfought to soothe my widow'd breast,  
Beset with ills and sore oppress'd,  
He timely interpos'd,  
And, with the balm of kind relief,  
The wounds of enmity and grief,  
His generous friendship clos'd.

Dear youth ! may heaven preserve thy life,  
And grant thee, to thy wish, a wife,  
Such as thy merits claim ;  
May she with grateful care attend  
Her husband, lover, and her friend,  
And feel a mutual flame !



TO



TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

A FRAGMENT.

ESTRANG'D to wit and reprobate to song,  
Unstrung my lyre has lain neglected long ;  
Forgot those arts with which I pleas'd of yore,  
And groves and streams I now frequent no more ;  
Some sparks of genius if I e'er possess'd,  
Now dormant lie a chaos in my breast :  
Far others cares my sickening thoughts engage,  
And pains distract no medicine can assuage ;  
Incessant toils my wakeful hours employ,  
And languor checks each keener sense of joy ;  
My fates indignant murky terrors spread  
Before my steps, and lour around my bed ;  
The goodly harvest once in view lay waste,  
And tell me all my better days are past ;  
Tho' scarcely but in prospect bliss I have seen,  
As erst saw Dives, with a gulph between.  
Even hope is fled, the wretches last resource,  
Nor longer with my woes will hold discourse.  
Foredoom'd to drag the galling chain of life,  
With ills surrounded and expos'd to strife ;

To

To combat daily with a world ingrate,  
Crafts which I scorn, and principles I hate,  
In each pursuit, each fond enjoyment cross'd;  
To thee and every dear connection lost;  
Lost to myself; yet fain would I entwine 25  
One sprig of bays, and may it bloom! with thine.  
Accept, my friend! thou well deserv'st the name,  
This honest tribute to thy well-earn'd fame:  
And if the dictates of a soul sincere  
Have yet a charm for a judicious ear, 30  
The faithful strain thy candour may approve,  
Nor charge to flattery the result of love.

While yet our sorrows and our cares were few  
Commenced our friendship, and with reason grew,  
And as along the margin of the brook, 35  
Sequester'd, oft our evening walks we took;  
Or wont, defended from the noontide ray,  
In sylvan haunts to talk the hours away,  
Twas then to fame, by thy example fir'd,  
Tho' with unequal pace, my soul aspir'd; 40  
Nor dreamt, while with thy cheerful converse blest'd,  
What numerous ills her votaries infect.  
Ills which thy kinder stars avert from thee,  
And mine obdurate still have showered on me.  
Yet why complain?—so will'd the heavenly powers! 45  
Tho' many dreary, some were gracious hours—

Pain

Pain warp'd my fancy ; spleen provok'd my pen :  
Avaunt foul fiends !—now I'm myself again.

Come, Goddess ! Memory clep'd, in smiles array'd,  
Wake livelier chords and recollection aid ;— 50

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

*HALL HARTSON.*

☞ The rest of the poem, which was of considerable length is wanting ; it was conceived with singular spirit and executed in a more collected strain than appears in the commencement. One part of it especially, in which he addresses his God-daughter, the editor's sister, contained admirable instructions and advice to young women. Here also he introduces some elegant compliments to her God-mothers, Miss Martha Stewart, eldest daughter of Col. Stewart of Derry, and Harriot, Col. Pearce's youngest : thence taking occasion to expatiate on the duties of sponsors, he proves, in a glow of exquisite and convincing poetry, that their appearance at the font is not matter of mere formality, but a positive religious obligation, which they there engage in and are indispensibly with a good conscience bound to perform.

TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

ON READING SOME OF HIS POEMS,

BY THE RIGHT HON. LADY E. B.

ELDEST DAUGHTER TO THE EARL OF LOUTH.

DECEMBER XXVIII. MDCCLXX.

A FLOW of style, by native genius taught,  
Unstudied ease, improving every thought,  
Sweetness, and grace, and energy divine,  
And brilliant fancy, tune each charming line !  
APOLLO's favourite ! destin'd from thy birth  
His rightful heir, his substitute on earth ;  
Belov'd of all the bright PARNASSIAN choir,  
Thine all their skill, thine their celestial fire ;  
Thine each engaging, each effectual art,  
To inform the judgment, and correct the heart——  
Whether you paint the cool embowering shade,  
The black brow'd mountain, or the steep cascade,  
The murmuring stream, that in meanders glides,  
The whirling tempest, or rough furling tides ;  
Whether, with taste peculiar and refin'd,  
You give the portrait of the heaven-born mind ;  
Or, blest'd with nature's choicest pencil, trace  
Your kind ideas of exterior grace,

The



The cause of virtue still is your concern :  
 We hear with profit, and with pleasure learn ;  
 Learn what to shun, and wisely what pursue ;  
 Even blame, enforc'd, comes reconcil'd from you ;  
 Fond to imbibe what friendly you inspire,  
 We praise, we love, we honour, we admire.

ELIZABETH BIRMINGHAM.

T O M R. W H Y T E,

ON HIS CORRECTING A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

BY JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

**A** YOUNG, a careless, but a grateful muse,  
 With joy, the freedom of a friend pursues ;  
 Submits her numbers to a faithful ear,  
 And, gladly, bids each essay'd flight appear.

Youth, ever prompt, improvident and vain,  
 Demands the voice of caution to restrain ;  
 Rous'd by the blast of fame, we seek to please,  
 And grasp unthinking, at the bribe of praise ;  
 Heedless of sense, with syllables we play,  
 And lull'd, through rhyme's enchanted pages stray.  
 But you, QUINCTILIUS ! wide extremes can blend  
 And, kindly, hide the critic in the friend ;

Each

Each erring whisper of self-praise remove,  
 At once can censure and at once improve.  
 Then happy they—and yet a happy few—  
 Who find a judge so diffidently true.  
 A friend in act, in counsel as in name,  
 An honest guardian of a future fame,  
 Cautious to blame, unprejudiced, sincere,  
 Pleas'd to commend, unwillingly severe,  
 Studious to hint, or modestly design,  
 Such may each critic prove, and such is mine.

To read with spleen, to judge with envious rage,  
 Explain perverse, correct the faultless page,  
 Betrays the cynic and the poet's pest;  
 'Tis but a learn'd ill-nature at the best:  
 Be then each critic scrupulously just,—  
 How great the hazard! and how vast the trust!

Blest was the time, when soft instruction drew,  
 Each happy day, my youthful ears to you!  
 Even then I lov'd you for the muse's sake,  
 And for your own :—You taught 'the art to speak.'

O! lost then be that muse, and dull my days,  
 Should this false tongue forget QUINCTILIUS' praise;  
 To distant years, if such kind heaven decree,  
 When strength decays, this heart shall warm to thee;  
 To thee, preceptor of my heedless age!  
 'Till we've run o'er life's variegated page.

M m

Since

Since then, QUINCTILIUS! with impartial eyes,  
You view the solid, specious, or unwise;  
Convinc'd, I hush each sound of letter'd pride,  
And cry with Cato, 'Gods! I'm satisfied.'

---

MASTER BENJAMIN NUN'S ADDRESS  
TO HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS,  
AT A PUBLIC JULY-EXAMINATION,  
*(The Speaker having just completed his tenth Year.)*

BY R. N. ESQ.

FOR the last time, ye walls! thou roof! farewell,  
Where gentle rule and willing homage dwell;  
And you, my fellows! howsoever clasp'd,  
With whom this earliest stage of life I have pass'd,  
While four bright suns revolv'd through æther's space,  
And now the fifth pursues his annual race,  
Farewell!—may happiness be still your lot!  
And be our infant friendship ne'er forgot!  
How many here, these thirty years, have been  
The little actors in this busy scene!  
Here as the friend, the hero or the sage,  
Given the fair prospect of their future age!  
How many here performed the mimic Play,  
Like TOMMY MOORE, the ROSCIUS of the day!

Or,

Or, from this height, harangued the admiring train ;  
 While echoing plaudits shook that crouded plain !  
 Lefs pleasing cares their present thoughts engage ;  
 Lefs pure ambition rules their riper age.  
 Some, rais'd aloft, who in the state preside,  
 To their own gain the nation's councils guide.  
 Some, on whose lips a crowd of clients dwell,  
 Swallow the fish and give to each a shell.  
 On INDIA some, or AFRIC's groaning shores,  
 From human sufferings heap their guilty stores :  
 While some at home obnoxious Places hold,  
 And part with honest fame for ribbands, chains, and gold !  
 But happier some a better task pursue,  
 With gospel showers the barren land bedew,  
 Among the sick their healing cares dispense,  
 Teach the young mind to ripen into sense,  
 Extract its riches from the generous soil,  
 Or croud their native ports with foreign spoil ;  
 On formless matter life and shape bestow,  
 With new delights the paths of science strew,  
 Or active, urge the manufacturing band,  
 While hundreds hang on their supporting hand.  
 For me, whatever cares my thoughts engage ;  
 My part performing on whatever stage ;  
 Or where the east around its odours flings,  
 And haughty merchants make and unmake kings ;

Or



Or where the west extends its keener reign,  
 And haughtier kings first learn'd the Rights of Men,  
 Still towards this roof, a fond regard I'll bend;  
 Still towards these walls, a partial sigh I'll send;  
 Recall the childish care, the childish pain,  
 The bloodless glory and the guiltless gain:  
 Recall the lesson that confirmed my youth,  
 And urg'd my footsteps in the paths of truth.  
 Still shall WHYTE'S image to my breast be dear;  
 Still shall WHYTE'S name be grateful to mine ear;  
 Still, that WHYTE taught me, be a favourite boast;  
 But—if he lov'd me—That will flatter most.

---

E P I G R A M,

B Y T H E S A M E,

ON BEING ASKED HIS OPINION OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM  
 ADDRESSED TO MRS. GARDINER, LATE CONSORT OF  
 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LUKE GARDINER,  
 NOW LORD MOUNTJOY.

**W**HY flourish'd HOMER, matchless in his strain?  
 Because a matchless subject fir'd his vein.  
 TROY's fate he sang, and caught a glorious flame,  
 From the bright cause, the wondrous SPARTAN Dame.  
 Alas! fam'd Poet! thy disgrace draws near,  
 'Twas only HELEN there; 'tis GARDINER here.

TO

TO

MR. SAMUEL WHITE,

OF GRAFTON-STREET.

O THOU! whose learning, soften'd and refin'd  
By taste and genius, lifts the human mind  
To that bright eminence, where radiant truth  
Confers the garland on assiduous youth :

Thou! whose ennobling verse bestow'd the meed  
On female merit, nor disdain'd to plead  
Our injur'd cause, so overwhelm'd with blame,  
It lay like Chancery when FITZGIBBON came,  
Till with true attic salt you purg'd away  
" The drop serene, that quench'd its visual ray ;"  
With generous ardour rais'd its drooping head,  
And round it all the ravish'd laurels spread,  
Which low-brow'd ignorance had rudely torn,  
To plant instead pale envy's venom'd thorn :  
Thou! who (possessing equal skill and force  
To guide or mount the Pegasean horse)  
Hast shown the line which nature drew between  
Domestic drudgery, and the happier scene  
Of polish'd life, where liberal science, dress'd  
By female fancy, gives the genuine zest  
To every virtue in the human breast.

}  
To

To thee, the humblest handmaid of the nine,  
 Sues for the sanction of one favouring line;  
 From thee, thou *Johnson* of the present age!  
 My heart hopes friendship to my humble page,  
 Whose muse thro' *Johnson's* name first glow'd with pride,  
 Liv'd while he liv'd, and sicken'd when he died;  
 Lay long neglected, nor e'er hop'd to raise  
 From off his tomb the embryotic bays;  
 Till call'd by friendship, it revives once more  
 And pants for BEING on its native shore.

For this I deprecate each favouring power,  
 To smile propitious on its natal hour;  
 But chiefly thee, the long-respected choice  
 Of clear-ey'd reason, and the public voice;  
 To thee, my wishes move the fond appeal,  
 Whose powers to judge and tenderness to feel,  
 Will calm the terrors of an anxious muse,  
 Her motives urge, and her defects excuse;  
 To 'scape from censure, I'd resign applause,  
 While humbly pleading my own helpless cause.  
 I here aver, that from my infant state,  
 I have been made the chequer-work of fate;  
 My earliest hopes were with my father lost,  
 And till this juncture every other cross'd.

Shield then, dear Sir! my trembling muse from blame,  
 And hide the critic, in the friend's dear name.

So shall the public voice each fault forgive,  
And bid her fugitive effusions live.

FADE-STREET,  
Oct. 19, 1790.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

☞ An Epistle in answer to the foregoing may be seen in the  
preceding part of this volume, page 158.

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T O

S A M U E L W H Y T E, - E S Q.

FOR thee, whose brow the vivid laurel shades,  
Timid, I touch the muses' simplest shell;  
For thou hast wooed the sweet Aöonian maids,  
And felt, inspired, the pure, poetic spell.

Oft 'mid the echoing abbey's faintly gloom,  
When all the spectred aisles responsive rung,  
Thy praises wont the darkness to illumine,  
And shed a ray of lustre while I sung.

When pensive Eve her fairy curtain drew,  
With tender hand, athwart the heaving breast  
Of yon still lake! and gemm'd the watery blue,  
Thy honour'd name in artless song I dress.

Taught




Taught by my strain, each deep dell knew thy worth,  
 Each savage echo and each flowery wild ;  
 Or when the red sun walked, majestic, forth,  
 Or o'er the scene with placid pleasure smil'd.

Then deign to consecrate my youthful lay,  
 And bid the wreath, I wove, ambrosial bloom ;  
 So shall it mock the frown of sad decay,  
 And live, the noblest scutcheon of my tomb.

March 17th, 1792.

THOMAS DERMODY.

GRAFTON-STREET, NO. 108.

 This extraordinary young genius is from Ennis, in the county of Clare. His father, reputed a good classic scholar, had a flourishing school there, and under his instruction, at a very early age indeed, young Dermody, the son, gave proofs of capacity. Specimens of his composition were handed about and deservedly admired ; but he was ignorant of the world, and the domestic scene was too confined for his expanding ideas : He left the place of his nativity, and about three years ago arrived, under great difficulties, in the metropolis, where his surprising talents soon introduced him to notice, and procured him an honourable patronage. He has lately published proposals for printing by subscription Poems, written between his thirteenth and seventeenth year, which were enclosed to the author, accompanied with the foregoing stanzas.—A few of his juvenile productions were formerly presented to the curious. They abound with original and striking beauties, and taste and judgment are eloquent in their praise.—DERMODY is now but just turned of eighteen ; the age of poor unfriended CHATTERTON !

## TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

ON SEEING THE LATE EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

SOMETIMES, when Fate will let me smile,  
I, too, can catch the sportive style ;  
Each meteor flash of humour try,  
And point the sadly serious eye.  
But, ah ! full seldom can I break  
Those clouds, that hang on musing's cheek ;  
Or, while new cares assault like lions,  
Bid this vile spot—*this world*—defiance.  
Oh ! happy thou, who safe can't rove,  
Studious, thine own Parnassian grove ;  
Or, as by meek-ey'd Peace you sit,  
Cull each bright bloom of Attic wit ;  
And, with a hand well-judging, o'er  
Your sweet song strew the splendid store !  
Alas ! can wretched wight presume,  
When wrapp'd in melancholy gloom,  
The winged stallion to bestride,  
Or quaff the Poet's hallow'd tide ?  
Can I, whom crosses diabolical  
Have robb'd of pleasure, fire, and frolic all,  
Enough to make old Momus grumble,  
With misf Thalia romp, and tumble ?  
No, no, 'tis quite too much, I swear,  
With now a smile, and now a tear,

N n

To

To fill the motley page ;—yet when I,  
*Sans* patron, or a fingle penny,  
 Think on what your kind heart may do,  
 Still to the Muses' interest true,  
 Tho' of reflection I am weary,  
 And spite of rubs—I will be merry.

THOMAS DERMODY.

WOOD-STREET, MAY 19, 1793.

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TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

NO. 75, GRAFTON - STREET.

HAIL! heaven-born votary of the laurel'd Nine,  
 That in the groves of science strike their lyres !  
 Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine,  
 Sage Reason guides, and wild-ey'd Fancy fires.

If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark  
 Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increas'd the flame ;  
 Thy smiles beam'd sunshine on my wandering bark,  
 That dar'd to try Castalia's dangerous stream.

Oh ! then for thee may many a joy-wing'd year  
 With not a stain, but still new charms, appear ;  
 'Till when at length thy mortal course is run,  
 Thou sett'st, in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun.

THOMAS MOORE.

AUNGIER-STREET, JAN. 1, 1794.

TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

NO. 75, GRAFTON - STREET,

ON PERUSAL OF THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

BY A LADY.

FRIEND of the Muses! can you spare  
A little time from public care,  
To hear me prate with pen and ink,  
And say verbatim what I think?

Your book, in which the Muses twine  
Peculiar wreaths for every line,  
That worth throughout each passage shows  
Which in the Author's bosom glows.

Your panegyrics all confess'd,  
Show nature to advantage dress'd;  
Your elegiac measures flow  
In murmuring tides of melting woe:  
And, on your feather'd favourites' bier,  
Obtain'd the soft regretting tear.

When satire slides into your song,  
How chearily it trips along!  
And gives in all the gust of chat,  
A cut to this, a lash to that.

Thus



Thus with judicious taste you spread  
 A feast for both the heart and head ;  
 Where, grave or gay, in all you write  
 Instruction mingles with delight.  
 'Tis thus in real life you blend  
 The strict preceptor, and the cordial friend.

While every plant of genius shows  
 Beneath whose forming hand it rose,  
 Your pupil MOORE delights me more  
 Than ever school-boy did before ;  
 The votive lay to you consign'd,  
 Has force with classic ease combin'd \*.

The product of the soil displays  
 The culturing hand to whom it pays,  
 In all the grateful warmth of youth,  
 The early crop of taste and truth.

Adieu! and may such fertile soil  
 Full oft repay thy studious toil ;  
 And with thy lessons may'st thou long impart  
 The sterling virtues of thy blameless heart.

DUBLIN, JULY 29, 1794.

\* This particularly alludes to the Stanzas preceding and other admired Performances exhibited by Master MOORE, the young gentleman mentioned, page 264, who, at a very early age, entered the University from Mr. WHYTE's with distinguished honour to himself, as well as his able and worthy preceptor.

TO MISS WHYTE,

ON HER PERFORMANCE OF ANNA, IN DOUGLAS, A PRIVATE  
PLAY GIVEN AT LADY BORROWES'S,

WEDNESDAY SEPT. XXXTH, MDCCLXXXIX.

BY THE LADY WHO PERFORMED MATILDA.\*

ANNA! lovely ANNA! hear  
Praise adapted to thy ear;  
Not such as venal flattery's tongue  
To the rich and great has sung;  
Nor yet love's insidious praise,  
That's meant your vanity to raise;  
Nor the promiscuous many's voice,  
Devoid of taste, devoid of choice;  
Far other approbation's mine—  
The offering shan't disgrace the shrine;  
While I to friendship tribute pay,  
Truth shall dignify the lay.  
With timid grace, approach, dear maid!  
In Nature's loveliest ease array'd;  
Thy eyes with modest lustre beaming  
Feeling and sense beyond all seeming.—  
As poor MATILDA's mournful fate  
With tender pity you relate,

In

\* Mrs. Jo. Lefanu, sister to Mr. Sheridan, the Member.

In accents sad, and soft, and slow,  
 Expressive of your heart-felt woe,  
 Let Judgment's critic eye run o'er  
 Your face and figure, and explore  
 The nameless graces you display,  
 The sentiments your looks convey;  
 Judgment will own she must approve,  
 What every feeling heart must love.

---

I M P R O M P T U,  
 BY SIR ALEXANDER SCHOMBERG,

AT THE TRAGEDY OF JANE SHORE,  
 GIVEN BY LADY BORROWES, MARCH XVI, MDCCXC, ON BEING  
 ASKED BY A LADY HIS OPINION OF  
 MISS WHYTE'S PERFORMANCE.

**T**OO great the task for me, you must allow,  
 To bind the garland round fair ANNA'S brow!  
 Could arts of sculpture and of painting teach  
 To chizel motion and delineate speech,  
 Then Poesy with active aid might trace  
 The various windings of each wavy grace:—

Then might the song with magic radiance glow,  
 And thus to ANNA'S praise the psaltery swell:  
 "Thy words like tender flakes of feather'd snow,"  
 Believe me, ANNA! "melted as they fell."

Then

Then let the epic muse describe the war ;  
 Let laureate bards pay compliments to kings ;  
 The youth who chaunts thy merit, Rifing-Star !  
 Must harmonize his harp with softer strings !

Enough for me, that to IERNE's shore  
 I safely wafted WESTMORELAND along—  
 When Neptune trembled for the charge I bore,  
 And the rude sea grew civil at my song.

✍ Miss MARTHA ANN WHYTE, the subject of the two preceding little poems, though she never before had recited ten lines from any play, tragedy or comedy, was inadvertently drawn in to perform Anna in Douglas, from being prevailed on to read the part at a rehearsal, to which, with others, she was invited, in the absence of the lady to whom it was originally assigned.—Jane Shore was some time afterwards got up ; every thing ready, and the day fixed for performance. At this critical juncture, the dereliction of a principal party, occasioned no small embarrassment ; to obviate which Miss Whyte was applied to, and though earnestly and repeatedly solicited from various quarters, where in any other case she would have esteemed it a happiness to oblige, the point was not easily reconciled ; the time too was very limited ; however at length reluctance gave way to motives of friendship.—From the accounts of her performance the Countess of Westmoreland became solicitous to see her in the part ; but the play was not repeated. Her ladyship not long before, the Earl of Westmoreland being Lord Lieutenant, had arrived in the Yacht, under the command of Sir Alexander Schomberg, who wrote, during the passage, some admired verses on the occasion, to which he alludes in his lines on Miss Whyte.



TO MISS WHYTE,  
ON  
SEEING A PICTURE OF HER,  
DESIGNED FOR HER FATHER.

MAY XXXTH, MDCCXCI.

To say you are lovely is to say no more  
Than what ten thousand must have said before ;  
To say that beauty and her handmaid grace  
Attend your footsteps and illume your face,  
Is truth, dear maid ! in the most literal sense ;  
Your form possessing every excellence :  
Yet face and shape may be pourtray'd by art ;  
But who can paint the beauties of your heart,  
The glow of tendernefs and filial joy,  
That only fervent blifs without alloy,  
Which sweetly mantles on your virgin cheek,  
Whene'er your honour'd father's name you speak !—  
Thus, heavenly maid ! the reason is reveal'd  
Why every artist in your likenefs fail'd ;  
Their earthy pencils could not draw the line  
Between mere beauty and the rays divine,  
That prove your form, all lovely and refin'd,  
The casket only of a lovelier mind.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

TO  
MR. W H Y T E

ON READING HIS

M I R R O U R F O R Y O U T H, &c.

BY

A N T H O N Y K I N G, L.L.D.\*

STRANGE! that in Critic guise such charms you boast ;  
When most severe, 'tis then you please the most :  
Correct in Judgment, and refin'd in Taste,  
So true to Nature, and in Art so chaste,  
You, like the Bee, Dramatic sweets can sip, 5  
Still prompt to turn the Poison from the Lip ;  
You check the fond extravagance of youth,  
And fix the Mirrour on the side of Truth ;  
By sad example stem the giddy rage,  
That goads intemperate folly to the Stage ; 10  
Familiar facts present before the eye,  
While Pity's self in justice heaves the sigh,  
To save unthinking Innocence from shame,  
And spare those pangs that would embitter fame ;  
Since none but those *incautious* who explore 15  
The shoals of Fortune, would approach her shore ;  
By this, we know the precepts you pursue ;  
By this, we learn the praise that is your due :  
The Pulpit, Senate, and the Bar declare  
The fostering touches of your early care ; 20

N n

Nor

\* Author of the *Frequented Village*—*The Moriad*—*Essay on National Education*, and other Miscellaneous Piece

Nor lives a youth, ambitious of a name,  
 But grafts his laurels on your well-earn'd fame :  
 Yet not restricted to this favour'd foil,  
 Even Britain shares the harvest of your toil ;  
 Freedom's first Champions your alliance boast, 25  
 And in a single name we name a Host.  
 See SHERIDAN !\* whom all the Nine inspire,  
 Explor'd by you, you rous'd the latent fire,  
 Which blazing now, develop'd and intense,  
 Bursts with a flood of radiance on the sense ; 30  
 Gives light to counsel and to senates laws,  
 And justly from the world extorts applause.  
 'Tis thine, to teach our youth to speak with grace ;  
 To nerve the tongue and animate the face ;  
 To earn those laurels, which the stage has won ; 35  
 To speak like ROSCIUS,—but his fate to shun.

## REBUS.

\* Mr. WHYTE opened his Seminary for the Institution of Youth, Monday, April the 3d, 1758, encouraged to the arduous undertaking by the late Mr. Sheridan, an enthusiast on the important subject of Education. That Gentleman's two sons, Charles-Francis, and Richard-Brinsley above alluded to, were his first Pupils ; but, 'tis a circumstance worthy of remark, their early years afforded no hopes of that vigour of genius for which they have since been distinguished, and of the two, Richard-Brinsley, the youngest, continued for some time the most unpromising. Their Mother, a Lady no less respected for her domestic Virtues, than admired in the Literary World, on committing them to his care took occasion to inculcate the necessity of arming himself with Patience, adding, " These Boys " will be your tutors in that respect ; I have hitherto been their " only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine ; for " two such impenetrable Dunces I never met with."

## R E B U S.

**W**HAT cunning mortal Rebus-Writing taught?  
 Whether from Phœbus' self the hint was caught,  
 Or from the tuneful Sisters first it fell,  
 'Tis hard, I ween, and of small use to tell;  
 Tho' book-learn'd critics oft, or story errs,                     5  
 Have spun out volumes on as vague affairs;  
 But be it or not of origin divine,  
 My friends approving I shall ne'er repine.  
 You, honour'd and esteem'd, call forth the Muse;  
 She feels your influence and she can't refuse,                     10  
 And tho' in cabalistic rhyme she deal,  
 Her love she owns, nor wishes to conceal;  
 Your skill the matchless Nymph may soon reveal.                     }

Add to a toy peculiar to the Fair,  
 For uses various, and of fashion rare,                     15  
 One half of what she does when pert and rude,  
 Familiar fops would on her lips intrude;  
 Next take a syllable, the same in sound  
 Of what beneath the Sun is no where found,  
 Join'd with one half of that, which, 'tis confess'd, 20  
 Fir'd Shakspeare's thought, and glow'd in Milton's breast,  
 And, if exact you hit it to a T,  
 My Care's great boast, and Nature's pride you'll see.

Yet hold——me too a Sister claimant charms;  
 Excites my praise, and every bosom warms;                     25  
 Let



Let me the tribute of Affection pay ;  
 Thus Justice dictates, and supports the lay.  
 Behold yon beauteous shrub, fragrant and tall,  
 Spreading its verdant honours o'er the wall !  
 That beauteous shrub, propitious, strikes my eyes, 30  
 And emblematic well my verse supplies :  
 There, in its modest, comely foliage seen,  
 We trace her mild, engaging air and mien ;  
 Its odorous flowrets copiously dispense  
 Types of her blooming youth and innocence ; 35  
 Seven letters justly constitute its name,  
 Twice two of which announce the lovely dame.  
 Fearless thus far of Censure's carping tooth,  
 In mystic numbers I have asserted truth.  
 Ye squeamish Dons ! of intellect sublime, 40  
 Now shake your pates, and execrate such rhyme :  
 " Poor simple stuff ! for children only fit !  
 " What, play on syllables ! the dregs of wit."—  
 Enjoy your own, we neither fret nor swell,  
 Laughing's our plan, so *vive la Bagatelle* ! 45

# IMPROMPTU.

## ON DUBLIN IMPROVEMENTS,

MDCCXC.

**W**HERE Dirt-holes three months since disgraced  
 College-green,  
 A Temple erected to Mercury's seen ;  
 But in High-street St. Michael they've left in the lurch,  
 And for years to a Dirt-hole converted his Church.

IMPROMP-

## IMPROPTU.

WRITTEN ON A YOUNG LADY'S FAN.

**T**HIS toy, sweet Nymph! by thee display'd,  
May serve thy charms to shield,  
And for our peace, so bright a maid  
Should always be conceal'd.

But in thy hand, accomplish'd Fair!  
Still faithful to thy fame,  
The spark struck by thy shape and air  
It fans into a flame.

## EPIGRAMS.

VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL. OVID.

**T**ALKWELL, distress'd, forlorn and poor,  
'Without me could not live;—  
Now, purse-proud grown, he bars his door!  
Well! I've no more to give.

## ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

**DICK!** hold thy vain protesting tongue;  
I am not so raw a gull;  
'Tis but the flourish of a drum,  
Great cry, and little wool.

ON A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S ENTERING THE HOUSE  
AT THE CLOSE OF A LONG-WINDED SPEECH.

**T**URGESIUS had gabbled himself out of breath;  
A Nick! cries Laconic, I am in at the Death.

TO

TO EUBULUS, THE IPSWICH CASUIST.\*

**H**IS freeborn spirit why should Man  
With musty institutions tether?  
But when you once reform a plan,  
Reform it altogether:  
A Day of Rest since you decree  
We should no longer Sunday keep;  
'Tis a sore tax on Industry;  
Odds, Thrift! then let's abolish SLEEP.

*Trinity Sunday, June 19th, 1791.*

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN DUAS SORORES PERVENUSTAS, MARE INFELICITER OBRUTAS.

**C**ÆRULEIS quid nunc debemus fluctibus, UNAM  
Si VENEREM dederint, cum rapuere DUAS?

IN MATREM ET FILIUM.

**P**ARVE puer! lumen quod habes cede parenti;  
Tunc tu alter eris Amor, illa VENUS.†

PSALMUS.

\* This Gentleman, miserable that the Mechanic and industrious Poor should enjoy one day's respite out of seven from their labours (because haply it interfered with his own particular schemes of profit) has thrown away huge masses of erudition on the subject, and, with a heart more unfeeling than a Dutchman's, would rob the unfortunate Debtor of King William's benevolence, for which liberal purpose, it has been affirmed, he conscientiously employed his Sundays.

† See Translations, pages 219, 220.

P S A L M U S.

CXXXVII.

1. **C**ORPORA per terram fessi deiecimus ægra,  
Qua ruit Euphrates rapidis Babylonius undis,  
Flevimus infando Patriæ infortunia luctu,  
Et tua fata, Sion! Lachrymis memoramus acerbis.

2. At Citharas, quondam lætas, ubi plurima passim  
Circum crescebant, tenuere arbuta silentes.

3. Nam Domini multo oppressis risere superbi  
Fastu insultantes Rebus, rigideque jubentes,  
'Dicite, Judæi! solitos nunc dicite Cantus.'

4. Eheu! nosse Dei laudes, cantusque Sionis,  
Captivi ignotâ jussu celebrabimus Orâ?

5. O Solyma! ingrato si te unquam ex pectore pellam,  
Dextra hæc tum tremulas dediscat tangere chordas:

6. Si te non semper constanti mente recordor,  
Immemor infauisto figatur lingua palato.  
Immo etiam, lætâ si carmina profero voce  
Dum reducem video Solyman, charosque Penates.

7. O Domine! exitium Solymæ reminiscere dirum,  
Barbara ut immitis proles clamavit Edomi,  
'Funditus ad Terram, prosternite funditus urbem.'

8. O



8. O Babylone fata ! æumnis damnata futuris,  
Heu ! felix erit ille, tuos qui, ut tu quoque nostros,  
Evertet Muros.

9. ————Heu ! terque quaterque beatus !  
Qui nates ante ora Patrum vibrabit in auras,  
Et tremula asperfis illidet corpora faxis.

✎ No translation of the above, itself being but a poetical imitation, appears in the preceding part of this volume ; the reader may find a version of the 137th Psalm in his Bible or Prayer Book, or any other translation of the Psalms, which he may consult at his leisure, if desirous to compare them.—The gallant Sir Philip Sidney's, in the Guardian, No. 18, has been highly admired.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED SEVERAL

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL LETTERS, &c.

INCIDENTAL TO THE SUBJECT.

Page 1. Verse 6. *Beyond all temperance, &c.* "IN the very torrent, tempest and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance*, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustuous, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings," &c.—Shakspeare, vol. x. p. 64. Capell's Edition.—As the name of Pritchard occurs more than once in the course of this Essay, the reader may probably wish to be better acquainted with her character, which, for the present, will be sufficiently illustrated by a short extract from Doddsley's Annual Register, for the year 1768, volume XI. where it may be seen more at large, written upon her quitting the stage, some short time before her death.—"Mrs. Pritchard has been near forty years upon the stage; what has been often said of the famous Mrs. Bracegirdle, may be as justly applied to her; that though greatly flattered, surrounded by temptations, and upon the stage, she left it with an unblemished character," &c.—"If our stage could have a succession of such actresses as Mrs. Pritchard, the public would never want rational amusement, nor the stage worthy examples to contradict the slander, falsehood, and perverseness of some fanatical preachers and writers."—For an account of her fair cotemporary and rival in the honours of the Buskin, the reader may consult the *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. under the word Cibber; she died January 30th 1776. When the news of her decease was brought

to Garrick, he pronounced her eulogium emphatically in a few words :—*Then Tragedy expired with her.*—Garrick abdicated the government of Old Drury in the same year, 1776.

*Page 3, v. 49.—Laureate Cibber, or the archcoxcomb Thé.*—Theophilus Cibber was son of the Laureate and Patentée of that name, both excellent in the same line of acting : see Biog. Dram. He was as very a coxcomb off the stage as on it—always in needy and involved circumstances, and was at last drowned in the Irish sea, along with several others engaged for Dublin, which proved a severe blow to Mr. Sheridan the Manager embarrassed by a formidable opposition there.

Cibber the elder, had a daughter named *Charlotte*, who also took to the stage ; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read ; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieu of Clarkenwel Bridewell, not very distant from the new River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped Power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the copper captain's tattered



tered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule-a-Wife*. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!—A magpie perched on the top rung of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which without farther ceremony we contrived to sit down and entered upon business—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation!—The bookfeller offered, five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercation ensued. This was  
the



the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer himself was an eye-witness.

*Page 3, verse 54.—'T would make a Macklin smile.* Charles Macklin, generally reputed a man of austere manners, fixes the æra of his nativity in the close of the last century; he is still living (1791); but so infirm of body and reduced in circumstances, that a subscription, it is said, is now on foot for his support; if he has constitution to weather out nine years longer he may rank co-eval with Nestor, the oldest of the Greeks, who, as we learn from Homer, saw three centuries. Macklin is now father of the stage, upon which he maintained a distinguished reputation upwards of sixty years. You! who enjoy youth and the blessings of prosperity, suffer not his hoary head to sink in sorrow to the grave. He nobly stood forward in the cause of freedom, and to his firmness and spirit in the prosecution of a set of malevolent insignificants, who take upon them at their pleasure wantonly to insult the performers and interrupt the decorum of public amusement, to their own disgrace and the  
annoyance

annoyance of the audience, his theatrical brethren are indebted for their portion of deliverance from that illiberal species of cruelty and oppression. "The blow for freedom gives you the rights of men."

*Page 5. verse 99. Shore's hapless wife, that paragon confess'd.*

—Our dramatic writers frequently take the subjects of their tragedies from true history; but so confound and pervert facts, distort characters and cloud their pictures with foreign incidents, that of the original scarce any vestige remains discoverable but the names. This may make the scholar smile; but to the young and unlettered, who constitute the major part of most audiences, it is of serious concern. Many of them have little or no knowledge of such matters but what they glean from the delusive portraits brought forward on the stage, mere caricatures of nature and truth, which, heightened by the pomp and brilliancy of diction with the superadded graces and powers of representation, induce forcible and lasting impressions. The unwary spectators imbibe fiction in prejudice of reality, and, under the influence of chimerical illusion, forming their notions and reasonings upon the erroneous and false statements of the poet, are hurried into a labyrinth of vague and ridiculous conclusions. The improvement of the fable is a bad argument for the subversion of truth; and if morality be the object, it can be but ill advanced by the exhibition of falsehood. The very means of supporting it injures the cause. Jane Shore was a proper subject for tragedy, and 'tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated delinquent, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. If in any case the truth of history might be violated, perhaps in such it were least reprehensible. The authentic page of her real story was seldom seen and little known; the legendary tale, calculated no doubt for good purposes, was in extensive circulation and currently received: Rowe therefore had an option, and of this he availed himself, preferring the legend, to which he pretty closely

closely adheres, and judiciously, as the most popular and interesting of the two. Dr. Percy in his *reliques of ancient English poetry*, vol. 2. page 254. edit. 3. gives a correct copy of the old ballad, to which is prefixed the genuine portrait of her, as drawn by two masterly pens. Some additional particulars may prove acceptable, from documents equally authentic and curious, which not being noticed by the Rt. Rev. learned and accurate editor of the *reliques* most probably escaped his research.

LETTER FROM RICHARD, III, TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

This letter is an additional proof of the falsehood of the traditional story about Jane Shore, and confirms Sir Thomas More's account of her *in his pitiful history*: that Lord Hastings had succeeded Edward the 4th in her affections is well known; but perhaps the reader now learns for the first time that after her penance she had another admirer who *made a contract of matrimony* with her.

BY THE KING.

" Rt. Rev. Father in God, &c. signifying unto you that it is shewed unto us that our servant and solicitor Thomas Lynom marvelously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore now being in Ludgate by our commandment hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel to proceed to effect of the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him and in that ye goodly may exhort and stir him to the contrary, and if you find him utterly set for to marry her and none otherwise would be advertised, then if it may stand with the law of the church we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London, that upon sufficient surety formed of her good abearing, ye do send for her keeper and discharge him of our said commandment by warrant of these committing her to the rule and guiding of  
her

her father or any other by your discretion in the mean season.  
Given, &c. &c."

To the Right Rev. Father in God,  
The Bishop of Lincoln our Chancellor.

*Hardwicke's State Papers, Vol. I. page 573.*

*Page 8. verse 192. Another Champion future bards may sing.*

Betterton in his life of Mrs. Oldfield, pages 3. and 57, mentions a promising young actress of this name; she was interred in Latimer's Church, Buckinghamshire, where we find her endowments both of body and mind elegantly delineated upon a very neat marble tablet erected to her memory, which for the gratification of the classic reader I have transcribed;

Requiescit hic

Pars mortalis Mariæ Annæ Champion.

Obiit 19 Maii, Anno MDCCVI Ætat: 19.

Quod superest ex altera parte quære.

Formam egregiam et miris illecebris ornatam

Virtutes animi superarunt.

Plebeium genus (sed honestum)

Nobilitate morum decoravit;

Supra ætatem sagax,

Supra sortem (præsertim egenis) benigna;

Inter scenicos ludos (in quibus aliquandiu versata est)

Verecunda et intemerata.

Post quatuor mensium languorem

(a febris Hæctica correptum)

Intempestivam mortem

Forti pectore et Christiana Pietate subivit:

Humanitate præditis,

(Si quid mentem mortalia tangunt)

Flebilis;

Amicis, heu! flebilior.

Dilectissimis reliquiis sacrum,

Lapidem hunc poni curavit

G. D. D.

Her



Her name-fake of more modern note, seems advantageously to pursue her steps; she made her debut in Monimia, at Crow-street, February 17, 1790; has since occasionally tried both the buskin and the sock, and her attempts have been attended with reputation and success.—At the present writing, (this being part of what was inserted since the first publication) Aug. 1790, she is but seventeen; an age surrounded with innumerable disqualifications; yet favourable to the cultivation of talents, and secure of conspicuity with discretion and care.

*Page 15, verse 371. We boast our larvs, larvs are of little, &c.*  
The following curious Relation is taken literally from one of our immaculate newspapers:

A few evenings ago two bailiffs took their mysterious stands at the corner of a street not many miles from Chancery-lane, in order to intercept a gentleman who had dined there---about seven o'clock, the gentleman, having probably received some intelligence of the *set* made by these human poachers, appeared with a shining blade in one hand, and an excellent Shillela towel in the other; the catchpoles seeing their game, advanced, and the destined victim of durance vile made a full stop, said, 'Fellows! if you have any business with me I am ready to receive you.' The bailiffs, finding themselves disappointed and likely to have caught the wrong sow by the ear, thought proper to retreat, especially as their good friends the mobility, whom they are rather cautious of disoblighing, began to assemble. The gentleman was saluted by three cheers, and the catchpoles were treated with the significant sound of *ware-baruk*, which accompanied them to the lower Castle-Gate. From the known disposition and general character of this kind it is not improbable that they may swear a rescue; but many witnesses can prove that the intended prisoner owed his freedom to his own intrepidity and preparation, and no action lies for hissing and groaning such detested performers off any stage where they appear.

What

What a characteristic description of a wife and virtuous people! what an encouragement to Legislators to study redress of grievances, is here! what wit! what humour! Is it not, reader! a funny paragraph?—alas!—'tis wanting what should follow; the catastrophe should follow; but to that, we will charitably suppose, the facetious author was a stranger. The Gentleman creditor, he tells us, had dined, and, we may fairly conclude, had taken a hearty bottle; but the credulous plaintiff, who had parted with his property, and trusted to the imposing appearance of the GENTLEMAN, had *not* dined; he had no appetite, no dinner to eat. The debt had been long contracted; every indulgence had been given, and in consequence of the Gentleman's recent assurances, corroborated with the most solemn oaths, the unfortunate man, again deceived, had promised his importunate landlord immediate payment of his rent, which by the disappointment he was unable to accomplish—a keeper was laid upon his house, he lost his business, his creditors were apprized of it, and he was taken and lodged in the Marshalsea, where, if his misfortunes have not put a period to his existence he languishes an object of commiseration. He had a family; an infirm old father, a wife and children; they were turned into the streets and exposed to all the bitterness of want. His only daughter had the misfortune to be handsome, and her poverty and distress exposed her to the solicitations of baseness.—Is this a scene for sport and laughter?—can a commercial people hope to thrive? can a nation ever be blessed, where such flagrant outrages against law and justice are not only connived at but encouraged and supported? It is said, we should hope without foundation, that the sheriffs in different parts of the country, when they have occasion to visit the public fairs and markets, make it a practice to advertise before hand their intention, that gentlemen, against whom they have writs, may be upon their guard, and not lay them under the necessity of doing their duty: this is not the custom of a neighbouring country, where the

laws are suffered to take their course. The writer was present, not many years ago, in a first rate manufacturing town, where a gentleman of very considerable fortune had contracted a debt of fifty odd pounds; but, presuming upon his own consequence and the despised inferiority of his creditor, with-held payment—a writ was at length issued; the constable, a decent tradesman, with his staff in his hand, accompanied only by his follower, went to the market-place, at an hour it was most crowded, in quest of the opulent defaulter, and, having him pointed out, gave him the electrical tap—there was no attempt at a rescue—no sneers—no ware-hawk—no disturbance—it was a common cause; the law was peaceably executed and the creditor was paid his just demand—there trade is encouraged, it flourishes—the middle and lower orders of the people receive the rewards of their industry, affluence and comfort every where attend them; it is seen in their habitations, it appears in their persons, and not only the town alluded to, in a remarkable degree, but the whole nation shows the salutary and happy effects of an equitable administration of justice, and a due respect for the laws.—Unprincipled debtors make hard-hearted creditors, of this character there are men in all countries, and their conduct is often highly reprehensible and cruel: but those are more notoriously of the tribe, who assume the style and title of Gentlemen—they grind the face of the poor and needy, take advantage of the distresses to which themselves have probably been instrumental, and batten at ease on the fruits of chicanery and oppression. The fabricators of contumely draw no line of distinction, involving in their censures and indiscriminate raillery, those of every description, which, with whatever pretences to tenderness and humanity, tends to sap every principle of integrity, and proves equally an imputation on their morals and their judgment.

It is too palpable to require illustration what effects such notable animadversions are likely to produce in the minds of youth,



youth, susceptible of impression, indifferent to consequences, and, from their levity and inexperience, liable to false conclusions. Nor is it less notorious how frequently they are played upon, run to enormous expence and brought into the most inextricable difficulties, when they fall, as is but too commonly the case, into the hands of mercenary, artful, and corrupt practitioners.

*Page 20, verse 510.* Henry Mossop was born in the year 1729, his father, a clergyman, was rector of Tuam, in the province of Connaught, in the kingdom of Ireland, where he mostly resided, universally beloved. Young Mossop, as well as his father, was bred in Trinity College, Dublin, where he pursued his studies with diligence and credit, and at the regular time obtained his degrees. His first appearance on the stage was at Smock-alley, Thursday November 28th, 1749, in the part of Zanga, which he played three successive nights, in which, as a good judge expresses it, he displayed an astonishing degree of beautiful wildness, and at times such extraordinary marks of genius broke forth, as evidently indicated his future greatness.—His next character was Richard, after which he took occasion to quarrel with the manager and went to London; he made his debut there in Richard, with distinguished advantage. Mossop had a strong and harmonious voice, which could rise from the lowest note to the highest pitch of sound, and was indeed one of the most comprehensive ever heard. He excelled most in parts of turbulence and rage, of regal tyranny and sententious gravity; and though as an actor he had many defects, Mossop was in London, after Garrick and Barry, the most applauded and valuable actor. He continued acting with success in London and sometimes in Dublin 'till the year 1761, when he commenced manager of Smock-alley, in opposition to Barry and Woodward, which ended in his ruin, and, though he could not wrest the sceptre from them, it paved the way for their destruction also. After much soli-



citude and various turns of fortune, finding himself shut out, both at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, he died at Chelsea in extreme poverty, November 1773. It is said he had but one half-penny in his possession at his decease. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expence; but Mr. Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from taking place. Thus we may apply to poor Mossop what was said of another unfortunate genius, Butler,—‘He asked for bread and he received a stone!’

Henry Woodward died April the 17th, 1777; as a comic performer he long stood unrivalled in his cast of parts, and in private life conducted himself with honour and respectability. By persevering industry and the dint of saving he had scraped up near four thousand pounds, most of which he lost in his Crow-street scheme, where he was induced to commence manager in co-partnership with Barry, the effects of which he severely felt to his last moments.

David Ross, a native of Scotland, of honourable extraction, was sometime proprietor and manager of the theatre in Edinburgh, and an excellent though irregular actor; he was of a convivial disposition and much devoted to the gratifications of the table. In the year 1788, I found him confined to his bed depending upon the casual bounty of any friend that called on him, or to whom he had means of applying. He died since in the country of England, an unparticularized member of a travelling company.

*Page 21, verse 517. Digges highly born, &c.*—West Digges, Esq. was born in the year 1720; his father was Col. Digges, of the guards, a gentleman of family and fortune, and nearly allied to some of the first nobility in England; at his death he left his children, two sons, to the guardianship of the Duke of Montague and the late Earl Delawar. To the title and estate of the latter mentioned noble peer, young Digges was then and for many years after, presumptive heir.—He was for  
some

some time in the army, which he quitted and embraced the profession of an actor, first at Smock-alley, Wednesday, November 27, 1749, the very night before Mossop appeared.—Except Barry, the public had never till then beheld so finished a figure as Mr. Digges, and his performance, in the judgment of his auditors, was equal to his appearance; the part was Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*. He remained on the Dublin stage till the great riot, Feb. 2d, 1754, to which he was greatly accessary; but went afterwards to Edinburgh, where he became manager and a considerable favourite. After many caprices of fortune, a mistress who mostly seemed obdurate to his sollicitations, he returned in his old age to Dublin, and died of a paralytic stroke, which attacked him at rehearsal, under which calamity he laboured many months wholly dependant on gratuitous assistance for his support.

*Page 21, verse 525.*—Mr. James Wilder, a good comedian, a most respectable citizen, and to sum up all a worthy honest man, was bred a herald painter. He and Mrs. Wilder, his first wife, arrived in Dublin from Drury-lane theatre early in the season commencing in 1756. It was the winter of Mr. Sheridan's return to Ireland after an absence of two years, in consequence of the great riot which drove him from the stage and his country in the year 1754. The mists of prejudice and party were now nearly dissipated, and the public began to look upon Mr. Sheridan as a much injured man, to whom they were under infinite obligations, which could no other way be compensated than by restoring him to the station he had lately held with so much honour. On his arrival he set about the re-establishment of the stage with alacrity, to repair the theatre, get new scenes painted, and make additions and improvements in the wardrobe; nor was he remiss in procuring the best entertainment for the public which the times and circumstances would admit. It was on this occasion Mr. and Mrs. Wilder were engaged. They made their first appearance

at

at Smock-alley, Saturday December 17, 1756, in the parts of Macheath and Polly, in the Beggar's Opera; in which they acquitted themselves so highly to the satisfaction of the audience, that they brought the opera once more into fashion, and it was performed once a week during the season, upwards of twenty nights, besides benefits, to crowded houses. In Captain Macheath Mr. Wilder took occasion to introduce a new song called a Cock-and-a-Bull, which became a great favourite and contributed greatly to the support of the opera, both this and the ensuing season. Their great success induced the manager to get up the elegant musical entertainment of the Oracle, which also had a prodigious run. Mrs. Wilder was young, pretty and a good figure, and was esteemed excellent in girls' parts. Her Cynthia and Wilder's Oberon were received with singular applause. She was originally bred a Quaker, and had all the neatness in her appearance of that estimable people. When very young she unadvisedly gave her hand to a military surgeon, who carried her with him to America, where he treated her unworthily, and, dying shortly after, left her with an infant on the breast, destitute in a foreign land! must the mother and her helpless innocent both perish?—she joined a company of players there, it was her only alternative; yet it exposed her to new and almost unparalled distresses, which I have often heard her feelingly describe. It will be sufficient to say, she travelled on foot, with her child, an infant daughter, in her arms, from one end of the Continent of North America to the other! Wilder afterwards met her in Edinburgh I think, and in his conduct towards her proved himself an affectionate husband, and a tender father to her child. His present wife—an excellent young woman!—by whom he has several fine children, was eldest daughter to the Honourable Mrs. T——r, sister to two Peers of Great Britain.—Wilder, with the attachment of a sincere warm-hearted man, remained with Sheridan till he gave up Smock-alley, and  
successively



successively engaged with the same zeal in the service of Mossop, Barry, and Ryder. But afterwards, disgusted by some ill treatment, he took his final leave of the stage, Friday May 16th, 1788.

The following letter to the author from Wilder, the morning after he had quitted the stage, comes home to our point; is descriptive of the man, and proves the feelings of a worthy heart at a painful crisis.

‘ My dear friend!

‘ Your note gives me both pleasure and pride—thirty-two years of any man’s unalterable friendship is sufficient to convince the most ignorant how to place their confidence—such a period has passed without my being able to discover a difference in you; therefore your note is sterling coin, and I thank you for it.

‘ I shall obey your mandate; but in the first place I must tell you, that the address has met with such universal approbation from every one that I read it to, that had I complied with general requests, it would take me half a year to write copies, which you may be assured I have avoided.

‘ I hope though, you will gratify the public with the view of it—and don’t put your candle under a basket; but let your light so shine.

‘ I have had three applications for the copy in order for publication; one from a Mr. Campbell, whom I do not know and did not answer, as it came before I was up—one from Mr. Gilbert, George’s-lane; to him I wrote, that it was not in my power without your approbation—to Mr. Lewis I did the same; but advised him to apply to you, as I am under the obligation of his writing out three copies for me; one to be prompted by, one for Hitchcock to manage the bell, and one to be sent to the country; the two first I have sent for this morning, for in my confusion (which was not small) I had forgot to bring them away.

‘ In the note I wrote to Lewis I begged, if you consented to the publication, that you would likewise consent to a few alterations



terations that I took the liberty to make, and which are as follow :

“ *Obliged to call in foreign aid,*” instead of “ *Seek,*” &c.—instead of “ *Twelve times prisoner,*” &c.—“ *Often prisoner,*” &c. as it leaves it more at large, and thirty times would be scarce sufficient, besides seven executions. Instead of “ *Now you see me cast,*”——“ *Now myself I cast.*” My pride could not suffer the idea of being cast off. Instead of “ *My own contriving, Oldboy,*” &c.—“ *Yet Oldboy still, and Benbow,*” &c.—All which I hope you will consent to.

‘ I had a hard task last night, and am happy at having your approbation——“ the approbation of one virtuous mind, is more valuable than all the noisy applause and “ uncertain favour of the great and guilty.”

*Vide Garrick's Æsop in the Shadew.*

‘ Give my love to your darling daughter and honest Edward, and thank them for me : I long to see her to convince her that I was not to blame in her not having the box which she desired—from the great goodness of some people that shall be nameless, many places might have been had—I could have set them several times over.

‘ I am infinitely obliged to Mrs. \*\*\*\*! her damned bail put twenty guineas out of my way—but I suppose Mr. \*\*\* will make me amends by appointing me his deputy in Nubibus, or recommending me to some Government in Air.

I am, dear Samuel Whyte!

With great sincerity,

Mecklenburgh-street,

Your much obliged Friend,

May 17, 1788.

And humble Servant,

JAMES WILDER.

‘ P. S. I was obliged to detain your messenger longer than I wished by Mr. Roper calling on me.—I am not worn out, but as stout as ever this morning.—My family desire most cordially to be remembered.—I have had the honour of a great many enquiries about me this morning and some visits.—I am now a great man, and to the devil I pitch the fear of a *Prompter.*

*Page 21, verse 535. The gallant Spranger, &c.*—Spranger Barry, Esq. was born in Skinner-row, Dublin, in the year 1717. He was descended of a good family, and nearly related to the last lord Santry. He succeeded his father, an eminent silver-smith, in his business; and commenced actor when he was about 27 years of age. The first part he played was Othello, for his own benefit, Wednesday the 15th February, 1744. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more perfect or finished figure than he at that time possessed. To this figure was added a voice, the harmony and melody of whose silver tones were resistless, and his performance fully gratified every expectation, such a figure and such a voice were calculated to inspire. He continued to perform sometimes in London and sometimes in Dublin with merited success, till the year 1758, when, in conjunction with Woodward, he opened, October the 23d, the theatre in Crow-street, which had been built for him by subscription, in opposition to Sheridan, who was manager of Smock-alley. This in the event proved a losing game to both, and but of short continuance; Woodward first withdrew; and in the year 1766, Barry also abdicated and went to London, where, crippled with the gout, which he brought with him from Dublin, he contrived, between Drury-lane and Covent-garden, to pick up a livelihood. His infirmities increased upon him continually, and such were the encroachments which time and sickness were daily making upon his powers of acting, that his defects became too visible to the audience. He died of a complication of disorders, January 10th, 1777.—*See Davis's Life of Garrick.*

*Page 22, verse 543. Another yet, &c.*—To do justice to the character here brought forward comes not within the circumscription of a note.—His talents as an actor, his conduct as a manager, and the great advantages derived to the drama from his exertions, together with his reputation as a scholar and a man, are largely set forth in Victor's and Hitchcock's Histories of the

Stage, and in Davis's *Life of Garrick, &c.*—His disappointments and misfortunes also are there pretty fully stated; but more immediately in his own writings, especially his occasional appeals to the public, which he was frequently compelled to by the illiberal attacks of his avowed enemies, and the secret machinations of pretended friends. His life was a continued scene of anxiety and labour, and, when he could no longer with honour stem the torrent of opposition, he retired with his family to France, where he lost his wife, the severest stroke of affliction he ever experienced. During his state of exile in that country, a friend in Ireland, one of his principal creditors, conceived the idea of restoring him to his native land, and, without the smallest previous intimation given of his design, by his timely exertions and interest with those in power, exonerated him from the great load of debts contracted in the course of his management, for which he had been obliged to abscond.\*—Matters being thus unexpectedly settled, and no longer in dread of his personal safety from creditors, who by oppressing an honest man, eventually injure themselves, he returned home in full hopes of carrying his scheme of education, the grand object of his life, into execution, and satisfying every pecuniary obligation of his creditors, to whom, notwithstanding the act in his favour, he considered himself upon the principles of honour unremittingly engaged. But he was then in years, and, his health visibly declining, he was ordered to England to take the benefit of the waters and try a change of air. Accordingly he set off to London for farther advice; and after a short stay there, intending for Lisbon, went to Margate, where the ninth day after his quitting his lodgings (Fifth-street, Soho) a period was put to his cares and disappointments, Thursday August 16th, 1788; the 69th year of his age.

Page

\* The aggregate of his debts at the riot, 1754, amounted to above 7000*l.*—It is remarkable, when the Petition was made out, and certain of his opulent wellwishers were applied to, not one, with all their pretended good-will, &c. &c. could be prevailed on to sign it; so it went unsupported into the House of Commons with merely the solitary name of the Petitioner. See Journals of the House of Commons. Vol. 14, page 107. Sub Die Martis, 11 Die Martii, (Tuesday, March 11th.) MDCCCLVI.



Page 12, verse 559.—*By miracle a thorn.*—This alludes to the famed Glastonbury Thorn, of which tradition has handed down such wonderful accounts.—The abbey of Glastonbury is said to have been founded about thirty years after the ascension of our Saviour, by Joseph of Arimathea, who, as well as his immediate successors, it is affirmed, lived in a cottage, made, as we now often see them, of clay and covered with boughs rendered weather proof with straw; near the entrance of which, he stuck his staff in the ground, which taking root, as is superstitiously asserted, produced the hawthorn tree, said to blossom on Christmas-day.—That Joseph of Arimathea was ever in Britain is doubtful, and, that the hawthorn, which was cut down in the civil wars, budded regularly on Christmas-day, is an imposition; tho' it certainly did about that season of the year. It is surprising it did not occur, that Joseph's staff was a piece of that very Tree of which the Crown of Thorns was made by the Jews for the Messiah; the circumstances would have favoured the supposition, and added weight to the miracle.

Jeffrey of Monmouth, in his British History, relates that in the absence of king Arthur, on an expedition against Rome, Modred, his nephew, being, conjointly with the Queen Guanhumara, entrusted with the care of the Kingdom, corrupted the matrimonial allegiance of his aunt. Arthur hearing this, prepared to revenge himself on the nefarious traitor, who audaciously braved him on his return. They met in several bloody engagements, in the last of which the perjured usurper was slain, and the renowned Arthur himself, mortally wounded, was after the battle carried to the Isle of Avallon (Glastonbury) where he soon died and was buried. Succeeding legends add, that at the place of his interment a thorn was planted, or rather spontaneously sprung up, and that its blowing on Christmas Day, was a miracle wrought by heaven in honour of our British Hero, the day of his sepulture.

This



This celebrated thorn was cut down in the civil wars: A lucky circumstance, as a certain young lady shrewdly remarked; for on the reformation of the kalendar, the poor thorn might have been sadly puzzled, which the old or the new style should govern the exhibition.

*Page 24, verse 613. O Bellamy! the dire reverse, &c.*—— Chetwood, who was prompter at the Theatre Royal, Smock-alley, in his History of the Stage, London printed, 1749, gives the following account of this unfortunate Heroine, page 113— 'This young and amiable actress was born in Ireland, in the year, 1727; she has a most admirable improving genius; therefore it will be no wonder if she soon reaches the top of perfection. She has a liberal open heart to feel and ease the distresses of the wretched. How amiable must blooming beauty appear that forms the mind with every moral virtue! she has lately left this kingdom, to the regret of all lovers of the drama.'——In a very early period of life she performed under the auspices of Mr. Sheridan; he engaged her in London and brought her out at Aungier-street, in Monimia, Nov. 11, 1744, the first year of his becoming manager. This gentleman, whose judgment in theatrical matters will scarce be contested, in the year 1788, not many months before his decease, being asked in a pretty large company, of which the author had the pleasure of being one, 'was Bellamy really very handsome?' answered, 'every body who saw her thought so.' The volatile Querist then, rather pertly, added, he had heard from very good judges she was but an indifferent actress? then, replied the veteran manager, "you heard a lie." A tolerably marked approbation of the lady's merit who had treated him rather cavalierly in her memoirs, then recently published, in which the curious reader may find an ample detail of her life and misfortunes. Victor in his history of the stage, and Hitchcock, page 149 and 197, also give evidence of her theatrical consequence. Mr. Sheridan, who was a man of veracity, often

often declared in conversation on the subject, that he knew several field officers and even bishops, who owed their advancement entirely to Bellamy, for which she never received or expected the smallest compensation; which is confirmed by Victor in his letters, &c. The celebrated Woffington was more provident on such occasions. It is reported from respectable authority, but with what justice is not contended, that, on a late Right Honourable L. L. D's being appointed to preside over a certain university, she received a *douceur* of 5000*l.* the sum stipulated for her good offices as solicitor in the business!!!

The following genuine letters, for which we are indebted to Tate Wilkinson, esq. of York, written subsequent to the publication of her memoirs, throw light upon the subject, and are not in that collection. The general contour and tone of colouring evince the same original pencil, and, in the words of the gentleman to whom the letters are addressed, draw as near to the finish of that once-admired character, as the feeling heart or eye could wish to penetrate.

My dear friend!

*King's Bench.*

'I wrote some months ago to thank you for your ham; but have had no answer. After having parted with my last guinea, and even my necessaries, to avert my present unpleasing residence, in order to obtain the rules, I was obliged to draw upon my son, and my lovely patroness, the Dutchess of Devonshire, up to Michaelmas quarter. The impositions are incredible, as the people live by the distresses of others. I am obliged to pay sixteen shillings a week for a Dog-kennel; a chandler's shop in front; backwards a carpenter's; and, what with the sawing of boards, the screaming of three ill-natured brats, the sweet voice of the lady of the mansion, who is particularly vociferous, with all the gossips who owe her a penny; with a coffee-mill which is often in use, and as noisy as London-bridge when the tide is coming in, makes such unpleasing sounds,

sounds, it is impossible to think of any thing; added to this, I have not a place for a servant. Could I raise sufficient to furnish me an apartment, I should be tolerably easy, as I have begun a work, which seems to flatter success, tho' a great undertaking, *The Characters of my Own Times*.

\* Could I raise a subscription to enable me to obtain quiet, I could live at half the expence, and be as easy as my situation would admit. *They tell me it is my birth-day*, that is, *the day of the month tells me*, for I see no-body, not even the person I most esteem upon earth, and who flatters me he is my friend. Could I borrow thirty or forty pounds for a year, I could with certainty repay it, as I am determined to receive no visits and to live as frugal as possible. Indeed for want of exercise I have no appetite, and am reduced to one old cotton gown. *Oh! what a falling off is there?* But I regret it less as I cannot stir alone without difficulty.

\* If you write, direct to No. 37, Eliot's-row, St. George's Fields, and believe me, most sincerely yours.

May 4th. 1786.

G. A. BELLAMY.

Well might she say, *a falling off*, whose wardrobe used to supply two reigning toasts, with their birth-day suits; one of whom she afterwards saw a Dutchess, the other a Countess! and THEY saw her—and—did not know her!!!—

She says in another letter, August 11th. "you may see me, as I really am (an old woman) in this day's Chronicle, and soon as a Magdalen!"—the following closes the correspondence.

\* My worthy Friend!

\* You need not enforce my error; I am too sensible of it: For though the debts I have given fresh security for, were such as would not have oppressed me, yet with the unexpected ideas I had of security in being able to pay, I indiscreetly not only paid every guinea I received from a generous public, but gave  
fresh



life's securities. What I shall do is now a matter of great vexation:—but God's will be done.—I am concerned to hear of your ill state of health. I sincerely wish I had the power, as I have the inclination, to show myself essentially your friend; which epithet you have favoured me with. You do not inform me if Mr. ——— received my letters; if he has, there are little hopes I fear from that quarter. I wish you had shown him my letter; the one I received, with only the words, *God for ever bless you*, seemed, by the great care in the envelope, to speak more than the simple benediction; but nothing more by the care of the messenger. I did imagine it came from my worthy benefactor. If you have an opportunity, mention this event, as I cannot write to a person utterly unknown.—I will correct the affair of Chalmers; but could not understand your incomprehensible letter. I imagine you do not attend to disputes of theology; else I would send you a letter I intend soon to publish. I have treated the author I have answered, perhaps in too ludicrous a light; but his ignorance and impudence deserve it. Let me intreat you to take care of yourself, for the sake of your family and intimates; for few, indeed! deserve the appellation of Friend; but believe me sincerely so, and with esteem, while

September, 23d.

G. A. BELLAMY.

‘A few months after the last letter, the good-natured and unthinking Bellamy, by her death, paid all her debts. I hope she is happy; as she endeavoured to promote the comforts of others, and never employed either riches or talents, when in affluence and splendor, to the disquietude of any.’

‘Bellamy's letters lead me to fear that too many persons, performers and others, may look back on all their former days, and pronounce, *the only comfort the review affords is, that they are past!*—Ill fate often attends geniusses, for as they possess more allies of quickness, they are more subject to frailties; which  
occasions



occasions them to feel at times a want of something more substantial than *good spirits to feed and clothe them*; as the following fanciful epistle of melancholy import will prove:—it is an original, written by the late true son of Momus, the well known George Alexander Stevens; and I trust the consonancy of the subject and the novelty of the ideas will warrant its insertion here.'

' Dear Sir !

*Yarmouth Goal.*

' When I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write Lives.—I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to write mine—but want materials for the latter part of it. For my existence now cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term still-life; having since February 13th been confined in this town goal for a London debt. As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of hers.

" Deserted at my utmost need,

" By those my former bounty fed."

' With an oeconomy, which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes—This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

' Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table; and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him; for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude.—A wig has fed me two days—the trimmings of a waistcoat as long—A pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving—My

coats

coats I swallowed by degrees : The sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks—the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months.—My silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach ; but it is ill jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that's the sharpest thing about me.—You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule : But, sir ! people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry, when they are most miserable, and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive ; which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution.—However, sir ! to show you I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it.—here, Sir ! I might make an encomium on your good nature and humanity, &c.—but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of obtaining my liberty ; and you well know, sir ! the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick : Be not therefore offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor.

*To Dr. Miller, P. M. Doncaster.*

G. A. STEVENS."

*Page 25. verse 638. On Green-room history, &c.*—The lobby or reception room behind the boxes is often called the Green-room ; but that is a misnomer. The Green-room, properly so called, probably from its being at first covered with green, is an apartment behind the scenes, contiguous to the stage, where the performers assemble in readiness, at the call of the prompter,

R r

to

to go on in their respective parts. I have seen a histrionic narrative in MS. under this denomination, which, if it ever comes forward, will open the eyes of many, delight some, alarm others, and make the million stare!!!!

*Page 27. verse 673. What Muse Fitz-Henry, &c.*—Mrs. Fitz-Henry was the daughter of honest Flannigan, mine host of the Old-ferry-boat, at the lower end of Abbey-street, near the site of the new Custom-house, but afterwards removed to the Bachelor's-walk, where, in her maiden state, she sometime lived and continued the business of embroidery, to which she had been regularly bred. In this situation Miss Mary would amuse her mind at intervals with a play-book, a constant companion, as she sat at her frame, working for her support, and contributing to that of her aged father. The house, being contiguous to the river, the captains and officers of the ships lying in the vicinity, made it their place of rendezvous, and some of them occasionally lodged and boarded with the good landlord of the Old-ferry-boat. One of them was Captain Gregory, then in the Bourdeaux trade. Having by this means frequent opportunities of enjoying our fair embroidress's company; her filial attention, her prudent unaffected manners, her industry and other engaging qualifications, made a very sensible impression on his heart, which the honest and generous-spirited tar honourably communicated to her father, and tendered the young lady his hand; the overture was not rejected; for she too had penetration, and knew how to value merit. Matters thus wearing a favourable aspect, there was nothing to hinder a convention; preliminaries were not long settling, and the definitive treaty was speedily concluded. They united interests and embarked together for life; but, alas! who can foresee the designs of Providence? An adverse blast intercepted them in their voyage. They had not long been married, when the Bridegroom was unhappily  
drowned.



drowned. Being now left a disconsolate widow, and her affectionate father also gone to his everlasting home,

The world was all before her where to choose  
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.

MILTON,

The stage, was a hazardous expedient; but it had its inducements; the theatrical hemisphere contained but few stars; many of them were set; the prospect was fair and open; pains had been taken to persuade her she had talents; there was no duty to combat; there was nothing in her situation to prohibit a trial, and if success should justify the measure!—By the encouragement of friends, who are often officiously indiscreet and fatal advisers, though, not unhappily for once, in her case it proved otherwise, sometime late in the year, 1753, she went to London, and at Covent Garden, Thursday January 10th, 1754, made her first public Entrée, in the part of Hermione; she afterwards played Alicia twice; the event decided in her favour. She returned to Dublin, where her conduct and character in life had secured her a powerful party. Victor and Sowden, the ostensible managers, found it their interest to engage her; she knew her price, and stipulated for a salary of three hundred pounds for the season, which her attraction warranted and she positively received, exclusive of her benefit, without forfeits or deduction. In the year, 1757. Mrs. Gregory's fame had increased so much in Ireland, that she once more ventured over to play on shares in Covent-Garden; the expedition proved lucrative, but not sufficiently to determine her stay; for she had judiciously always an eye to the main chance: Dublin was her native home, there she finally pitched her tent, and for a length of years shone in the tragic walk, and, in the reputation of private virtues, the ornament of Smock-alley. In this stage of merited prosperity, Mr. Fitz-Henry, a young lawyer of family



family and abilities, paid his addressee to her, and pleaded his cause with success. Can it be said to the honour of the then gentlemen of the long robe, that they demurred to his appearance among them at the Bar, on account of the profession of his wife? had she been his mistress, to a certainty the objection would not have occurred; a manifest solecism on the plea of delicacy, and in the code of morality without a precedent. This young gentleman also dying, she was left a second time a widow: it was indeed an afflicting stroke, for he deserved her affections. She was remarkable in the expression of maternal tenderness, and now had an opportunity of showing it to an amiable son and daughter, to whom she proved indeed an admirable mother, and, prudently continuing her professional exertions, realized for them a very ample fortune. Actuated by motives of parental regard, she retired some years before her death, which, to the infinite regret of her numerous friends, happened at Bath, in Autumn, 1790.

In a late publication we find Mrs. Fitz-Henry thus spoken of—"That lady grew into the highest fashion at Dublin Theatre, and took leave of the public there, within these four or five seasons; having wisely provided, from her gains on the stage, to live decently and comfortably off—After all the storms of a theatrical life, adds the author, I ever cast a wishful eye, whenever I read success accompanied with such comfortable finishings."

*Memoirs of Tate Wilkinson, manager at York, &c.*

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima Cygno.

JUVENAL.

One prize to a thousand Blanks!

A farther instance of theatrical warfare from Mr. Wilkinson. —"Mrs. Gregory (now Mrs. Fitz-Henry) some years after the year 1757, of which he had been speaking, tried Drury-lane boards, and was intended as a curb on Mrs. Yates. This was suspected

suspected by Mrs. Yates's friends and the public, and Mrs. Fitz-Henry's person stood no chance against the beautiful Mrs. Yates's: The Irish gentlemen were too sanguine——in consequence a violent opposition took place; and Mrs. Fitz-Henry (notwithstanding her good character and great abilities) was severely and cruelly treated: a circumstance seldom happening with a London audience——But what will not spleen effect?—This had nearly proved of fatal consequence to her fame as an actress in Dublin; the ill report being *trebled* to greet her return. But real worth and the high esteem she was held in by the worthy, baffled her enemies—she was reinstated in her former enviable situation of public applause and private esteem; and for years her emoluments were such, as to make happy the remainder of her days by a laudable and well-earned independence; and she now *lives beloved*, and feels the rapture of daily testimonies of regard paid to her unspotted reputation." These volumes, as appears by the imprint on the title page, were published (rather early) in 1790.

"Performers of the old and new school," adds Mr. Wilkinson, "may here take a hint respecting Mrs. Fitz-Henry's good and ill treatment, as it plainly shows, how little the stability of the best audience is to be depended upon: For in my space of memory, I do not recollect a more favourable reception than was that lady's in Hermione; and tho' of their own London planting, yet malevolence, party and spleen, wished to cast her public merit and her private worth, *like a loathsome weed away*. Hence we may gather and surmise, it is highly needful we should curb our vanities, (for every one has more or less) so as to prevent the overpowering our wits; for the *entire* reliance on public favour, it is plainly evident, too much resembles trusting to what we judge the fast gripe of a strong slippery eel, which is vanished when we fondly imagine it is most secure. Audiences, I fear, resemble each other in a  
greater

greater or less degree, all the world over; and have, like actors, on the expanded stage of life, their different change of opinions, their caprices, and contradictions: If this be really the case, and that they do not know their own minds, but are unsteady, patronize one year, and abandon the next, what a flaming *prudent* beacon should it exhibit to theatrical reflection, to warn against trusting too implicitly to public applause, or of depending too far on our fancied or real abilities, as too surely the breaths that raise can sink us; and we who hold the mirror should recollect, that in the wide world's drama the ring of fickle changes are wholly comprised in that established ever-running Play called *the Follies of a Day*; wherein all act their parts with applause, approbation, disgrace, or sink *into oblivion*. The stage, with all its attractive brilliancies, which at a certain time of life renders it improving and bewitching; yet, in its highest meridian, had I a dozen sons, it would be the last profession I should advise or wish any one of them to adopt; "*so many are called, but few are chosen, &c.*"

*See Wilkinson's memoirs, vol. 4, p. 236.*

Passages innumerable to the same purport might be cited, from the candid author of these memoirs. We have also many other sensible writers on the subject, who, like him, have sounded all the depths and shoals of stage allurements; they are for the most part entertaining and have their uses, tho' not much in the way of encouraging adventurers; for, however partial to the art, they all unite in *one* opinion, and unequivocally decide against it as a profession. Its most splendid and apparently enviable situations, they feelingly declare, are exposed to such complicated mortifications, and held by a tenure so precarious, that even to those, who have no other means or option, it can scarcely be recommended. GARRICK had his Rubs.

*Page 28th. verse 699. That empty pastime, &c.*—About the year, 1390, it is generally believed, playing cards were invented in France, for the diversion of Charles the sixth—A MADMAN!

—Ominous,



—Ominous, it should seem, of their pestiferous influence in succeeding generations; for surely it cannot be uncharitable to suppose, they were all *bitten*, seeing such numbers devoted to the amusement. Is it not wonderful in an age of boasted refinement, and general improvement, that cards alone, to which the sexes and all ages are so attached, should have remained such a length of time precisely in the same state they were originally brought forth; and that scarce one new game has been introduced; nor has the advancement of the fine arts, painting and engraving, made the smallest alteration in the uncouth and despicable figures they exhibit? So fixed is the principle and permanent the motley garb of folly! yet tho' the Inventor's name, like the idolatrous founders of the temple of Ephesus, be buried in oblivion, he has established a more lasting monument, that he was, at least, no stranger to the babyish disposition of human nature, when left to itself uncultivated and unrestrained; for man in his savage as well as polite state, in his dotage and his childhood, equally betrays the propensity to PLAY.—

The professors of the Hermetic mysteries, who, from their intolerant chairs, reprobate the practice of others, would do well, ere they venture to tamper with the mote in their neighbour's eye, to cast out the beam in their own: Thus propounds the parable; and, as we are instructed in a well-known adage, Many talk of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow; so thousands have squandered away half their life, shuffling and cutting the cards, who never dreamt the devices on them had any meaning, but what they tell for in the course of play. A short elucidation therefore, will be a treat to some, and though uncoveted by fastidious palates, may, as a novelty, properly enough supply a corner in the desert.

The Inventor, we are told, proposed by the figures of the four suits or colours, as the French call them, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By  
the



the *Cœurs* (Hearts) are meant the *Gens de Chœur*, Choir-men or ecclesiastics, and therefore the Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from the French, have *Copas* or chalices instead of hearts.

The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances or pikes, and our ignorance of the true meaning or resemblance of the figure, induced us to call them Spades: the Spaniards have *Espadas* (swords) in lieu of pikes, which is of similar import, and, not improbably, as we are fond of aping foreigners, *Spade*, was an adoption directly from the Spanish (*Espada*) which, with the game of *Ombre*, was fashionable at court, in the time of Philip and Mary.

By Diamonds are designed the order of citizens, merchants and Tradesmen; *Carreaux* (square stones, tiles or the like). The Spaniards have a coin, *Dineros*, which answers to it, and the Dutch call the French word *Carreaux*, *Stieneen*, stones and diamonds, from the form.

*Trefle*, the trefoil leaf or clover grass (corruptly called Clubs) alludes to the husbandmen and peasants—How this suit came to be called clubs, I cannot explain, unless borrowing the game from the Spaniards, who have *Bastos* (staves or clubs) instead of the trefoil, we gave the Spanish signification to the French figure, as for a similar reason in the other suit, we say, *Spades*.

The personages exhibited in the history of the four kings, which the French in drollery sometimes call the cards, are David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charles, which names were then, and still are, on the French cards. These respectable names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne.

By the queens are intended Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, names retained on the French cards typical of Birth, Piety, Fortitude and Wisdom, the attributes respectively ascribed to each. Argine is an Anagram for *Regina*, queen by descent.

By

By the knaves were designed the servants to knights, esquires (*Eſcuycrs*) ſhield or armour bearers; for *knave* originally meant only ſervant, and in an old tranſlation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Chriſt. So in French, *Valets* or *Varlets*, as they were alſo called, and Pages, were officers or attendants formerly allowed only to perſons of the firſt diſtinction.

Others fancy that the knights themſelves were designed by thoſe cards, becauſe Hogier and Lahire, two names on the French cards, were famous knights about the time cards were ſuppoſed to be invented; the other two Lancelot and Hector.

The pack taken together, containing precisely 52 cards, equivalent to the number of weeks in a year, aptly enough announces time, and however dealt out, in its ſpeedy revolution, affords a document, that even in our paſtimes we ſhould be mindful of its tranſient nature and brief duration.

It would answer little purpoſe here to deſcribe at length the method of *making* cards; in one reſpect however intereſting to mankind, as it ſeems to have given the firſt hint to the invention of printing; as appears from the early ſpecimens of that curious art at *Haerlem*, and thoſe preſerved in the Bodleian Library. The cutting of forms, moulds or blocks for the firſt books at *Mentz*, *Haerlem*, and *Straſburgh*, in Germany, ſome-time after the commencement of the 15th century, was precisely in the manner of that in uſe for playing-cards, and the reſt of the proceſs very probably was the way of printing uſed by *John Fauſt*, *Coffler*, *Mentel*, and others, in the infancy of that art; as might have been diſcovered long ago, if it had been conſidered, that the great letters in our manuſcripts, of upwards of a thouſand years ſtanding, are apparently done by the illuminers in the method of card-making. The art of printing, though ſo lately introduced among us, is indeed of very ancient ſtanding among the Chineſe; but their manner of printing is very different from ours, which, owing to the prodigious number of their characters, they cannot perform, as we do, by ſeparate types; but are obliged to have recourſe to wooden blocks on

which they cut their pages, as is done by our card-makers, calico-printers, &c. The European printing in its original, was very much the same with the Chinese; yet as there was at that time no commerce or intercourse between Europe and China, the passage into the East by the Cape of Good Hope, not being discovered till long after, when Vasquez de Gama, first doubled the Cape, November 20th, 1497, there is no room to charge the Europeans with borrowing this art from the Chinese; but each must be owned to have fallen on the same thing though at very different periods.

*Page 34, verse 858.—Ye Prynnes and Colliers rave, &c.*  
 ———Prynne and Collier, two voluminous and virulent writers against the stage.—In the reign of Charles the first, the puritans raised a violent clamour against the Drama, which they considered as an entertainment not lawful to christians; and Prynne, a lawyer of the day, found time to publish *Histrionomastix*, a huge quarto volume, against stage-playes. London, printed 1633.

This extraordinary production, which indicates no very distinguished share of professional merit, contains Pages. 1086

Besides three Epistles dedicatory;

1st. To his much honoured friends, the Right Worshipfull Masters of the Bench of the honourable flourishing Law Society of Lincolnes Inne. 6

2d. To the Right Christian Generous young Gentlemen Students of the 4 famous Innes of Court, and especially those of Lincolnes Inne. 11

3d. To the Christian Reader 11

All closely printed and noted, like a brief, on the margin.

Index, very full and closely printed 39

Errata, which he modestly desires the reader to correct, 2

*Prologue*, closely printed and noted on the margin 6

Argument, ditto 3

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Total, No. Pages, closely noted, like a lawyer's brief. 1165

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The



The whole is divided into acts, in conformity to the practice of the very people against whom he declaims, which might seem an abomination in itself; not to mention how the work is larded and stuffed with diabolisms, furious menaces, horrible denunciations, and tremendous anathemas, more than sufficient for all the brain-sick blusterers of the Drama, from the æra of Theſpis to the present hour.

Part 1st. consisting of VIII ACTS Scenes and chorus.

Part 2d. - V ACTS do. and catastrophe.

But the most striking part of the catastrophe, he deemed proper to suppress—He has not even hinted that he mounted the pillory for his profaneness, and for once lent an EAR to justice.

The outrages and crimes of the Puritans, brought afterwards their whole system of doctrine into disrepute, and the poets were left in quiet; for to have molested them would have had the appearance of puritanical malignity. This danger having in time worn away, Jeremy Collier, a fierce and implacable nonjuror, knowing that an attack upon the Theatre would never make him suspected for a Puritan, published in 1698, a view of the profaneness and immorality of the English Stage. Probably, as Dryden observes, a divine might have employed his parts to much better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes, and it may naturally be supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. Collier was committed to newgate for writing against the revolution, and again for carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of the government.

Antecedent to Prynne, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, one Maister Rainoldes, a Civilian I believe, published at Oxford, a multifarious performance in the same fanatical strain of invective and parturient redundancy, entitled the overthrow of stage-plays. Rousseau, of our own times, in his reasonings against dramatic entertainments, not properly restricted, is more profound, philosophical and discriminating, and



as he wrote with more temper, deserves more respect than his predecessors, who are harsh and violent, and do not make the proper distinction, between the use and abuse of plays. To argue from immoral plays to no plays, is straining the premises to an extravagant latitude, and, drawing a foreign and inadmissible conclusion; *ab abusu ad usum non valet consequentia*. No recreation, however innocent! no art or science; no profession, however useful and necessary to man; Law, nor Physic; no, not religion itself could stand before a logic so intemperate and unwarrantable: for, *where's that palace where-into foul things sometimes intrude not?*—Have not Pastors of every denomination sometimes disgraced their order by their irregularities? have they not prostituted their sacred function, to venal and base purposes? In the very sanctuary, at the foot of the Throne of Mercy, when they should have been enforcing the doctrines of the Prince of peace, have they not stood forth the promoters of dissension? Have not the *Sacheverells* of the day waved the Banners of Falsehood in the Temples of Truth? In their pulpits have they not blown the trumpet of sedition, and cried aloud—to battle!

That the stage wanted reformation, and still wants it, no man of judgment I believe will dispute; but if the auditors show a decent, proper spirit, and, uniting in a body, refuse to countenance or tolerate profaneness, immorality and abuses, where is the libertine, poet or player, hardy enough to set them at defiance? The business therefore lies with the audience—Mr. Sheridan devoted his whole care and attention to the advancement of the drama; he was impressed with an idea of its utility and consequence, and his idea, truly a noble one, had he happily continued manager, 'tis probable would have been realized in every part—see Victor and Hitchcock, &c. on the stage.

*Page 41, verse 1042. On the rich basis of a parent's, &c.*—Frances, wife of the late Thomas Sheridan, is the lady here alluded to, her maiden name Chamberlaine, author of *Sidney Bidulph* in two parts; she also wrote *Nourjahad*, an Oriental Tale;

Tale; the Discovery, a Comedy; the Dupe, and a Trip to Bath; a Tragedy also in prose, the subject taken from the latter part of her own Sidney Bidulph; the concluding volumes of which, with her two last dramatic pieces, she produced in France; but did not live to give them to the public. She was youngest daughter to the Rev. Dr. Chamberlaine, Prebend of Rathmichael, Vicar of Bray and Rector of St. Nicholas-Without. Anastatia, her mother, was descended from an ancient English family, who purchased a considerable estate in Ireland, near Ross in the county of Wexford, where they afterwards settled. Her grandfather commanded a regiment of infantry under King William, and left two sons, both officers, to each of whom her Majesty Queen Ann, with her own hand, presented an elegant sword for their gallant behaviour in her service, and in the succeeding reigns they were not overlooked. Catharine, a younger daughter of the same family, was married to a Mr. Eury, an eminent linen-merchant; this lady had a genius for poetry, a specimen of which is preserved in the Appendix; but, in the evening of life, she had no very convincing reasons to boast of fortune's partiality to rhyme. Mrs. Sheridan died at Blois in France, September the 17th, 1766. Such was the respect paid to her memory by the good Bishop of the place, that he had it intimated to her friends, notwithstanding the difference of religious persuasion, that they might take advantage of the night, to deposit her remains in consecrated ground, and no interruption should be given to the pious exequies; a compliment in France, which was perhaps never before extended to any reputed Heretic. Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, bitterly reprobates the different treatment which attended his darling daughter's interment, who went thither for her health, and paid the debt of nature in that boasted country of gallantry and politeness; but Young was a querulous old fashioned dotard—ignorant of *TON*—what have gallantry and politeness to do with religion?

Page 43, verse 1104. *Even so the Aretins, &c.*—Peter Aretin, a native of Arezzo, was a satirist of the 16th century, the most scurrilous and virulent that ever contaminated paper. Neither age, sex nor condition were secure from the venom of his spleen; the most sacred and dignified characters were the objects of his rancorous abuse, and against sovereigns on their thrones, without cause or provocation, he indiscriminately fulminated his invectives, insolently assuming to himself the title of *the Scourge of Princes*. This Aretin was at last inflated to such a degree of arrogance, that he procured medals to be struck, on one side of which was his own physiognomy, with this inscription, 'IL DIVINO ARETINO,' and on the reverse, he had himself represented, sitting on a throne, receiving tribute from crowned heads. His poems, happily extinct, by the accounts of cotemporary writers, would scandalize the most depraved modern debauchee, and put libertinism itself out of countenance. Julio Romano, reputed the first painter of Italy, about the year 1525, with equal profligacy, prostituted his art, and made drawings for twenty engravings, adapted to Aretin's licentious and opprobrious conceptions, for which *that divine reformer of manners*, in his turn, composed explanatory sonnets inscribed underneath on the plates, meritoriously consigned to the melting Pot.

We have it elsewhere recorded, that Frederick Gonzagua, Marquis of Mantua, informed of the capacity of *Julio Romano*, the favourite disciple of *Raphael*, proved a munificent patron to him, on his escape from Rome to that city. His good fortune, the historian observes, conducted him thither; for having made the designs of twenty-five very obscene prints, which were engraved by Marco Antonio, another capital artist in his way, to which *the Aretin* had adapted so many sonnets, he would have met condign punishment, if he had been afterwards discovered in the Capital. The severity with which

*Marco*



*Marco Antonio* was treated is a proof thereof. The engraver, who acted but as an instrument at the devotion of the other two, was imprisoned, where he suffered extremely, and had most certainly lost his life, if the cardinal of *Medicis* and *Baccio Bandinelli* had not interposed and exerted their credit to save him. The moderns, who flatter themselves in the tone of pre-eminence, may hence be instructed, that, tho' in other times, genius and talents were respected, offences against decency and good morals were not suffered with impunity.

*Page 45.*—PERFORMED AT CARTON, &c.—Carton, in the county of Kildare, the seat of the Duke of Leinster.—This prologue was written and spoken by the Rev. Dean Marlay (the present Lord Bishop of Clonfert) who performed Locket ; the rest of the dramatis personæ as follows,

Macheath, Captain Morris.

Peachum, Ld. Charlemont. Lucy, Lady Louisa Conolly.

Filch, Mr. Conolly. Mrs. Peachum, Countess of Kildare.

Dia. Trapes, Mr. Gore Jenny Diver, Miss Vesey.

Slammekin, Ld. Powerscourt. Coaxer, Miss Adderly.

Polly, Miss Martin.

*Verse 13. Vincent, &c.*—Mrs. Vincent (formerly Miss Burchell) a celebrated singer in London.

*Verse 14. Tuneful Brent, &c.*—(Afterwards Mrs. Pinto) of Drury-lane, famous for playing Polly, and so followed in that and other characters, that she was to the company a Garrick in her line, and drew houses even when he failed—can it be credited, that, previous to this, the Goths and Vandals of Aungier-street and Smock-alley, hissed her off the stage, and could never be induced to tolerate her, notwithstanding her good character and almost miraculous powers?—O shame, where is thy blush?!

*Page 47.*—PERFORMED AT CASTLE TOWN, &c.—see table of contents.

*Page*



*Page 54.*—PERFORMED BY YOUNG GENTLEMEN, &c.—see table of contents.

*Page 71, verse 32.* *And your attesting tears, &c.*—see table of contents.

*Page 73.*—REPRESENTED AT LADY BORROWES'S, &c.—see preface.

*Page 74, verse 28.* *Run wild Bravures,*—*un Aria di bravura, &c.* rumbling airs, with their divisions and subdivisions equally confounding words, sense and melody; hurrying with headlong rapidity, like racers in full speed, to the final cadence alike unconnected, tortured and extravagant, to which our moderns, composers, performers and amateurs, seem incorrigibly devoted—See TOSI on the florid song.

*Page 77, verse 118.* *Shore did I say?*—*a novice, &c.*—The getting up of this play was suggested by Mrs. L——, who, not long before had gratified her friends in the performance of Matilda (Lady Randolph) in Douglas—Jane Shore was a favourite part, which she chose for herself, and rehearsed several times preparatory to the performance; the day for which was fixed, the company invited, and the necessary arrangements made; but, considerations of health intervening, she afterwards declined. At her instance and the repeated solicitations of some respected friends, particularly Lady Borrowes, as the case then stood in a very awkward predicament, the young lady in question, was prevailed on to wave her objections and supply Mrs. L——'s place, which she, notwithstanding reluctantly, hazarded at a very short notice indeed, as she had not the smallest previous conception of the event, and had the entire part and of course every thing requisite on the emergency to prepare.\*

*Page 79.*—ANIMATION OF HARLEQUIN, &c.—see table of contents—*Note page 84*—The custom of giving names to swords, &c. however strange it may appear, was common with the

the heroes and writers of romance. Thus Ascalon is the name of St. George's sword in the seven Champions; Durindana of Orlando's in Ariosto, and in Spenser Arthur's sword is called Mordure. In Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History, and in the romance of King Arthur, his sword is called Caliburn; his shield or banner also, in the old writers, has the appellation of Pridwen, and his Spear, Roan.

Page 101. PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF EDWINA, &c. The story of this Tragedy is taken from the latter part of Julia de Roubigne, a novel by Mackenzie; and was well received at Crow-street, where it was originally represented. The author, Mr. Michael Fitz-Gerald of Harold's Cross, near Dublin, is a young gentleman of the law, a good scholar, pleasing in conversation, of an amiable character and affable deportment. He is of worthy extraction, honoured in his connections and to his connections an honour. His Name might entitle him to distinction; but he has better claims; the name is a plume of small Importance in the Cap of Merit.

Page 133. TITLE, &c.—

# THE MOURNERS:

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

In Memory of

His Excellency CHARLES MANNERS,

DUKE OF RUTLAND,

Late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now there he lies,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

*Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by R. MARCHBANK, NO. II, DAME-STREET.

MDCCLXXXVII.

(Price a British Shilling)

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PREFACE

## PREFACE and NOTES to the FIRST EDITION.

The untimely removal of our late gracious Chief Governour, and some extraordinary circumstances of inattention and apparent disrespect attending that melancholy event, gave occasion to the following stanzas. Strongly interested for the honour of the community of which the writer boasts himself a member, he was hurt at the idea of an imputation unworthy of it; and could not forbear giving way to his feelings. The death of a Lord Lieutenant was a new and striking incident in Irish story; and if at so awful a crisis some unreflecting individuals forgot themselves, or were so remiss in their duty, the misconduct of a few, however deserving reprehension, ought not to be charged as a reflection upon the nation at large, which has ever been esteemed brave, generous and humane. The indisputable evidences of sorrow observed through all ranks and descriptions of people during the procession, did honour to the national character: a severer reproof to negligence and supineness than any that could be pointed by the pen of satire, and sufficient to silence, if any thing could silence, the busy tongue of enmity and detraction.

At the time of paying this small tribute of respect to the memory of the Duke of Rutland, it was not known who was to succeed him; the nation has since enjoyed the full completion of its wishes in the auspicious return of the Marquis of Buckingham, our present active and applauded Viceroy.

This little production, soon after it was written, found its way into one of the evening papers; it is now republished in a better and more correct form, and a price set upon it for the purpose of affording some temporary relief to three indigent sufferers of the weaker sex, whose pretensions to the assistance of the benevolent and humane may be seen in a subsequent note, by which it may also be perceived, the intention is not wholly unconnected with the subject.

*Grafton-street, November 22, 1787.*

*Stanza.*

*Stanza 3d. No weeping comfort, &c.*—The Dutchess was then in England on a visit to her mother, the Dutchess of Beaufort; and, some miles advanced in her journey back, was overtaken at *Chapel-House*, by an express, which had been dispatched to London, with the melancholy account of his Grace's death. It is unnecessary to refer to the prints of the day for the several other facts alluded to; they are for the most part sufficiently obvious and too notorious to need farther illustration.

*Stanza 10.—Our annals will attest, &c.*—Under the auspices of the Duke of Rutland, when Chief Governour of Ireland, the Minister, Mr. Orde, brought into Parliament his bill for the better regulation and improvement of education; the collecting and digesting materials for which, as a matter of such importance required, cost him two years close application. The bill was received with uncommon marks of approbation, by the House of Commons; it was the first of the kind ever introduced to the legislature, and though perhaps conceived upon too large a scale, when properly matured, promised more universal and permanent advantages than all the laws or establishments ever before instituted. It was a favourite object with his Grace, by whose unexpected death it fell to the ground, and, 'tis to be feared, is lost to the nation.

*Stanza 15. In sad funereal guise, &c.*—We have no memory of any funeral in a style equal to this of the Duke of Rutland; except that of General Pearce, who died in the Government, one of the Lords Justices of this kingdom. That Gentleman was many years commander in chief of the army and forces in Ireland, Colonel of the first regiment of guards, and one of his Majesty's Right Hon. Privy Council. He served abroad during the wars of King William, Queen Anne, King George the 1st, and George the 2d, with distinguished reputation, and did essential services to his country: But what should render his memory inestimably dear to these kingdoms was that great and noble action, when a Captain of the Guards, of apprehending  
and



and securing, at the imminent peril of his life, Charnock, the principal conspirator in the assassination plot against our glorious Deliverer, King William the 3d.—This, from good authority, is a faithful abstract of the history and merits of the Right Hon. Lieutenant General Thomas Pearce. The late Charles William Pearce, esq. his son, attained, by successive purchases, the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and was thirty years a field officer in actual service; his children, nieces to Sir Edward Pearce, bart. grand-daughters to the preserver of King William's life, women of irreproachable character, reduced by ill-health and a complication of undeserved misfortunes, are now languishing in a state of extreme indigence.—“Work they cannot, and to beg they are ashamed.”—By the gracious interposition and munificence of the Duke of Rutland, deceased, one of them but a few months ago was released from the horrors of a prison—such is the instability of human greatness!—Though the youngest of four, she was led into these difficulties principally by her attachment to her sisters; an attachment the more laudable on her part, as they are but sisters in the half blood; yet she might boast, if that could avail any thing, a no less honourable extraction by the mother, and equal pretensions to the favour of government.—William Lenthal, esq. father of Mrs. Betty French, wife of Mathew French, esq. of Ballyhubuck, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, was grand-son of Thomas Lenthal, esq. second brother of William Lenthal, Speaker of the House of Commons in England, and great grand-son of Sir Edmond Lenthal. Betty French was also nearly allied to Lord Viscount Massereene, her great grandmother being a Skeffington and daughter of Sir William Skeffington, bart. of Fishwick, in Staffordshire; and her grandmother was cousin-german to John Viscount Massereene, who married the great heiress of Clotworthy. She was also nearly related to the family of Sir Edward Deering, and her mother was Sir John Peyton's grand-daughter. Catherine French, daughter of the above-mentioned Betty and Mathew French,

was

was wife of Lieutenant Colonel Charles William Pearce, son of Lieutenant General Thomas Pearce, by Mary his wife, daughter of William Hewes, esq. of Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, North Wales, by Sarah his wife, daughter of Thomas Wayte, esq. Governour of Beeston Castle in Cheshire, for King Charles the first, and sometime Colonel of a regiment in the Muscovite service.—The eldest daughters of Colonel William Pearce, now far advanced in years, are wholly unprovided for: the youngest, whose particular relatives are here more directly the subject of attention, has been for some time resident in the country, Governess to the amiable daughters of a sensible and worthy parent, who knows how properly to value her merit. She is no doubt engaged in a most useful and honourable department, the important duties of which, by the good sense and kindness of her patrons, she is enabled to discharge with comfort and satisfaction, and to contribute something to the support of her sisters.

Page 136, Stanza 18.—*The honest Swiss, &c.*—The estimable character here introduced, JOHN KNOTZELL, esq. was originally in the train of the Marquis of Granby, and in battle saved his life: the Marquis, dying before his father, resigned his preserver to the protection of the good old Duke, at whose decease he succeeded to the favour of the late Duke, and in his arms, who had so gallantly hazarded his life for one, those three noble personages successively breathed their last.

Page 132.—EPITAPH.—This Epitaph is reprinted from the Shamrock; and appears inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard of a noted village near London.

Page 138.—THE LYCEUM, &c.—*Lyceum* or *Lycaum*, the name of Aristotle's School, near Athens; he was the chief of the Peripatetic Sect, and from Aristotle's School, Cicero's retirement in the Tufculum was called *Lyceum*. In imitation of whom, our Philosopher, Mr. Adam Walker, of Manchester, distinguished the place in which he exhibited by the same appellation.

pellation. He was possessed of a very extensive and complete apparatus, particularly in the optical way, and, this trifle being written at the Lecture on that subject, the critical reader is requested to remember, that such terms and allusions as seemed naturally to arise from and to correspond with the occasion were intentionally preferred. They had been carefully explained and were perfectly familiar to the beautiful and intelligent auditors, most of whom were the author's pupils.

*Verse 8. In charming Emily, &c.*—The Right Hon. Lady Amelia Fitz-Gerald, eldest daughter of his Grace the late Duke of Leinster, and sister to the present Duke.

*Verse 21. Belov'd Eliza, &c.*—Miss Montgomery, eldest daughter of Sir William Montgomery, baronet, the late Mrs. Gardiner, consort of the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, now Lord Mountjoy.

*Verse 31.—In Anna's speaking eyes, &c.*—Miss Ann Montgomery, the present amiable Marchioness of Townshend, youngest of the GRACES (as the sisters were emphatically called) at whose instance the poem was written, and it may be justly affirmed extempore; for her Ladyship would be complied with, and to obviate every objection, furnished the author, as he sat on the bench at her foot, with a pencil and cards for the purpose, which she took from him as they were filled, and afterwards transcribed with her own hand for the Shamrock, in which the verses were first published.

*Verse 44.—Who could a sister's claim, &c.*—This is to be understood of Miss Barbara Montgomery, Sir William's second daughter, now the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, at that time on a visit with her uncle, the Lord Advocate for Scotland.—*Cynosure*: properly the Polar Star, the great object of attention to mariners, by which they regulate their course; metaphorically here the Star of Beauty, referring also to her situation in the North.

*Verse 57.—In Fanny, &c.*—Miss Nugent of Clonloft, the late Hon. Mrs. Rochfort. Several of the author's pupils about this time



time honoured him with their pictures, one of whom was the Lady here mentioned. Hers was a model in wax, by Cunningham, an eminent statuary, brother to Cunningham the poet, an admired comic actor; but from the fatality too commonly attending the children of Theſpis, not even his amiable muse could protect him. The statuary made two or three unsuccessful attempts before he hit the likeness of this Lady, alluded to in the concluding line of the description.

*Verse 68.—Fair Crosbie, &c.—Miss Eliza Crosbie.*

*Verse 71.—Miss Bowerman of the county of Cork, now Mrs. Neville, of Furnace, county of Kildare.*

*Verse 80.—The soul conspicuous in Westmeath.—The TRULY Right Hon. Catherine Countess of Westmeath, daughter of J. Whyte, Esq. of Pitchford's Town, and mother to the present Earl of Westmeath.*

*Page 183, verse 49.—*

It is my pride, some say my failing,  
To cherish candour and plain dealing.

This may be called an Irish rhyme; perhaps it is so; but in lighter compositions and Hudibrastic measures, such terminations may occasionally pass muster. Butler has taken more unprecedented liberties; there are many worse in our arts of poetry and rhyming dictionaries, under the denomination of *allowable* rhymes, authorized by the usage of the best poets; but, with so little relation in point of sound, that if the eye did not impose upon the ear, their similarity would never be recognized. Our author is no advocate for such licences, and is probably more nice in this particular than is usual with writers on this side the water, for which our brethren on the other are too apt to ridicule them; yet if they open a volume of Dryden, Pope or Addison, they will find them upon an average as reprehensible in this respect, as Swift, Farquhar, Dunkin, Shepherd, Hartson, Sterling, Boyd, Preston and others, who courted the muses on the banks of the Liffey.

In



In like manner they reproach this country for an absurd custom, formerly it is said prevalent among the untaught natives, of ploughing their horses by the tails; not reflecting that the cultivated and enlightened Britons of the present day are chargeable with a practice no less barbarous and unphilosophical, that of yoking Oxen by the horns; a dexterous wit might construe this a bull, though not an Irish bull; of whatever foil, an abuse it assuredly is, and militates equally against the principles of mechanics and the dictates of humanity. The Ox is a valuable unoffending animal: why should we in the same moment subject him to slavery, and put him to the torture? I would advise my good Friend, John Bull, to make use of a little common sense, and, while the work of reform is going on, to set shoulders to this business; and no longer suffer such a notorious violation of the Rights of Oxen.

Page 185, stanza 4. *Bright precedents! first, sweet retreat! &c.*—A building in the Turkish style, commanding a beautiful and extensive prospect to the north.—For BELVIDERE read BELVEDERE.

Stanza 8.—*That pillar'd dome, &c.*—The Ice-house; a temple delightfully fancied in the rustic taste, elevated on a pleasant mount, the excavation of which is converted into a repository for ice; the upper apartments serving the purposes of elegant reception, and social entertainment.

Stanza 11. *Even Fisher, &c.*—Mr. Jonathan Fisher, an eminent landscape painter, who, under the patronage of the noble owner, exercised his admirable talents, and proved the fertility of his genius in the charming views he exhibited of Belvedere.

Page 198.—*To Richard Crossie, Esq. on his attempting a second aerial excursion, &c.*—In the new square of the barracks, next Oxmantown-green. Thursday, May the 12th, 1785.

Verse 10.—*A Dedalus, first launch'd, &c.*—From the lawn in the gardens before Ranelagh House, January 19th, 1785.—At forty three minutes after two the rope was cut, and the balloon

balloon slowly ascended; when, throwing out a large quantity of ballast, he rapidly shot up into the wide expanse—at an immense height he stood up in his chariot, and saluted the spectators, upwards of eighty thousand in number, who now broke the most profound silence with reiterated acclamations.—In three minutes and fifty seconds from his first ascending, he entered a white cloud, and was instantly out of sight.—He afterwards passed through two other distant ranges of clouds successively—his greatest ascent, the mercury in the barometer standing at fifteen inches ninety-nine hundredths, equivalent nearly to two Irish miles, 13,440 feet. In compliance with the advice and intreaties of his friends, who, on account of the lateness of the hour, and the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, the wind scarcely continuing for two minutes together in the same point, had requested of him not to push the experiment too far, he now prepared to return, and, in his way encountering different currents of air, was carried over the Bay, and passing near Lord Charlemont's seat at Marino, he landed on the Strand, near low-water mark, in perfect safety, amidst a prodigious concourse of people, who crowded to receive him.—They testified their applause, by carrying him in his Aerial Chariot, with the Balloon floating over it, on their shoulders, to Lord Charlemont's house, Rutland-square, Dublin; all ranks of people vying with each other in congratulations on his safety, and admiration of his intrepidity.

*Dublin, Grafton-street, May 14th, 1785.*

Page 198. THE EGG, BY WAY OF APOLOGUE, &c.—The story here introduced is told somewhat differently by historians, but all to the same effect; poetical writers, whose business it is to please as well as instruct, are allowed greater liberties, of which the Author has in a small degree availed himself. The following abstract by way of elucidation, calculated for our younger readers, was therefore judged requisite.

The Honour of discovering America decidedly belongs to Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa. An atchievement

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which

which absorbed every former discovery; sunk to insignificance the boasted conquests of Alexander, and afforded a more glorious cause of triumph to the Heaven-born Mariner than could be conceived by the arrogant and domineering spirit of those systematic Plunderers, the Romans.

Columbus, by the mere force of his own genius, from an attentive inspection of a map of the old Continent, conceived the idea of another Hemisphere, and was the first adventurer in a voyage, which in its consequences added more square miles to the dominions of the powers of Europe than the Sovereigns by whom he was employed, extensive as were their territories, possessed acres. Having in vain applied to several of the most powerful maritime states for their assistance, his dernier resort was Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and after a solicitation of eight tedious years he obtained the royal patent; on the strength of which, with the additional security, it is said, of the Queen's jewels, two private merchants were induced to advance him money to prosecute the expedition. August the 23d, or as some will have it, the 6th of September, 1492, he set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, others say Gomera, with three ships only. The first land he made was St. Salvador, so called from the event, one of the Bahama Isles; at the end of nine months he returned, stored with demonstrative proofs of his success, and was received with every mark of distinction that royalty, impressed with admiration and gratitude for such immense acquisitions, could confer. Shortly after he undertook a second voyage in quality of Admiral and Viceroy of the newly-acquired countries, with a fleet of seventeen ships suitably appointed, and greatly extended his discoveries; but, from some unknown motives, spies were secretly sent out with him, and, notwithstanding the affections of his seamen, who now almost adored him, and the moderation with which he conducted himself, he was brought home in irons, and arrived at Court, where he had been so lately treated as one of the principal Grandees, loaded with fetters. It is true, Isabella, ashamed to

see



see her illustrious Benefactor thus dishonoured, immediately ordered him to be released; but for upwards of four years he was not suffered to leave Spain, and remained unemployed, no better than a prisoner at large.

What a fickle and inconsistent thing is man! astonishment and admiration presently subsided, and envy and jealousy, the meanest of the passions, rankled in their place. The Spaniards went up and down in clubs and cabals, vilifying his reputation, and derogating from the glory of the enterprize. "They saw nothing in the business," they said "but any other might have done it as well as he. The passage was safe and easy; the thing itself was obvious, and lay every jot as fair for a Spaniard as an Italian. What a bustle forsooth about nothing!" . . . . Columbus, present at one of these meetings, when he had sat still a while with perfect composure listening to their discourse, called for a hen's Egg, which was immediately brought. He took it, and for sometime attentively viewing and turning it in different directions, "Gentlemen!" says he, "I should be very glad to see any one here set this Egg upright upon the table." Immediately they fell a whispering and fleering upon one another, and after several trials, concluded the thing was not to be done; "Pardon me," says Columbus, "there is nothing easier in nature;" so he took the Egg, and giving it a stroke against the table, cracked it, and set it up on an end.—The company upon second thoughts took the hint as he intended it, and the tongue of detraction got a check.

This story, Voltaire says, has been told of *Brunelleschi*, who struck out some improvements in the architecture of Florence, many years before Columbus was born, and, as is commonly the case with anecdotes, it has been since related of many others.—Hogarth made it the subject of a ludicrous print, in ridicule of the criticisms passed upon his famous Line of Beauty, of which he claimed the discovery. But Hogarth was more fortunate in one respect than Columbus; for the Discoverer of the Western Continent, circumvented by a man of superior cunning and address,



dress, was robbed of the honour of giving his Name to it. Americus Vespucius, a merchant of Florence, happening to be in the capacity of geographer on board a fleet which in 1498 sailed along the coast of Brazil, wrote home to his friends that he had discovered another World. His friends gave him credit for it, and his fellow citizens, flattered with the idea of participating the glory of their countryman, in the ebullitions of their patriotic zeal, called this new child of creation after its reputed father, AMERICA. The Spaniards were little interested in the affair, perhaps secretly rejoiced at it, as matter of humiliation to their friend of the Egg; and, as that old hobbling bel-dame, Justice, is so tardy in her motions, the good-natured world generously connived at it, till the injury became irretrievable. Such is the gratitude of mankind! and such the accidents by which celebrity is acquired!

Columbus made three voyages as Viceroy and Admiral before Vespucius made one, and, after several years absence, he sat down in Spain, and died at Valadolid in the year 1506.—The Epitaph inscribed, by the King's command, on the marble which covers his remains is concise and characteristic:

COLUMBUS GAVE CASTILE AND LEON A NEW WORLD.

Page 204. THE NEW FERRY, ADDRESSED TO THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL, &c.—Modern geographers and tour-writers have been very erroneous in their accounts of this opulent seat of commerce. Liverpool, Leverpool, or Lerpoo as it is commonly called, is situated on the eastern banks of the River Mersey, in the County-Palatine of Lancaster and hundred of West-Derby, north-west coast of England, in latitude  $51^{\circ} 22'$  N. longitude  $2^{\circ} 32'$  W. 204 miles distant from London. The country about Liverpool, including the southern parts of Lancashire, formerly constituted a part of the kingdom of the Brigantines.—In the time of the Heptarchy, the country about Liverpool was a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; the river Merfa being, in the Saxon times, the boundary of the kingdom of Mercia. The ingenious and accurate Mr. Enfield in

in his history of Liverpool observes, "They who have a partiality to the place, and such as are fond of researches into antiquity, will probably be pleased with an attempt to ascertain the true name of *Leverpool*, and to discover from whence it is derived." To this end he adduces various authorities, in opposition to the modern spelling, *Liverpool*, in favour of the orthography as he writes it, *Leverpool*. The Author had a particular gratification in the perusal of Mr. Enfield's elaborate and curious performance; for he confesses himself one of those who have a partiality for the place. He may properly call it the place of his nativity; for, tho' he was born on ship-board approaching the entrance of the Mersey, Liverpool was the first land he ever touched. The tenderness and affection of the good people to whose care he was committed, he gratefully remembers, and can never pass by the happy scene of his childhood without a wish to revisit it. December 10th, 1754, he landed at Parkgate from Ireland, greatly embarrassed in his finances, and almost the whole of what money he had to bear his travelling expences, for which he was indebted to the friendship of Meade Swift, Esq; a near relation of the Dean's, he lost in his passage from the New-Ferry to Liverpool. In consequence of which, as he was ignorant of the means of redress, and could not bring himself to expose his misfortune, he was obliged to walk in that severe season to London, on the strength of nine shillings accidentally preserved. An expedition in which he experienced many memorable civilities; but it nearly cost him his life.

At Curdworth Bridge in the vicinity of Colehill, Warwickshire, he had a narrow escape indeed. The waters were out, as the phrase is, and the country round overflowed; he had walked twenty-six miles that day; night was coming on apace, and, being an excellent swimmer, he was preparing to commit himself to the torrent, which, in that inclement weather, must have been fatal to him. In the instant of peril a humane Waggoner appeared, and, unexpectedly interposing his good offices, conducted him safe to Colehill, where, though an utter stranger, he was  
received

received and treated with even parental kindness—I feel it yet.  
—See Elegy addressed to Thomas Spring, Esq; page III.

These stanzas, addressed to the Mayor of Liverpool, were written at the Hotel at the corner of Lord-street, an excellent house, and were occasioned by the exorbitant demands of the boatman of the New-Ferry, about three miles above Liverpool, on the Cheshire side. The Author arrived there, rather early for the tide, and wished his Children should see the town, which, when illuminated by the evening sun, affords a beautiful prospect, going down the river. The boatman, perceiving the intention, stipulated for three crowns a piece; his fare, as afterwards appeared, not properly so many pence. The time however was protracted, till dinner was called for; but avarice still found means of delay for the arrival of other passengers, by which, night coming on, the original measure was wholly defeated; yet Charon insisted on the agreement, and with difficulty condescended to accept of half a guinea. If boards were put up at such places, apprizing strangers of the settled rates, it would prevent imposition; and, as the English are fertile in improvements, if the names of towns and villages were in like manner conspicuously placed at their respective entrances, as we see sometimes on the Bath road, it would be but a trifling expence, and contribute much to the satisfaction of travellers.—The year following the Author and his Children were near being overset in the same boat, by one of the passengers, a drunken blade, insisting upon taking the helm. There was no agreement this time, and the same boatman, not recollecting his last year's freight, gave his benedicite! for six-pence a piece.—A word to the wise!

Page 205 stanza 6. *The squalid waterman of Styx, &c.*—

*Portitor has horrendus aquas, et flumina servat  
Terribili squalore Charon; cui plurima mento  
Canities inculta jacet, stant lumina flamma,  
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.—  
Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat;*

*Matres*



*Matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ  
Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptaque puellæ,  
Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum, &c.*

VIRGIL ÆN. VI.

There Charon stands who rules the dreary coast;  
A fordid God! down from his hoary chin  
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;  
His eyes like hollow furnaces on fire:  
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.—  
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,  
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood.  
Husbands and wives, &c. &c.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, BOOK VI. v. 424.

*Stanza 3. Tho' born in storms, to objects, &c.*—See the note, but one, preceding.

*Page 206. stanza 11. My sweet companions, &c.*—Edward-Athenry Whyte, and Martha-Ann Whyte, the Author's youngest son and daughter, who were going with him to London.

*Page 207. stanza 15. St. PETER's, GEORGE's, NICHOLAS.*—The only churches there in the Author's time.—*St. George's*, an elegant structure in the modern style; consecrated in 1734, the year of his birth—*St. Peter's*, near which he passed the happiest years of his life, was consecrated anno 1704.—*St. Nicholas*, a gothic structure of very ancient date; near this church formerly stood a statue of St. Nicholas, to which the sailors used to present a propitiatory offering at their going out to sea.

*Page 212. verse 11. Thus long has Reynolds, &c.*—Sir Joshua Reynolds, lately deceased, confessedly the greatest painter of his time; and eminently distinguished by the productions of his pen. He was also the intimate friend of Garrick, to whose care and instruction Miss Pope was greatly indebted; and, take her for all and all, there are few such excellent characters.

*Page 223. verse 16. The conscious water, &c.*—The original, of which this line is an imitation, appears at the foot of the  
page;



page; some copies of which read *lympba*, for *nympha*. In the imitation *pudica* is not literally translated, but the epithet *conscious* substituted in its stead; with what propriety the learned reader will best judge, and how far the juvenile author was warrantable in taking that liberty.

*Page 230. verse 49. But sense and learning, &c.*—An opulent citizen of Athens, applying to the philosopher Aristippus, desired to know, what he should give him to instruct his son? ‘A thousand drachmas’, replied Aristippus (about 32l. 5s. 10d. sterl.) ‘How!’ said the Athenian, ‘I could purchase a slave with that money.’ ‘Do so,’ said the philosopher, ‘and thou shalt have two;’ giving him to understand, that his son would have the manners and vices of a slave, if he made choice of an improper instructor, and did not bestow upon him a liberal education.—Ascham, who was Queen Elizabeth’s preceptor, has the following remarkable passage, to the like effect. ‘Pity it is,’ says he, ‘that commonly more care is had; yea, and that among men deemed wise, to find out rather a cunning man for their horses, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay, in word; but they do so indeed: for, to one they will give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and loath to offer the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality accordingly; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horses, than comfort in their children.’

In a volume of very sensible essays not long published, the author enters into a pretty minute investigation of the principles and manners of the times; and on the subject of education and the decline of useful literature, appears the following passage, which we take the liberty to cite in his own words, as apposite to the point, and a confirmation of the preceding authorities.

“Those who have made but the slightest estimate of the settled and incidental expences attending music and dancing, per-  
fections

fections that are lodged in bones and nerves, will find that the charges of the school-master for the superior advantages of learning and knowledge bear no comparative proportion. Even in boarding schools, for the incessant labour of regular and daily tuition, maintenance, lodging, and all the concomitant expences and disbursements, from which other masters in their line are wholly exempt, the stipend of the principal hardly amounts to what they are punctually and cheerfully paid for half an hour's listless attendance, restricted to a moment by the watch, three times a week; and that number, scanty as the portion is, some masters have curtailed a third with a view to their own emolument."

*Page 231. verse 94. Even SOCRATES, &c.*—Socrates, the most exalted character antiquity, and perhaps human nature, has to boast of, taught at Athens; but his virtue proved his destruction. —Being condemned to die, he wanted wherewithal to pay for the juice of hemlock he was sentenced to drink, and was obliged to apply to one of his friends, for money to defray the expence of the poisoned chalice, and discharge the jailor's fees!!

*Page 232. verse 109. Young Sulky, &c.*—See, *She Stoops to Conquer*, a Comedy by Goldsmith: a modern allusion, and a recent fact are here substituted, in place of those in the original, to the same purport, but at this day rather obsolete.

This curious, self-willed, self-directed genius, was, from this notable exertion of ingenuity, successively in every stage of his life, instrumental to his own undoing; he speedily got through a handsome patrimony, and was not long ago in a menial station under the late Alderman Jenkin, and at last dwindled to a common labourer in a brickfield!!!

*Page 233. verse 152. BLACK INGRATITUDE!*—The Editor had collected from the Author's papers some flagrant instances of this kind, and a few, a very few was all he could collect, of a contrary nature; but they are reserved for a future occasion.

*Page 234. THE DERVISE, &c. Verse 15. The bless'd Elias, &c.*  
—The Mahometans believe that Elias never died; but was

translated alive into Heaven—*Verse 17. Bairam's Feast*—a yearly festival of the Mahometans, beginning on the Day of the new-moon in April. *Verse 18. fair Spaboun*—Ispahan, called by the Persians, *Spaboun*. *Verse 19. a Raja, &c.*—Raja, a title of honour in Persia, something similar to our Duke. *Verse 58. Aziel*—The Angel of Death.

*Page 266. line 2. And haughtier Kings first learned, &c.*—The writer of this poem, who did not know of its insertion till the sheet was going to press, requested that a note should be added, to prevent the misconstruction to which this line may now be liable, though it could not when the address was spoken, by observing that the approbation here implied of the American revolution and its consequence, in respect to regal pretensions in general, must be supposed, so far as it regards the affairs of France, to extend only to the overthrow of despotism there, and that the final catastrophe of royalty could not have been in contemplation as it had not then happened.

Some friends, who have casually seen the preceding pages as they came from the press, on finding mention made of playing-cards, seemed to regret the Author had not been more particular in the investigation of their first appearance; others again may think he has already said more than enough upon the occasion. Unimportant as the subject may appear, it has engaged the attention of the literati. Three of the ablest critics and antiquarians of the present age have taken it up, in the 8th volume of the *Archæologia*, London printed 1787, and, commencing at page 133, have gone to the extent of 44 quarto pages, endeavouring to prove, what after all seems undetermined, the origin of Cards. The French, Spaniards, Italians, Chinese, Indians and Arabians, it seems, severally lay claim to the invention; and the claims of each are supported by numerous probabilities, cogent argumentation, and incontestible authorities.

Father Menestrier, a Jesuit, in his Work, called *The Curious and Instructive Library*, gives a History of Playing Cards; and the celebrated Diderot of France, borrowing from the learned Father,



Father, has not disdained to exercise his critical acumen on the same subject in the *Encyclopedie*, a capital publication, of which he was a principal compiler. The strongest reason, says Diderot, to induce our thinking that this game took its rise in France, is to be inferred from the *fluer-de-lis*, being a decoration perpetually annexed to the habiliments of the figures painted on Cards; La Hire, whose name is seen at the bottom of the Knave of Hearts, was in all probability the Inventor of Cards, as well as the intimate companion of Hector and D'Ogier the Dane, who are the Valets or Knaves of Diamonds and Spades; it seems too not unlikely that the card-maker reserved the Knave of Clubs for his own name. These probabilities, however plausible, stand unsupported by any authority save merely the name of Diderot. Mr. Breitkopf, a German writer of decided ability, in a quarto volume lately published on the gaming-cards, and the linen paper, a work replete with important erudition, deduces their origin from *Ægypt* or the Arabs, and from them, he contends, they were borrowed by his countrymen, and introduced into Europe.—In the course of our inquiries on this interesting question, modern voyages have been consulted; but it does not appear that Captain Cooke discovered any traces of Cards in Otaheite or New Zealand, though he mentions their excellence in the drama, and brought home with him some curious specimens of their linen manufacture, of which, undergoing the necessary process, Cards might to a certainty have been fabricated.

The original intention of playing with Cards, according to some erudite Archæologists, was to exhibit the image of peaceful life, as that of Chess, a much more ancient Game, was to represent a Picture of War; and, in confirmation of this Hypothesis, they alledge that the four grand divisions or classes of civilized society, something in the manner of Shakspeare's Seven Ages, are emblematically delineated on a Pack of Cards; Hearts, representing the Clergy; Spades, the Military; Clubs, the Yeomanry, and Diamonds, the Citizens, whose apartments  
are



are generally floored with tiles cut diamond fashion: *Ergo*, Cards were the invention and amusement of peaceable times. Others again, not without reason, considering these allusions to times of peace as the caprices of imagination, refer the invention of Cards to a time of war, of which the different suits, they insist, are manifest indications, viz.

The Heart, . . . as being the symbol of courage.

The Spade, . . . representing the offensive weapon, the pike.

The Diamond, . the defensive weapon, the shield.

The Trefoil, . . implying plenty of forage.

Such and so discordant are the testimonies of Historians!

Neither are authors perfectly agreed as to the personages represented on the court-cards; the æra of their existence, or the import of their assigned attributes; even the appellation of court-cards was not always in use. The figured Cards, king, queen, and knave were sometimes called coat-cards, as bearing perhaps some resemblance in their mode of habiliment to the state-coats of the kings or heralds at arms; a remnant of ancient chivalry. Cards as well as other games, some affirm, derive their origin from the times of chivalry. The kings, queens, knights or knaves, say they, all visibly carrying marks of that period. The four colours, they add, represent the four quadrilles or companies formed in a square at the carousals. The queens, or ladies of distinction, are always introduced on these occasions with the kings and knights. As to the precise heroes of antiquity, of which the kings on the Cards are supposed to be the symbols, opinions, we have observed, do not entirely coincide; but there is no end to the etymologies offered for the names of the queens. The knaves too, in the rage of conjecture, have excited contention. The name of Valet, in English Knave, which has since been degraded, was then an appellation given exclusively to the Vassals of great and mighty Lords, or to young Gentlemen not as yet arrived at the Rank of Chevaliers. In the opinion of some the knave was probably the young prince, son to the king and queen; as Chaucer more than once applies the term

term knave, child, to the son of a sovereign prince. The more general opinion is, that the knaves were attendants of rank and dignity; and, we are informed, that by Hector is to be understood the Trojan prince, from whom the French claim descent; Lancelot, was one of Arthur's heroes; Ogier, one of Charlemagne's peers; and La Hire, the famous Stephen Vignoles.—A very clear case this! and, no doubt, a conclusive argument that Cards originated in those illustrious times when champions in complete steel went wandering through the world in quest of adventures; against which some slight incongruities in their appointed offices, and an implied anachronism in making characters of such different and remote periods act in concert, militate not a whit: Viewing the circumstances thro' other optics, it leads to a surmise, that the puissant cavaliers and palfred damsels we read of, in the volumes of romance, are merely personifications of the card-paper gentry themselves; and the wonderful stories of their prowess and achievements, but the ingenious fictions of warm and creative imaginations; a species of allegory, beautifully exemplified in one of Pope's happiest productions, the Rape of the Lock, and in the martial encounters of the chess-board heroes, delineated by the elegant pen of his predecessor, Vida. . . . a Task to which Madame de Scuderi, the Countess D'Anois, or some of our own Novelists, who even rival Homer in invention, were abundantly competent. . . . Hence also it is no less apparent, that the honour of the invention of Cards, of which it cannot be denied they bear internal evidence, belongs wholly to the French; from whom, it is easily deducible, they passed through Biscay into Spain.—The opposition on this grand question equally founded in their conjectures, from as probable data, as genuine authorities; by the same mode of argument, implication and assertion establish quite contrary positions—*Risum teneatis amici?*

Without any comparative pretensions to erudition, or detracting from the merits of respectable critics, a couplet of Swift's, from his epigram on the disputes and controversies between the  
partizans

partizans of Handel and Bononcini, we conceive not inapplicable in the present case.

Strange! all this difference should be,

"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

But your thorough-paced disputant, critic on the Works of God or Man, never hesitates for the lack of argument, and values himself on eccentric conclusions: without wasting time in apologies therefore, to bould this momentous question to the bran, we will incontinently sport another conjecture. Pursuing a hint, we before started, on the figurative import of the Cards, *page* 315, we are led to a more advantageous idea of the inventor's conception, and rejecting the partial considerations of peace and war, we will pay him the compliment of supposing he had a respect in his ingenious contrivance to time in general, with an eye to rural oeconomy; and the recommendation of agriculture: it never entering into his head of what mischiefs he was laying the foundation, and how his innocent intention would be abused.—The Pack taken together, composed of 52 cards, as already observed, is palpably a symbol of the solar Year, consisting of 52 weeks. The Cards are distributed into four suits, each suit containing thirteen cards, analogous to the grand division of the year, into four quarters, of thirteen weeks each. The ten cards, ace, deuce, tré, &c. in sequence, answering to the digits used in computation 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, together with the knave, queen, and king of each suit, numerically 11, 12, 13, completing the series, for which those more obvious distinctions to prevent confusion were convenient substitutes, all collectively taken make up the round number 364, which, with the supplemental blank, till very lately in use to preserve the face of the outside card in passing up the envelope, gives 365 precisely, the number of days in the year. A conformity in all respects so perfectly exact could not have been accidental, and so far demonstrates the design of the inventor. The habiliments of the several personages represented on the Cards, and the little auxiliary decorations respectively annexed, have a tendency to the



the same point, as well as the devices by which the suits are severally distinguished, all of which are strikingly emblematic of the seasons.

The Spade, construed literally, an implement of husbandry or tillage, representing the Winter, which likewise the hoary Majesty of Spades in fabled stole significantly proclaims.

The Club, properly the trefoil, intimating vegetation revived and general verdure, or the Spring.

The Heart, implying the more animated and flourishing state of nature, Summer.

The Diamond, inculcating the reward of industry by a plentiful crop, aptly enough typifying the Autumn. In confirmation of this notion the Writer remembers to have seen gold pieces, particularly pistoles, in currency, not round as they now are, but of a square form, as we see the Diamond on the Cards.

Upon this principle of construction we have no need of far-fetched and forced analogies for the elucidation of the figured-cards, which of course easily and naturally follows. The Kings and Queens represent the heads of the family, a customary style of discrimination occasionally adopted; traces of which are still discoverable in many of our sports and pastimes. The Knaves, not in the degenerate but original acceptance, the upper servants or domestics, who in some parts of England, and perhaps elsewhere, even still sit at the same board, and in the simplicity of the good old times partake the pleasures of the feast with their superiours. The very names of many of the games played with Cards have directly an allusion to situations and circumstances peculiar to the country, and the coarse and awkward sketches they exhibit, are no doubt characteristic of a very remote period, as little burthened with the modes of polished life as with skill in the imitative arts.

This hypothesis may be as amusing, and perhaps no less fanciful than the rest; but if those fascinating instruments of contention, Cards, had never been converted to a worse purpose, so  
many



many thousand miserable victims of their influence would never have been devoted to penury and remorse.

La Comte, page 299, says, in China they will hazard their estates, houses, children and wives on a card; the same is reported of other nations; nay, that they go farther, and will stake their own liberties, and even their lives, upon the issue of a game. —Is not this infatuation? Does it not at once decide the question, and, beyond contradiction, establish the hypothesis, that Cards derive their origin from—MADNESS!?

Such, my young readers! is the general tenour of conjectural criticism: without recurring to Shakspeare, among many others, we might refer to a very curious and splendid work indeed, *The Antiquities of Herculaneum*, a subterranean city, overwhelmed November the 1st, Anno 79, according to Pliny, by an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and discovered December 1738, upwards of 70 feet under the surface, in the vicinity of Naples, where the appetite for conjecture has been indulged almost to a surfeit. Our implicit admiration of the Ancients, in whose days arts and sciences were in their nonage, tho' it may be deemed hereby to say so, has operated rather as a draw-back on the Moderns. It has curbed their exertions; contracted their views, and made them sit down content with the secondary praise of imitation, when, enjoying superior lights, they should have aspired to pre-eminence. They are nevertheless objects of attention, and conjectural criticism is not without its uses; considered merely as an amusement, scarcely any has greater recommendations: it is an elegant way of passing a leisure hour; it exercises the faculties, and tends to invigorate the understanding; much valuable knowledge is to be gleaned in the pursuit, and nothing dangerous to be apprehended; which cannot be affirmed of many other amusements; gaming of any description, or the bottle.

IN general: as to the Notes and Observations introduced to illustrate or enforce certain passages in the pages antecedent, pleading guilty to the charge of prolixity, we can only say in  
extenuation,

extenuation, that they are not intended for adepts whose learning, knowledge, penetration and good sense render the trouble and expence of notes for the most part nugatory. They are calculated for the meridian of youth and inexperience, who, without such collateral lights, are often deterred from perusing, or peruse to little effect, compositions of acknowledged merit and utility. It is not expected they can be in all cases alike interesting; that which fails of approbation with some, may contribute to the entertainment and instruction of others. We have dwelt pretty largely on the subject of the Stage, and the discouragements attending it as a profession. It is a topic frequently agitated; the controvertists may here collect arguments from facts, which their own experience could not have furnished, and in this detached form they may come better recommended to our younger readers than if more systematically insisted upon. Questions of this kind, however exploded by pedantry, or flouted by the supercilious, have claims to attention. If whatever tends in a great degree to improve or corrupt the taste and morals of the people be of consequence to the community, of this nature indisputably are public amusements; but the influence of public amusements, as well as their perfection, greatly depends on the conduct of the parties executively concerned, the procurators and directors of them; they are but stewards to the Public; the Public consequently are interested in and have a right to take cognizance of their behaviour:—And who are they most likely to be affected by it? The rising generation: He must then be cold and phlegmatic indeed who can deliberately assert that the lives and characters of persons, so likely to influence the rising generation, are matters of indifference.

If it be true that History is the best substitute for personal experience, and that it teaches by example to be good and happy, instead of knowing a little of the history of kings and courts, for a little is all the generality of readers can know, would it not be as well to look more narrowly into the history of Man? Biography, tho' not the most splendid, is an important branch of literature;

ture; memoirs and anecdotes of particular characters and persons approaching the general level, of whatever description, are not without their use; perhaps of more real advantage in the school of happiness than those multifarious tomes, stuffed with inflated details of tyrants, conquerors, demagogues and state-tinkers, whose head-long ambition, sanguinary triumphs, baleful projects, insidious machinations, and nefarious counsels, blot the page of humanity, and tell for nothing, or worse than nothing, in the private walks of life.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN.

POPE.



REMARKS



## REMARKS ON BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

—DAMNS WITH FAINT PRAISE.

POPE.

UPON a careful revival of the preceding sheets, previous to publication, the Editor was led by some circumstances occasionally mentioned to consult Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson,\* particularly the passages respecting the late Mr. Sheridan; and could not help observing, that an unprejudiced Reader, judging of its accuracy and impartiality from those specimens which are pretty copious, would hardly be inclined to think very advantageously of that multifarious production. Facts, where facts are referred to, glaringly perverted; commendation sneakingly and invidiously bestowed; ill-natured strictures unnecessarily, as they are on most occasions unwarrantably, introduced; and frequent contradictions, as to Mr. Sheridan, are its predominant characteristics. Our Author has in one striking instance taken the task of rescuing his Friend's reputation from wanton and unmerited obloquy upon himself.† And the Editor, with deference presumes, that the most sanguine of the Doctor's and his Biographer's admirers will not be displeased, upon the principles of equity to the living as well as the dead, to see a cursory investigation of the rest impartially attempted. Some may think it a subject of little importance; the lovers of truth and literature may possibly entertain a different opinion. The lovers of literature will think that the annals of literature should be preserved pure; and what was an object in the Life of Johnson,—or why else introduced?—cannot be indifferent to the admirers of candour and truth.

Boswell says,|| “when I returned to London in the year 1762, to my surprise and regret, I found an irreconcilable difference  
had

\* Or rather Boswell's own life under the umbrage of Johnson's. . . . 3 vols. 8vo. 2d edit. London, 1793.—Vol. i. p. 341, passim.

† See the real History of the Gold Medal given to the Author of the Tragedy of Douglas, in the EXTRACTS inserted, for convenience, at the end of this volume, page lxvi. . . . See likewise p. lv. *ibid*.

|| See Boswell, vol. i. p. 343, 4. Johnson was the avowed enemy of Scotland and Scotchmen, and no friend to the Stage; yet he wrote a play,  
and



had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who thought slightly of Sheridan's Art, upon hearing that He was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given HIM a pension? then it is time for me to give up mine."—Sheridan might have retorted in the language of Jaffier, *'tis to me you owe it.* Boswell attempts to palliate, though not wholly to justify, that unprovoked fallacy; and, leaving his readers under whatever impression to their reflections, after an unnecessary detail of extraneous circumstances, at the end of two pages he tells us, Johnson complained that a man, who disliked him, repeated this sarcasm to Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause, he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension; for he is a good man." "Sheridan," continues Boswell, "could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression; it rankled in his mind; and though I informed him what Johnson had said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there.† . . . I could perceive that Mr. Sheridan was by no means satisfied with Johnson's acknowledging him to be a good man. That could not soothe his injured vanity. I could not but smile, at the same time that I was offended, to observe, Sheridan, in the Life of Swift which he afterwards published, attempting, in the writhings of his resentment, to depreciate Johnson,

and whimsical to think, "the ease and independance to which he at last attained by Royal munificence," [p. 447,] he owed, it seems, to Scotch Actors, who played for his Benefit, under the Management of an Irish Prompter; for Lord Loughborough himself acknowledges, rather superciliously, "Sheridan rang the bell:" and, to carry on the metaphor, when the performance was over, the panegyrist of Auchinleck [Aisleck] comes in for his share with the life of Johnson by way of Epilogue.

† This important affair the Dinner-Party, or something tantamount, is brought again upon the tapis, vol. iii. p. 594.

Johnson, by characterising him, as, "a Writer of gigantic fame in these days of little men." . . . . Boswell was offended! and, peradventure in the writhings of his resentment, he smiled; but he forgets that Johnson had previously attacked Sheridan's friend, Swift. Had Boswell and Co. an exclusive patent for Offence? . . . The Biographer incontinently proceeds—

"This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her, under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend."† . . Mr. Boswell, for the purpose of quitting scores with his very kind friend, has him again in the same volume, thus . . . "Talking of a barrister who had a bad utterance, some "one, to rouse Johnson, wickedly said, that he was unfortunate "in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan;"‖ and then commits him to the laceration of Johnson and Garrick, which he glosses with the subsequent defence:

"I should perhaps have suppressed this disquisition concerning a person of whose merit and worth I think with respect, had he not attacked Johnson so outrageously in his *Life of Swift*, and at the same time, treated us, his admirers, as a set of pigmies. He who has provoked the lash of wit, cannot complain that he smarts from it."§

Alas,

† The remaining part of the paragraph must not be omitted. . . . "Her Novel, entitled *MEMOIRS OF MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH*, contains an excellent moral, while it inculcates a future state of retribution, and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious Heroine, who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of *Heaven's mercy*.—Johnson paid her the highest compliment upon it: *I know not, Madam! that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your Readers suffer so much*." Boswell's Johnson, vol. iii. p. 353, 4.

‖ Johnson, in reply . . . "Nay, Sir! if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared the room." . . . vol. iii. p. 543. § Ibid.

Alas, poor Yorick ! 'tis true he could not complain ; for he was sleeping in peace with his fathers before those notable animadversions saw the light. But whose was the wit ? . . . Did Mr. Boswell inflict the lash as a principal, or merely as a proxy ? Saving his modesty, we rather think the latter. Be that as it may, Sheridan was not the aggressor ; and supposing him amenable, the correction was inflicted by anticipation. The disquisition mentioned took place in 1769. Sheridan's *Life of Swift* did not appear till 1784, which was the first instance of his writhing, if any writhing was in the case ; but it is pretty plain, others were writhing with a vengeance in the interim. Johnson struck the first blow, and pursued it with unabating acrimony, roused on every frivolous occasion, wickedly suggested, as the text intimates, for the space of thirty years. What were his motives ? . . . Both were engaged in the same arduous task, though in somewhat a different line, the cultivation and improvement of the English tongue. Johnson was not an orator, and had but little intercourse with the graces, therefore thought slightly of Sheridan's *Art*. But it was known Sheridan had in contemplation an *ENGLISH DICTIONARY*, and the establishment of a *NATIONAL ACADEMY* upon the same principle, for which he was at the time soliciting patronage. That, in Johnson's imagination, was an incroachment on his dictatorial consequence, and though they pursued very different routes, it rankled in his mind, " I thank thee, Boswell ! for teaching me that word," and manifestly gave offence ; for in the Preface to his *Dictionary*, so early as the year 1755, Johnson steps out of his way, and even makes a temporary sacrifice of his political principles to have a wipe at Sheridan. Sheridan, more just to Johnson's literary reputation, overlooked the innuendo ; cultivated his acquaintance, and had him at his table a constant guest. In the year 1762, Sheridan's scheme for a new *English Dictionary* was published. That memorable year he was nominated for a pension, and, no way envious of his friend's celebrity,



celebrity, he seized the favourable opportunity; suggested the propriety of a provision for Johnson, and was the first who communicated to him the Royal Intention. The return Dr. Johnson made him, and some part of Mr. Boswell's ingenious commentary, we have already seen; but for a more explicit detail, we refer to the work itself. Sheridan is blamed for persevering resentment; we are by no means advocates for persevering resentment; but if justifiable in any case, it surely was in the case before us. Sheridan's resentment was an open honest indignation, arising from a proper sense of injurious treatment; it was spirited, not vindictive; it was repulsive, not mean. Was he again to run his head into the lion's mouth? and what security had he against savage attacks? His resentment was a measure of self-defence. Did Dr. Johnson ever retract his opinions? and what overtures on his part appear towards a reconciliation? was it not rather prohibited by reiterated provocation? He does not simply attack Sheridan's vanity; he ties him to the stake. "He feeds fat the ancient grudge he bears him;" he attacks him in his profession; he endeavours to sap the foundation of his hard-earned fame, and to depreciate his just claims to public favour; but—"he allows him to be a good man:" that is, he indulges his spleen at Sheridan's expence; and after a pause, to give his sarcasms their full effect, he bethinks him of a salvo. . . . "But Brutus is an honourable man." In his own case he might have thought it a sly evasion; a forced concession wholly nugatory on the footing of worldly success. Goodness, as virtue, is its own reward, and seldom the ground of competitorship. Dr. Johnson's pension was not granted him on account of his goodness; "*the pension was granted to Johnson solely as the reward of his literary merit.*"\* To what then did his negative compliment amount? The Jew may help Sheridan to an answer, though he was in no respect a Brother of the Tribe.

"Nay,

\* Lord Loughborough's words. . . . Boswell's Johnson, vol. i, p. 342.



- “ Nay, take my Life and all, pardon not that :  
 “ You take my House, when you do take the Prop  
 “ That doth sustain my House ; you take my Life  
 “ When you do take the means whereby I live.”

Sheridan had a family to provide for ; his means were in supposition, and, we may say, altogether depended on his estimation with the Public, which the strictures of Johnson were certainly not calculated to improve. Mr. Sheridan had great energy of mind ; he was an enthusiast in the cause of Education ; it was the favourite study of his life, and all his exertions ultimately tended to that one great object : so closely was it interwoven in his heart, that I have heard him in conversation on the subject declare to my Father, and I believe he was sincere in the declaration, however paradoxical it may seem, that he would rather see his two sons at the head of respectable Academies, as a situation the most beneficial to mankind, than one of them Prime Minister of Britain, and the other at the head of affairs in Ireland.† He might be over sanguine in his projects, and, on that head it must be confessed, somewhat singular in his notions ; yet they did not spring from the littleness of a selfish ambition, but were founded on the broad basis of public good : they might not, in vulgar acceptance, be very splendid or sublime ; they might not exactly square with the politics of his children ; but they were not, for that reason, criminal ; and, to say nothing of ingratitude, was it the part of a friend so looked up to, so conversant in matters of juvenile institution as Johnson was supposed to be, to thwart his benevolent Host's generous struggles for independance ? to treat him, whom he allowed to be a good man, with derision, and to hold him up as an object for Scorn to point her slow and moving finger at ? The figure is strong,

† The eldest, Charles-Francis, was at the time Secretary at War and Member of the House of Commons in Ireland ; and the youngest, Richard-Brinsley, Representative for Stafford in England.

strong, and some may think the outline overcharged; but in such cases we are not to be guided merely by our own feelings; we are to have an eye to the conception and feelings of the character more immediately affected. What to one man is but matter of amusement, may be to another death. Boswell, in his *Chronicle* from the year 1762 to the year 1784 inclusive, no less than thirteen times introduces Mr. Sheridan, and every time for the sole purpose, it would seem, of abusing him; for almost in every instance, either directly, or by obvious implication, he is the Butt of reprehension, and his character episodically brought in as the vehicle of some illiberal reflection. If there be an exception, it is a paragraph in the 3d volume, inserted as part of a desultory conversation said to have taken place in the year 1779, in which Sheridan's character, as a man of merit, is favourably exhibited; nevertheless even there, a smatch of the old leaven is perceivable. The subject is introduced without any apparent connection, and a compliment to him seemingly intended; but the essence of it is done away, being connected with circumstances of a problematical complexion, and founded on a Fact for which there is no authority. Boswell or Johnson, *Latet anguis in herba*. Let the impartial reader determine; the documents, though not numerous, are sufficient.

Boswell, speaking of Johnson, says—"He observed that "his old friend, Mr. Sheridan, had been honoured with extraordinary attention in his own country, by having had an exception made in his favour in an Irish Act of Parliament concerning Insolvent Debtors. Thus to be singled out, said he, by a Legislature, as an object of public consideration and kindness, is a proof of no common merit." [p. 171.]

This eulogium is speciously advanced; but as already observed, has something in it of an equivocal nature: and comparing it with the rest, a doubt arises whether it was seriously or ironically intended. As the paragraph stands wholly insulated, there is no forming any judgment from the context; but it comes in

a questionable shape, and must rest solely on its own intrinsic merits. In that light it is unluckily featured, and bears confutation on the face of it. If insolvent acts were calculated generally for the punishment, not relief, of unfortunate defaulters, the story of a clause of exception in favour of an individual might carry weight; but Johnson was too conversant in parliamentary usage to be imposed on, which makes it difficult to conceive, if the discourse be fairly stated, that he meant it seriously. "Somebody, to rouse Johnson, might wickedly have said "it," and that was his method of retorting. He always disputed Sheridan's merits, for which no doubt he had his reasons, and on a supposition that he thought it merely a speculation of some of his old friend's partizans, a report fabricated to enhance his character, the sarcasm comes pointed with double force. No Gentleman of information, particularly from Ireland, could consider it as complimentary, for, improbabilities apart, it rests upon a Fact to which, had any such existed, they could not be strangers. It must have been an affair of public notoriety, open to inspection; but in truth no such exception is on record. The particular Act alluded to, and the Journals of the House of Commons, printed by authority, are now under consultation, and no vestiges of any such exception are to be met with in either. Whatever gave birth to it, the story as related is fictitious, and can do no honour to the memory of Mr. Sheridan in the estimation of any intelligent person who really respected him. His merit stood in no need of meretricious varnish or adventitious support; the Public were in full possession of it; but the kindness he experienced was the kindness of private friendship. The effort of One who seldom let an opportunity of serving those for whom he professed a friendship escape him. The subject has been already touched upon,\* which as a literary anecdote a few incontrovertible facts will elucidate; they are extracted from my Father's papers and are faithful to the Original.

JOURNALS

\* See the Notes to this volume, p. 297.



JOURNALS of the HOUSE of COMMONS, Vol. xiv. } Page 207\*  
 Martis II die Martii 1766.

"A Petition of *Samuel Whyte* and other principal Creditors of Thomas Sheridan, Esq; was presented to the House and read; setting forth, that the said Thomas Sheridan, late Manager of the Theatre in Smock-alley, having contracted several debts which he was unable to answer, was obliged to quit this kingdom, from the persecution of some of his Creditors, who refused to sign a Letter of Licence, by which he is cut off from every prospect of paying his debts, or providing for his family. And praying, that the said Thomas Sheridan may have such protection and relief as to the House shall seem meet."

"Ordered, that the said Petition be referred to the said Committee."

This was entirely a voluntary measure, without the participation or even knowledge of Mr. Sheridan, who, for the reasons set forth in the Petition, had retired with his family to Blois in France. The situation of his affairs, though greatly deranged, had not deprived him of every resource; he had still a Friend, who, not unconscious of the difficulties, entertained hopes of, one day or other, finding the means of restoring him to his country. At length an opportunity seemed to present itself. A Bill was brought into Parliament for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors under certain limitations. Petitions poured into the House from every quarter; but Mr. Sheridan's absence, at so remote a distance, rendered it impossible, had he been ever so much inclined, to take advantage of the occasion. The Bill was some time pending, and Petitioner, who had formed his plan, waited its progress with patient expectation; for he knew Mr. Sheridan, in consequence of his critical situation, had many enemies, and some very indiscreet friends, whose officiousness might prove as detrimental as the machinations of his adversaries; both of which were to be guarded against; he therefore kept close his intentions for fear of accidents, and postponed his

\* Page 229, in the Edition printed Anno 1782 . . . . Petitioner's surname is in that Edition inaccurately spelled, *White*.



his application to the last hour, that those whom he suspected inimical might not have time to unite their forces and make head against him. Tuesday, March 11th, was the day fixed for the final Resolution of the House. On the Sunday morning preceding, Petitioner went to Bellingham Boyle, Esq; of Rathfarnham Castle, whose kind partiality he had long experienced, and for the first time opened his design. Mr. Boyle listened to it with his accustomed cordiality, and very much applauded the intention, but did not flatter him with great expectations of success; for he imagined it would meet with a powerful opposition, and feared the time was too short to secure a party to carry it through. Petitioner earnestly remonstrated, and explained his motives for the delay, which Mr. Boyle, upon consideration, thinking feasible, he proposed to consult Mr. Tisdal (the Attorney General) and a few more of the leading Members, to whom Petitioner was well known, and promised, as soon as possible, to apprise him of the result. The succeeding evening, at a very late hour, he was summoned to attend at the Chambers of Mr. Fitzgerald, Judge of the Admiralty, where he found the Attorney General, the Provost, Mr. Boyle, and six or seven Members more, in consultation, and having satisfied them in some points touching the business, they gave him instructions to prepare a Petition to be presented to the House early the next day, and, as they had no doubt Mr. Sheridan had many well-wishers among his Creditors, directed him to get it signed by as many of them as he could, which, seeing the business in train, and his example, an equal sufferer, before them, it was supposed none of them would refuse.

Here indeed he met with the most mortifying disappointments; for, though all those he judged it prudent to confide in, declared themselves satisfied of Mr. Sheridan's probity and good intentions, and acknowledged, without reserve, that the particulars were fairly and honestly stated, he could not procure a single name in addition to his own to countenance the application.

cation. George Faulkner, whom he looked upon as his sheet anchor, was the first that excused himself. The morning being wasted in fruitless solicitations, no time was to be lost; the Petition, thus hastily made out, and crude as it obviously must be, was delivered to Mr. Boyle, who, tho' a strenuous and active colleague, was no speaker, and he committed it to Mr. Fitzgerald. That Gentleman, in a very happily-conceived speech, recommended it to the House; the celebrated Charles Lucas, M. D. Representative for Dublin, Petitioner's most intimate Friend, seconded the motion, which was warmly supported by Mr. Ad-derley. It passed unanimously. . . . The Petitioner to attend the Committee on Thursday the last of their sitting.

JOHN MONCK MASON, Esq. in the Chair.

The late Lord Viscount Doneraile, and the present Lord Viscount Northland, his earliest and most steady patrons, then in the Commons, received him at the door, and taking him by the hand announced him to the Committee, saying "Here comes the worthy Petitioner for Mr. Sheridan." This was an encouraging reception, and the prelude to a more signal instance of favour in the sequel. Standing at the foot of the table, the Book, as is the usage, was handed to him; but the test of an Affidavit was dispensed with.

Mr. Tottenham immediately rose, and addressing the Chair, expatiated at some length on the purport of the Petition before them, and the extraordinary circumstance of its introduction to the House. A Creditor petitioning the Legislature in behalf of his Debtor, he observed, was very much out of the usual course, and the single instance of the kind, he believed, that ever solicited the attention of Parliament. Among other encomiums, of which he was by no means sparing, he said, it evidently showed a disinterested spirit, and, in his opinion, merited particular consideration and respect. *He therefore moved, that Petitioner shall not be put to his OATH; but the Facts set forth in his Petition be admitted simply on his word.* His motion was seconded by an instantaneous, Ay! Ay! without a dissenting voice. A few questions were then put, purely as it were for form's

form's sake, and Petitioner was dismissed with repeated testimonies of applause and congratulations of success.

The Creditors, most likely, either did not wish or imagine he would carry his point; for when they found the business effected, they appeared in a combination to abuse him; and not only reproached him for meddling, as they called it, but affected to look upon him as responsible to them for the whole of their respective demands; because, as they alledged, he had without their concurrence had recourse to Parliament to their prejudice, and deprived them of the means of prosecuting their just claims. Some of them actually consulted counsel, and took steps for the purpose of compelling him to pay them out of his own pocket. The idea may be now laughed at; but the thing was very seriously menaced: and in his situation, unhackneyed as he was in the ways of men;\* of a profession too of all others the most exposed to anxiety and trouble, with very inadequate compensation, it must have been an accumulated grievance, and their vindictive malice not a little alarming.

Mr. Sheridan's subsequent letters on the subject, now in the Editor's hands, at the same time that they more clearly explain and corroborate the facts, remain a decisive testimony of his principles, and reflect a genuine lustre on his character as a Husband, a Father, a moral Man, and a Christian.

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*To Mr. Samuel Whyte, Master of the English Grammar-School, in Grafton-street, Dublin. Via Londres, Angleterre.*

DEAR SAM!

YOUR long expected letter has at length arrived without date. You mention in it that it was writ the post after Mr. Sheen's, but by some strange fatality it has been six weeks longer in its passage. I own your long silence astonished me, and raised in me many mortifying reflections. The general neglect

\* He was of a retired habit; just turned of thirty, and not eight years in business.



neglect which I experienced from all quarters in my distressed situation, created in me such an apathy for all the affairs of this life, that I was almost brought to wish to pass the rest of my days

*Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis.*

But your last has shewn me that friendship is not wholly banished from the earth. I find that it is to your care solely I am indebted for the turn my affairs have taken, and it pleased me the more, as you are the only person living to whom I would wish to owe such an obligation. Your silence during the transaction carries its excuse with it. It was better on every account that the attempt should be made without my privacy. And to deal ingenuously with you, had you consulted me, I should never have consented to it. But as the thing has passed with so much credit to me, the whole honour and merit of it is yours. What I mentioned in a former, relative to an act of Parliament, had no reference to any such act to be made in Ireland, of which I had not the least idea, but to an English act passed the sessions before for the relief of insolvent debtors, with the nature of which I desired to be made acquainted. . . . You have not made me acquainted with the circumstances of the act, in which, thro' your friendly and disinterested exertions, I am concerned; nor mentioned the time that it will be proper for me to go to Ireland. I should be glad you would take the first opportunity of conveying a copy of the act to Mr. Chamberlaine, because there are some points on which I would take advice in London, before my setting out for Dublin. And now, my dear SAM! I must tell you, that without your farther assistance it will be impossible for me to reap the benefit of what you have done for me. From the perpetual fluctuation in the ministry, the payments are no longer punctual at the Treasury. There is now due to me a year of my pension; and at the moment I am writing to you I am reduced to my last Louis. I had relied upon receiving about fifty pound from Sheen, for the books and a year's rent of a certain farm at Quilca. But this I find, without any notice  
given



given me, has been forestalled, and Sheen writes me word that he has not a shilling to spare. I had before applied to some friends in England, who had made large professions to me; but I find, by an obstinate silence on their part, that nothing is to be expected from them. My sole reliance at present is upon you; nor should I have the least doubt on me, if your abilities were equal to your good will. But I must conjure you by all that is sacred in friendship to raise a hundred pounds for me, as speedily as you can, and convey it to William Whately, Esq; Banker in London, for my use; on the receipt of which I will immediately set out for England in my way to Dublin. Mrs. Sheridan and the Children will continue in France, 'till my affairs are settled; and after that you may rely upon it that this is the first debt I shall think myself bound to discharge. I need not say more upon this head; I am sure your utmost endeavours will not be wanting to serve me in this exigence, and to complete what you have so well begun.

And now I must give you some account of what we have been doing since our arrival at Blois. I have long since finished the Dictionary, and have got together the greatest part of the materials for the Grammar, which only want being reduced into order. I have likewise almost finished a volume of Dialogues on the English Language, to serve as a preparative for the other work. The more I reflect on the general use which must be made of this work wherever English is taught, the more I am convinced that the profits of it will be considerable; and that if I keep the right of the Copy to myself (which is my design) it will be an estate to my family. I have finished a Grammar too in English and French, for the use of all foreigners who understand French, that are desirous of attaining a knowledge of the English tongue by an easy and short method. I have also drawn up a Grammar in English to facilitate the attainment of the French tongue to all who speak English. A work much wanted, and which I began at first for the use of my children, upon finding the great imperfection of all hitherto published with that view.

view. Mrs. Sheridan has writ a comedy called a Trip to Bath, in which some good judges in England find a great deal of merit. She has also made two additional volumes to the Memoirs of Sidney, and has begun a Tragedy in prose upon part of the story contained in this latter part. Thus you see, that, together with the time employed in the instruction of the children, we have not been idle since our arrival here. Our coming to Blois has been attended with the happy circumstance of restoring Mrs. Sheridan to a perfect good state of health, a blessing which she had not known for ten years before; and this alone would make me think it a fortunate event which drove us hither. But I have other reasons to bless this event. It has afforded me an opportunity of acquiring two of the most useful kinds of knowledge, which one can be possessed of in this life; I mean a knowledge of the world, and a knowledge of myself. To know the world well one must cease to be an actor in the busy scene of life, and be contented to be an humble spectator; and to know one's self well, long uninterrupted leisure for self-examination, at a distance from the turbulence and seductions of the world, is essentially necessary. The result of my reflections with regard to the world has been the same with that of the wise man, that it is, Vanity of Vanities. But I have not like him ended my enquiries there. My mind could never rest in so dispiriting a conclusion; it naturally led me to the consideration of another life, where all that is amiss here will be rectified. And after the most unprejudiced enquiries, I remained in the full conviction, that it is from RELIGION alone that we can hope for contentment in this life, or happiness in a future one: and the result of my self-examination was, a determined resolution to make her sacred dictates the guide of all my future actions. Don't think, SAM! that either superstition or melancholy have had the least influence on this occasion, for I have not a grain of either in my composition; it has been the effect of a long, cool, deliberate train of reflection. I am sorry I was not before made acquainted with the very kind part which Mr. Boyle took in

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my affairs. I fear a letter, after so great a distance of time would appear with but an ill grace: I must therefore beg you will take it upon yourself to make him my most grateful acknowledgements, and at the same time the apology for my silence. You do not say a word about Mrs. Whyte, nor your Boy. Do you think we are indifferent with regard to what concerns you? Assure Mr. and Mrs. Guinness of my warmest regards, and best wishes. I did intend to return a few lines in answer to the obliging ones which she added to yours, but you see the paper is finished.

I am ever sincerely  
and affectionately yours

*Blois, August 1st, 1766.*

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

This letter affords a strong proof of the writer's great reliance on his Friend; and the following will evince, his Friend was no temporizer; and that his attention to Mr. Sheridan, or his alacrity to serve him, neither distance of situation, nor change of circumstances, abated.

TO MR. SAMUEL WHYTE, IN GRAFTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

SIR,

*London, 13th August, 1766.*

I HAVE received your favour of the 7th, with a bill on Messrs. Ker and co. for £ 25. . . which shall be passed to the account of Mr. Sheridan as desired. I am, for Messrs. Castells, and myself,

Sir, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM WHATELY.

SIR,

*London, 17th September, 1766.*

I HAVE received your favour of the 11th, with a bill on Mr. Clarke for £ 75. . . which shall be placed to the account of Mr. Thomas Sheridan. I am, for Messrs. Castells, and myself,

Sir, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM WHATELY.

*Aug. 7th. Rem. 25 : 0 : 0*

*Sep. 11th. do. 75 : 0 : 0*

*Total £ : 0 : 0 Brit. Curr.*



*To Mr. Samuel Whyte, Master of the English Grammar School, in  
Grafton-street, Dublin. Via Londres, Angleterre.*

*Paris, October 13th, 1766.*

OFTEN have I sat down to write to you an account of the most fatal event that could befall me in this life, and as often have thrown aside the pen. Oh, my dear SAM! the most excellent of women is no more. Her apparent malady was an intermitting fever, attended with no one bad symptom 'till the day before her death, when she was suddenly deprived of her senses, and all the fatal prognosticks of a speedy dissolution appeared. She died the death of the righteous, without one pang, without a groan. The extraordinary circumstances attending her case made me resolve to have her opened: when it was found that the whole art of medicine could not have prolonged her days, as all the noble parts were attacked, and any one of four internal maladies must have proved mortal. If the news of this event has not yet reached Dublin, break it to my Sister as gently as you can. I set out from this in a few days for St. Quintin, a town about half way between this and Calais, where I purpose to leave my Children, in the hands of Protestants, to whom they are strongly recommended. As soon as I have settled them, I shall set out for London, and thence proceed to Dublin as speedily as possible. I thank you for your last letter and the remittance, without which I should not have been able to have made this arrangement.—SAM! you have lost a Friend who valued you much. I have lost what the world cannot repair, a bosom Friend, another self. My children have lost—Oh their Loss is neither to be expressed nor repaired. But the will of God be done.

I am ever sincerely  
and affectionately yours

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's that "many things which are false are transmitted from book to book and gain credit in the world," an observation which comes home to the experience of most intelligent readers, and has been abundantly  
verified



verified in the case of Mr. Sheridan. The preceding facts speak for themselves, and the documents will hardly be disputed. In a former page of this volume,\* it is said, that he died at Margate, Thursday, August the 16th. This is an error of the press, it should be Thursday, August the 14th, 1788. He had performed a long and difficult part in the eye of the Public, and his exit was not unnoticed. Memoirs of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq; appeared in the European Magazine for the months of September,† October,† November,† and December,† subsequent, stating in the first instance, according to custom, the particulars of his birth and parentage, as follows:

“ Thomas Sheridan was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, an eminent divine and schoolmaster, but more celebrated as the friend and companion of Dean Swift, by Miss Macpherson, daughter of a Scots gentleman. He was born at Quilca,† a place which to future times will acquire a degree of importance, as the residence of Swift, and the birth-place of most of Mr. Sheridan’s family, particularly the author of the School for Scandal.”—And in a prior publication, containing Memoirs of Richard-Brinsley Sheridan, that gentleman is described as “ the eldest son of Thomas Sheridan and Frances his wife, born at Quilca near Dublin.”

These memoirs were republished verbatim in different places, particularly in the Edinburgh and Dublin Magazines, the latter by Pat. Byrne, bookseller, Grafton-street. . . It must be presumed that the Compiler proceeded on the best information he could collect; but his information was not authentic. Mrs. Knowles, Mr. Sheridan’s Sister, who then presided over an eminent Boarding-School for young Ladies in York-street, was consulted as to the facts, and her account, which cannot be controverted, ran widely different.

Thomas Sheridan was not the first-born of their Parents, her brother Richard being upwards of three years his senior,  
whose

\* p. 298 . . † Eur. Mag. p. 210 . . † p. 274 . . † p. 325 . . † p. 408 .

† See also Biographia Dramatica, article Sheridan.

whose eldest Son of the same name, late a King's Counsel, and Member for Charlemont, was present at the relation. The name of the Doctor's first-born son was James, who died young and was buried in St. Mary's Church-yard, August 22d, 1724, as appears by the Register, consequently Thomas was his third son. Neither was their mother's maiden name Macpherfon, nor was she of Scotch extraction. Her name was Elizabeth Macfadden, the only child of an Irish gentleman of the Province of Ulster. Mrs. Knowles could not see the propriety of distinguishing Quilca as the settled residence of Swift, more than Sir Arthur Achefon's, Mr. Matthews's, Mr. Hamilton's, or any other place where he might have been an invited guest, or for a few months occasionally accommodated: and setting down Quilca as the birth place of her brother Thomas, or any of his family, was void of all foundation; for her Mother and Sister were remarkably timid on those occasions, and invariably fixed on the Capital, where they were in the way of more immediate and better assistance than could be expected in the country. Her brother Thomas as well as herself and the rest of the Doctor's children were born in Capel-street, in King James's mint-house,\* as it was called, where her father had his school; and her brother Tom's third son Richard-Brinsley, author of the School for Scandal, was born at his house in Dorset-street, Dublin, where his eldest son Thomas, who died in childhood, Charles-Francis and his eldest daughter were also born, and all his children, except the youngest daughter who was born in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London, were baptized in St. Mary's Church, where likewise the Doctor her Father's children received their Baptism; all which is confirmed by the Register, to be seen in the Church books, which could not well have been the case had they been born in Quilca; a journey of about fifty English miles from Dublin, and not in the neighbourhood of that Metropolis.

Without entering into other matters, there are some things to be corrected in the story told of George Faulkner, of ostentatious memory, which but ill squares with his conduct on a former occasion

\* See the plate, page 44 of this volume.

occasion mentioned, and seems more calculated for eclat, than consistent with the Fact. His relinquishing his securities, were it really the case, two years after the power of enforcing them had been superseded, was but an empty compensation for refusing his Name when it might have been of use; but the Alderman knew Printers, and Printers knew him. The paragraph told prettily, and he obtained the Feather. *Quiescant mortui!* . . . The business was done without him. Mr. Sheridan arrived in Dublin, from France, in the month of October, 1766, and, as the Act directs, appeared in Court during the Term to take the benefit of it in form. Very shortly after, having no scheme of secreting his property, a trick too common on such occasions, a meeting of his Creditors was called by public advertisement, and the remains of his fortune, which chiefly consisted of surplus rents arising from a certain farm at Quilca, which he had formerly purchased from his eldest brother, and had in his difficulties mortgaged to a brother-in-law, was vested in three of the Creditors, in trust for the whole, who, without let or molestation, permitted him the free enjoyment of the same for his life. Shortly after his decease Quilca was sold to pay off the encumbrance, and the exceedings were honourably appropriated, upon an average of the outstanding debts, to the purpose of discharging them. . . . No dirty expedient was attempted to evade payment, though the statute of limitation might have been pleaded in full force; the Creditors were publicly apprized of the intended distribution, and every claimant, without exception, received his dividend.\*

In a Work of considerable merit and utility, which lately issued from the American Press, it is recorded, under the head of Eminent Men, "that the Rev. Doctor Thomas Sheridan, of Ireland, Author of the English Dictionary, Works on "Elocution, &c. died August 14th, 1788." Here Father and Son are evidently confounded. . . . Well! and what matter, cries his Worship in stilts; he sees no occasion for such

great

\* This passage is literally transcribed from the Author's MS. It is feelingly given from his own personal experience in other cases, to which it manifestly alludes. The Items, not trifling nor a few, are on his Books!!!



*great minuteness*: What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Very true, Sir! and is the Sneer less applicable to your Alexanders and your Cæsars, those Gods on Earth, who have been hung up to posterity on as disputable authority, and to as little purpose?—An honest man's the noblest work of God.—He is an example proper for imitation, and such alone are worthy of commemorating. Pope on the various pursuits of mankind, speaking among others, of your Heroes and your Politicians, comes precisely to the point:

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,  
'Tis phrase absurd to call a VILLAIN great.

September 5, 1796.

F I N I S.





7 MA 55

## E X T R A C T S, &c.

ALLUDED TO IN THE PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

(1) **A**DDISON seems to have had his eye on Marcus Hieronymus Vida, in the following elegant but ill-placed simile with which Marcia tags the first act of his Cato; the last distich of which, probably, gave birth to a similar fancy in Parnell's Hermit. V. 15. Item, vide POPE, Ep. iv. v. 363.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,  
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines;  
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

CATO, Act I.

Flumina sæpe vides immundo turbida limo :  
Haurit aquam tamen inde frequens concursus, et altis  
Important puteis ad pocula : desuper illa  
Occultis diffusa canalibus influit, omnemque  
Illabens bibulas labem exuit inter arenas.  
Nil adeo incultum, quod non splendescere possit.

POETIC. Lib. iii. v. 202.

Another passage just now offers, taken from Virgil.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,  
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato :  
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

CATO, Act II. Scene 5.

Disce, Puer! Virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;  
Fortunam ex aliis—————

VIRG. ÆN. xii. v. 435.

A competent reader, in his perusal of that celebrated Tragedy, will readily discover the very free use the Author has made of the classics, particularly Lucan.

f

(2) The'

(2) Though Waller's Works, it is presumed, are in most libraries, to save trouble we will insert his, *Go, lovely Rose!* and the Greek of Plato, from whence it is supposed he took the hint, with an imitation in English, for the use of those who may not be in possession of the original: an English Rose being substituted for the Apple of the Greek.

## SONG BY WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,  
     That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair, she seems to be.  
     Tell her that's young  
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
     That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.  
     Small is the worth  
 Of beauty, from the light retir'd:  
     Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
 And not blush so to be admir'd.  
     Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
     May read in thee:  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

\*Επίγραμμα τῷ Πλάτῳ.

Τῷ μῆλῳ βαλλῶ σέ· τὸ δ' εἰ μὲν ἐκῆστα φιλεῖς με,  
     Δεξαμένη, τῆς σῆς παρθενίας μετάρως.  
 Εἰ δ' ἄρ' ὃ μὴ γίνοιτο νοεῖς, τῷτ' αὐτὸ λαβούσα  
     Σκέψαι τῇ ὥρῃ ὡς ὀλιγοχρόνιος.  
 Μῆλον ἐγὼ βάλλει με φιλῶν σέ τις· ἀλλ' ἐπίνευσον,  
     Ξανδίππη, καὶ γὰρ καὶ σὺ μαραινόμεδα.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS, Lib. iii.

THE

## THE APPLE:

AN IMITATION, FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

To Delia, thee, Hesperian fruit! I send,  
 Where autumn's hues with vernal colours blend;  
 A rich return my Delia can impart,  
 The secret treasures of a virgin heart;  
 But if no secret-treasures thou canst gain,  
 And Delia's rose blooms but to give us pain,  
 Tell her the withering breath of swift decay,  
 That wastes thy sweets, will waft her bloom away;  
 Bid her with yielding blushes meet desire,  
 Nor with untasted charms unblest expire;  
 Show her how soon thy glowing beauties fade,  
 And by thy fate instruct the lovely maid.

(3) Waller's Rose, besides being of foreign growth, a powerful charm in Fashion's eye, is curious on another account, which, probably, the reader may have already anticipated. The thought which gives brilliancy to the 2d and 3d Stanza, shines with improved lustre in the Elegy of Gray; it occurs in the 14th Stanza of that happy effusion of genius; too much admired and too often quoted to need recital here

Thomson has likewise contributed to the perfection of Gray's Poem. The Writers shall speak for themselves; both the passages are beautiful; we appeal to the Reader's heart to determine the preference: It must be the heart of a Parent.

## THE SHEPHERD PERISHING IN THE SNOW.

Down he sinks

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Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of Death,  
 Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots  
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man;  
 His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen.

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' In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
 ' The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
 ' In vain his little children, peeping out

' Into



‘ Into the mingling storm, demand their Sire  
 ‘ With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
 ‘ Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,  
 ‘ Nor Friend, nor sacred home.’

THOMSON’S WINTER.

Let us now, with the MELANCHOLY ELEGIST, take a survey of  
 the mouldering heaps,

Where—————

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

‘ For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 ‘ Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
 ‘ No children run to lift their fire’s return,  
 ‘ Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.’ GRAY.

Some thoughts and images in Parnell’s Night Piece on Death, make their appearance in the Church-Yard of Gray also, with little other variation than what might arise from the happier adoption of plan, difference of metre, and necessary structure of the quatrain which take place in the latter.

We must here bid farewell to Gray. The question of original right remains in statu quo. Dr. Walcott and Mr. Giffard’s account has been somewhat strengthened by collateral testimony, all from different and detached quarters. But tho’ our volume, where it first appeared, has gone through two editions, and no endeavours have been spared on our part to procure information, our sole motive for agitating the subject, we are still to lament the want of the material evidence. The Book in reference is still a desideratum. July 29, 1794.

(4) She never told her love ;

But let concealment, like a worm i’t’h’ bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek : She pin’d in thought,

And,

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat, like Patience on a Monument,  
 Smiling at Grief —————

SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent and for ever sad. THOMSON'S SUMMER.

Peace, Virgin! peace: . . . Patience here,  
 Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,  
 In mute submission lifts the adoring eye,  
 Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON'S CARACTACUS.

(5) As the Works referred to may not be at hand, we will  
 indulge our Readers with the particular passages.—Richard II.  
 in the play, appealing to those about him, thus expostulates:

Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,  
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,  
 To read a lecture of them? if thou wouldst,  
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—  
 Containing the deposing of a King,  
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heaven:—

SHAKS. vol. v. p. 81, Malone's Edit. 1790.

The interesting story of Le Fevre, in *Tristram Shandy*, is  
 given by the Author as told by Corporal Trim, who, describing  
 the forlorn and critical situation of that young Invalid, says—  
 "Ah, welladay! do what we can for him—the poor soul will  
 "die!"—"He shall not die, by G—," cried my Uncle *Toby*.—  
 "The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to Heaven's Chancery  
 "with the Oath, blushed as he gave it in,—and the RECORD-  
 "ING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon  
 "the word, and blotted it out for ever."

STERNE'S WORKS, vol. iii. p. 154, London, 1783.

(6) I do

(6) I do not enter the lists with those who contend for or against the learning of Shakspeare; and though no writer had ever a more indisputable right to the title of an original, yet even in him we may trace evident marks of imitation. If the passage hereafter cited be not one, it is at least a proof that two geniuses may think alike and express themselves nearly in the same way, and yet neither of them be indebted to the other.

The spirited conduct of the Lord Chief Justice, and the contrition and subsequent behaviour of the Prince, who had insulted him on the Bench, is well known, and, if they had sense to profit by it, affords excellent instruction to our modern fever-brained Pistol-snappers who strive to ape him in his foibles, but are strangers to his virtues. Shakspeare appears delighted in delineating the character of the magnanimous young Henry; he represents him, having ascended the throne of his deceased father, in a friendly expostulation with the man by whom he had been formerly committed, restoring him to office, with these remarkable words:

You did commit me:

For which I do commit into your hand  
The unstain'd sword that you have used to bear;  
With this remembrance,—*That you use the same  
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me.*

2d Part of Henry IV. Act V. Scene 2d.

The very idea of Ulpian Trajan, the 13th Roman Emperor, who, at his inauguration, when he delivered, according to custom, the sword to the chief of the Prætorium, added,

*Hoc pro me si jussu imperavero, si perperam contra me utere.*

#### (6) ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, A RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCVII, BY DEAN SWIFT.

*See his Works, vol. vi. p. 107. Williams, 1774.*

When Cupid did his grandfire Jove entreat  
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,

Jove



Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,  
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;  
 From which ingredients first the dexterous boy  
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.  
 The Graces from the court did next provide  
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:  
 These Venus gleans from every spurious grain  
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert and vain.  
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,  
 Then call'd the happy composition FLOYD.

Hawkesworth's note annexed to this Poem, in his edition of Swift, has been already quoted, page xix. It may be curious to consider whether, for its being such a master-piece as that Editor of Swift declares, it is not indebted to the united efforts of two geniuses, one improving (and that not with less fertility of imagination than the inventor) on the invention of the other. In order to judge of this, let us peruse the following extract from a Poem in the Posthumous Works of La Fontaine, addressed to Madame de Fontanges, printed at Paris, MDCXCVI, page 232.

(7) Je vis encore une jeune merveille;  
 Si ce n'est vous, ç'en est une pareille:  
 Mais c'est vous même, & Mercure me dit,  
 Comment le Ciel un tel œuvre entreprit.  
 Mortel, dit il, il est bon de t'apprendre  
 Par quel motif ce chef-d'oeuvre fut fait.  
 Un jour Jupin se trouvant satisfait  
 Des vœux qu'en terre on venoit de lui rendre:  
 Nous dit à tous; Je veux récompenser  
 De quelque don la terrestre demeure.  
 Le don fut beau comme tu peux penser:  
 Minerve en fit un patron tout à l'heure.  
 L'éclat fut pris des feux du firmament;  
 Chaque Deesse et chaque objet charmant,  
 Qui brille au Ciel avec plus d'avantage,  
 Contribua du sien à cet ouvrage.

Pallas



Pallas y mit son esprit si vanté,  
 Junon son port, et Venus sa beauté,  
 Flore son teint, et les Graces leurs graces.

\* \* \* \* \*

Divin objet voila vôtre origine.

Which, for the mere English reader, is thus literally translated :

I saw also a young miracle, if not you, at least like you; but 'tis yourself: and Mercury told me how Heaven came to undertake such a work. Mortal! said he, it is proper to inform thee from what motive this master-piece was made. One day Jupiter being particularly pleased with the vows which were offered him from below, said to us all, 'I intend to bestow some gift as a reward to the terrestrial abode.' The gift, as you may suppose, was a handsome one. Minerva made a pattern for it directly. The brightness of it was taken from the ethereal fire. There was not any goddess, or any engaging object which shines in Heaven with any degree of superiority, that did not contribute some share to the composition. Pallas threw in her so-much-boasted wit; Juno her port, and Venus her beauty; Flora her complexion, and the Graces their charms.—Such, divine object! was your origin.

Upon a little farther reflection may it not be fairly imagined, that the Frenchman had his eye upon some beauty of classical birth when he produced this *Chef-d'œuvre*, and that the Mrs. Biddy of Swift, or the Madame de Fontanges of La Fontaine, is but another name for Pandora, the charming Greek, disguised with a little rouge and pearl powder, and tricked out for admiration in modern drapery?—Fortunately we have it in our power to bring it to the test of comparison, which will no doubt be a gratification to curiosity and an acquisition to the Connoisseur. Sketches of Pandora, the Grecian Delilah, or Eve, if you would have her, are to be met with in most classical Dictionaries, those instructive repositories, open to every one's inspection, Pedant or Petit-maitre; but we have an original picture of her remaining from the pencil of Hesiod: An undoubted antique!

Prometheus

Prometheus, son of Iäpetus, descended of Ocean, is fabled, in defiance of Jove, to have stolen fire from Heaven, with which he animated two models of clay. Jupiter resents this daring piece of sacrilege, in consequence of which the Father of Gods resolves to punish the whole race of man, and thinks, according to our ancient Bard, a pretty woman the fittest instrument for his purpose. He communicates the affair to the subordinate Deities of his Privy-Council assembled, who, being parties in the business, in their turn readily, as meet, comply with the injunctions of their Sovereign. The smiling mischief, better to effect her end, is equipped with a box filled with all manner of evils, which she bestows as a nuptial present on her unsuspecting spouse. Do we not here perceive touches of the Hebraic School? but of that in its place; let us now attend to Jupiter.

“Ως ἔφατ’, ἐκ δ’ ἐγέλασσε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

Ἡφαιστον δ’ ἐκέλευσε περικλυτὸν ὅττι τάχιστα  
Γαῖαν ὕδει φῦρειν, ἐν δ’ ἀνθρώπων θέμεν αὐδὴν  
Καὶ ρένει, ἀθανάταις δὲ θεαῖς εἰς ὧπα εἰσκειν  
Παρθενικαῖς καλὸν ἱδμεν ἐπὶ ἥρατον· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη  
Ἔργα διδασκῆσαι, πολυδαίδαλον ἱστὸν ὑφαίνειν·  
Καὶ χάριν ἀμφιχέαι κεφαλῇ χρυσῇν Ἀφροδίτην,  
Καὶ πόθον ἀργαλέον, καὶ γυιοκόρυς μελεδῶνας·  
Ἐν δὲ θέμεν κύνεον τε νόον καὶ ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἦθος  
Ἑρμείην ἥνωγε διάκτορον Ἀργεϊφόντην.

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“Ως ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἐπίθοντο Διὶ Κρονίῳ ἀνακτι.  
Αὐτίκα δ’ ἐκ γαίης πλάσσει κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖς  
Παρθένω αἰδοίῃ ἵκελον, Κρονίδεω διὰ βελός.  
Ζῶσε δὲ καὶ κόσμῃσιν θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ Χάριτες τε θεαὶ καὶ πότνια Πειθώ  
Ὅρμις χρυσεῖς ἔθεσαν χροῖ· ἀμφὶ δὲ τήνγε  
ῥῶραι καλλίκομοι γέφον ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσι·  
Πάντα δὲ οἱ χροῖ κόσμον ἐφήρμοσε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·  
Ἐν δ’ ἄρα οἱ στήθεσσι διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης  
Ψεύδεά τ’ ἀίμυλός τε λόγος καὶ ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἦθος  
Τεῦξε, Διὸς βελήσι βαρυκτύπε. ἐν δ’ ἄρα φωνὴν  
Θῆκε θεῶν κήρυξ· ὀνομνε δὲ τήνδε γυναῖκα  
Πανδάρην, ὅτι πάντες ὀλύμπια δώματ’ ἔχοντες  
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν, πῆμ’ ἀνδράσιν ἀλφειῇσιν.

65

70

75

80

HESED, OP. ET. DIE. lib. I.

We have also a trace from the original by a modern pencil pretty accurately given.

He spoke, and told to Mulciber his will, \*  
 And, smiling, bade him his commands fulfil;  
 To use his greatest art, his nicest care,  
 To frame a creature exquisitely fair;  
 To temper well the clay with water, then  
 Give it the active powers and tongue of men.  
 To let her first in virgin lustre shine,  
 In form a goddess, with a bloom divine:  
 And next the Sire demands Minerva's aid,  
 In all her various skill to train the maid;  
 Bids her the secrets of the loom impart  
 To cast a curious thread with happy art:  
 And golden Venus was to teach the fair,  
 The wiles of love and to improve her air;  
 And then, in awful majesty, to shed  
 A thousand graceful charms around her head:  
 Next Hermes, artful God, must form her mind,  
 One day to torture and the next be kind;  
 With manners all deceitful, and her tongue  
 Fraught with abuse, and with detraction hung.  
 Jove gave the mandate and the gods obey'd.  
 First Vulcan form'd of earth the blushing maid;  
 Minerva next, true to the task assign'd,  
 With every female art adorn'd her mind.  
 To dress her Suada and the Graces join, †  
 And links of gold bright on her bosom shine.  
 To deck her brows the fair-tress'd seasons bring  
 A garland breathing all the sweets of spring.  
 Each present Pallas gives its proper place,  
 And adds to every ornament a grace.  
 Next Hermes taught the Fair the heart to move,  
 With all the false alluring arts of love;

Her

\* Hephaistos, Mulciber or Vulcan, the God of Fire.

† Suada, the Goddess of Eloquence and Persuasion.



Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue  
 With falshood fruitful, and detraction hung.  
 The finish'd maid the gods Pandora call,  
 Because a tribute she receiv'd from all.

This alluring Paragon of the old Bard's was, it seems, a favourite subject. He had her twice upon the easel.\* A kind of epidemic malady, one might think, possessed succeeding writers, or that Pandora herself in propria persona had revisited earth. An Italian Innamorato, it is said, stole a likeness of her; two Spanish Cavaliers and a German Count. We have the Frenchman's on the canvas before us, and Hesiod or the Rise of Woman, an elegant study from the same model, appears among the earliest productions of Parnell, at which his friend Swift, no doubt on't, got a peep. But "*it was the fashion of the wits of that age,*" as Goldsmith informs us, "*to conceal the places from which they took their hints and their subjects;*" a fashion of which Parnell, as well as his co-temporaries, in more instances than one, took successful advantage. In one circumstance indeed, they differ; our modern Prometheuses have artfully disguised their thefts; by a little specious address converting the satire into compliment; mere hocus pocus; a legerdemain trick to cajole their dulcineas.—Ladies! Ladies! don't be imposed upon. Your Venus casters, and your Juno framers, are at best cypher-mongers; plagiarists to a man, and no wonder: If my good Lord Monboddo be right, Man himself is but a plagiarism from his archetype the monkey!†—"Good Heaven bless us! they are born with tails!"—even so! saith the learned Judge.

(8) The 16th number of the Guardian, Vol. I. treats professedly of Song Writing; and at the beginning occurs the following passage:—"The Ladies, in complaisance to him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company, which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances."

\* Vide HESIOD. OP. ET DIE. lib. I, ut supra—rursus THEOG. v. 571.

† An idea sportively taken up by Parnell; seriously adopted by the erudite Lord of Session, and systematically maintained in his Origin and Progress of Languages. . . . 5 vols. octavo, Edinburgh printed, 1774, &c.



"formances. The first, continued he, is by a gentleman of  
 "an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing. The  
 "second by a lady, &c. &c."

## THE FIRST SONG.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,  
 Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,  
 The cold regardless maid to move,  
 With unavailing prayers I sue:  
 'You first have taught me how to love,  
 'Ah! teach me to be happy too.'  
 But she, alas! unkindly wife,  
 To all my sighs and tears, replies:  
 'Tis every prudent maid's concern  
 'Her lover's fondness to improve;  
 'If to be happy you should learn,  
 'You quickly would forget to love.'

If the French tongue had been as much in request then  
 as it is at the present day, the author of that paper would  
 scarcely have ventured to put this song off for an original;  
 and it is something wonderful that, with all the avidity  
 with which French literature is now apparently cultivated, it  
 should not be discovered, for near a century, that the boasted  
 production in question is but a paraphrase from the posthu-  
 mous volume already quoted in the preceding note.

MADRIGAL DE MR. DE LA FONTAINE. Page 242.

Soulagez mon tourment, disois-je á ma cruelle,  
 Ma mort vous feroit perdre un Amant si fidelle,  
 Qu'il n'en est point de tel dans L'Empire amoureux.  
 Il le faut donc garder, me répondit la belle,  
 Je vous perdrois plutôt en vous rendant heureux.

Literally thus:

Assuage my torments, said I to my cruel fair. By my  
 death you would lose a lover, such as is not to be found in  
 the empire of the amorous Deity. I must then keep him,  
 replied the maid; I should lose you much sooner by making  
 you happy.

(9) LINES

(9) LINES from the same volume, apropos to this subject. P. 53.

Quelques imitateurs, sot bestail, je l'avouë,  
 Suivent en vrais moutons le Pasteur de Mantouë:  
 J'en use d'autre forte, & me laissant guider,  
 Souvent à marcher seul J'ose me hasarder.  
 On me verra toujours pratiquer cet usage,  
 Mon imitation n'est point un esclavage,  
 Je ne prends que l'idée, & les tours & les loix.  
 Que nos Maîtres suivoient eux-mêmes autrefois,  
 Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux d'excellence,  
 Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle violence,  
 Je l'y transporte & veux qu'il n'ait rien d'affecté,  
 Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'antiquité.

In English.

Some imitators, foolish animals I confess, follow, like true sheep, the shepherd of Mantua. I make use of him in a different manner; and suffering myself to be directed in the way, often hazard the attempt of walking alone. This custom I shall always follow; my imitation is not servility. I only catch the ideas, the forms, and the rules which our masters themselves formerly followed. If, besides this, any passage of peculiar excellence can be introduced into my verses, without violence, I transplant it there, and endeavour to hinder it from appearing misplaced, by giving my own the same air of antiquity.

This very passage exemplifies the declaration; for it is itself little more than a transcript from Vida, of which the classic reader may be fully satisfied by turning to the Third Book of his Poetics; particularly the paragraph beginning with the 170th line. The reader will also there see the great use Pope has made of the same author; to produce the parallel passages would require more room than could conveniently be spared; little less than to transcribe the whole Essay on Criticism.—Reference has been before had (p. xii.) to the Adventurer; a single instance therefore respecting Pope may suffice here. Lord Roscommon in his enthusiasm for the ancients, speaking of Virgil, his peculiar favourite, says,

The

The delicacy of the nicest ear  
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there ;  
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,  
The sound is still a comment to the sense.—

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE, line 342.

Pope on the Structure of Poetic Numbers lays down the  
following rule :

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound should be an echo to the sense.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM, line 364.

The last line, with the alteration of a single word, is evidently borrowed from the noble peer ; not perhaps with the usual felicity of great genius, which is to improve upon the original. The idea of making the sound a comment or echo to the sense, is coeval with poetry itself ; a doctrine founded in nature and clearly demonstrable on the genuine principles of harmony and good taste ; we may add too, a doctrine universally received as orthodox till of late combated by Dr. Johnson and a few of his implicit disciples. It was a favourite subject of Sheridan's, and for that very reason, as it appears, fallidiously, and I will say ungratefully, opposed by Johnson, whom Sheridan in the day of emergency had essentially served.\* The circumstance could not be obliterated ; but as the sense of obligation is painful to some minds, from a false conceit of something in it humiliating, it was a perpetual blister to the Doctor, which irritated his sarcastic disposition, and was the real ground of that irreconcilable difference which latterly subsisted between them

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson, 3 vols. Lond. 1793, 2d edit. Vol. 1, p. 341, 42, That Journalist on the head of Johnson's pension tells us, " The Earl of Bute, who was then prime minister, had the honour to announce this instance of his Sovereign's bounty, &c." and p. 343, 44, acknowledging, on the concession of Lord Loughborough, that Sheridan was the PRIME MOVER of the Business, says, " and it is but just to add, that Mr. Sheridan told me, that when he communicated to Dr. Johnson that a pension was to be granted him, he replied in a fervour of gratitude, *The English Language does not afford me terms adequate to my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am penetrated with his Majesty's goodness. . . .* " When I repeated this to Dr. Johnson he did not contradict it."



them(a)—this may sound harsh to the memory of that great moralist, but (both have paid the debt of nature) it is simply doing justice to the other, which is virtually granted, though with reluctance, by Boswell himself. Boswell in his ardour for Johnson generally uses the name of Sheridan invidiously, and for the most part he ignorantly or wilfully mistakes facts and misrepresents the man.\* The Writer speaks from his own knowledge, and especially as to two the most considerable instances, wherein he himself was the principal Agent. (b. c.) *Quæ ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui . . .* but to return . . . in the class of imitators Collins ought not to be overlooked; in his very capital Ode on the Passions he plainly had his eye on Master Sackville, his Induction or Myrrour for Magistrates, as Sackville before him had on Dantè, one of the earliest improvers of Italian literature; but to avoid prolixity, we forbear quotation, and refer to the works themselves. It would be equally superfluous to adduce passages from Dryden's King Arthur, &c. to prove his familiarity with Tasso, and other Italian writers, from whom even the illimitable genius of Milton did not disdain occasionally to take hints.

† Milton, confessedly, has also made great use of the Ancients; he often condescends to borrow, but never sinks beneath them; every thing he touches, turns to gold; and, stamp'd with his imperial image, receives new lustre, and value from the mint. Yet, even He, the divine Milton, sometimes copies them too servilely, and falls beneath himself. In the fourth book, the discovery of the Arch-deceiver, at the ear of Eve, and his reception, and subsequent contest with the warrior angel, is a masterpiece; conceived with wonderful sublimity; and worked up with equal judgement, and address: Every circumstance that may interest and affect the reader, is introduced; Heaven and Earth  
are

\* Ibid, pp. (a) 349, 50, 51, 52, 53; 417; 543; 581; 589. Vol. 2, pp. 16. . . (b.) 204, 5; 364. Vol. 3, pp. (c) 171; 470; 476; 594, &c. BOSWELL.

† This passage, entirely coinciding with the present occasion, the Editor has inserted from the Introduction to a Work of the Author's, on PRACTICAL ELOCUTION, long ago printed but never published, and matters himself it will not be unwelcome to the reader here.



are witness of the event! and all creation involved in the catastrophe! Nature shudders, and stands suspended, in dreadful expectation of the issue!

Brevity will not admit us to cite the whole; the following are the passages more particularly alluded to:

———The angelic squadron bright,  
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears———

———On the other side, Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Tenerif, or Atlas unremov'd:  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sate Horror plum'd;———

———Now dreadful deeds  
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements,  
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
The Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
*Hung forth in Heaven his golden Scales, yet seen*

*Betwixt Astræa, and the Scorpion sign, &c.* PAR. LOST.

In situations, critical, and important as this, what, but omnipotence, could extricate the poet? Horace, in such cases, authorizes supernatural agency: *Nec deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus*. Homer, having reduced his Greeks and Trojans to something of a similar situation, represents Jupiter, weighing the fates of the combatants, and so puts an end to a bloody engagement; as here Milton, in imitation of Homer, describes the Almighty; yet, however admissible on the Pagan system, where all was doubt, confusion, and obscurity, the conceit of metamorphosing a number of Stars into an actual pair of SCALES, to an enlightened age, and in a christian performance, where the DEITY himself is personally introduced, and where the prime orders of Angels are made the actors, is indefensibly absurd; a puerile flimsy pun upon the  
the

the word *Libra*, a symbolic term, used by astronomers posterior, and globemakers, to denote one of the constellations of the Zodiac. Nor is the notion of suspending the world in a golden Chain, in the second book, borrowed likewise from Homer, however allegorized, a bit more reconcilable to nature and truth; how poor and unphilosophical! unpoetic and even contradictory! compared with his glorious idea of the same, Book vii, v. 242.

And Earth self-balanced on her Centre hung.

Allowing the Ancients all their merits, and all the advantages we can possibly derive from them, if the genius of Milton could not escape the contagion of example, it shows us, how cautious we ought to be in preparing the minds of youth, before we allow them such high-seasoned cookery.\*—

Weighed in the scales, and tried in the balance, are indeed expressions authorized by the Scriptures, and the usage of them in Homer may be another argument of his acquaintance with the Sacred Books.† There, however, they are applied in a sense purely metaphorical, for want of terms strictly appropriate, in which all primitive tongues, not excepting the Hebrew, are remarkably deficient; but on the ground of such deficiency, a mere accident of language, to build a System of action for the Deity, and impose the fiction as a realized fact is too extravagant even in Homer; and the extension of it, as in the case alluded to in Milton, whatever may be urged in its favour, appears a degradation of character, and a manifest approximation to the Bathos. It is an

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obvious

\* Among the various readers of the Poems of Ossian, has it been observed that the Bards of other climes renowned for song, were probably not unknown in the lofty Halls of Selma? For sure the heroic tale of Lathmon, bears a striking resemblance to the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus, in the 9th Æneid of Virgil, as Virgil's does to that of Ulysses and Diomedes in Homer, ll. 10th: If the conjecture be supported, on an impartial comparison, it must also be owned that the tuneful Heir of Morven, be he Ossian or Macpherson, in the spirit and conduct as well as moral of his story, has greatly the advantage of his so celebrated and admired MASTERS.

† 1 Sam. ch. ii, v. 3. Job xxviii, v. 25; ch. xxxi, v. 6; ch. xxxvii, v. 16. Psalm lxxviii, v. 50. (Heb.) Proverbs ch. xvi, v. 2. Isaiah ch. xl, v. 12. Daniel ch. v, v. 27, &c.

obvious truth, that, whether from an original error in his plan, or his predilection for Homer, Milton generally loses himself, when, treading in Homer's steps, he takes upon him to introduce the Supreme Being; though he studiously affects the thoughts, images, and even phraseology of the inspired Writings, it proves inadequate to support him: He seems groping his way, deserted of his powers, and the glory of his genius in dim suffusion veiled. Alas! how insignificant a thing is man in respect of the ALMIGHTY!

(10) MOSES . . . obliged Horace with a specimen of MANNA  
 ——— This observation rests on the substance of the following citations, connected with the story of the Israelites at large, who, in their departure from Egypt under Moses, respecting his sacred delegation, might properly enough be called the priest's fugitives; at least it was not unnatural for a Heathen so to consider them. Horace as well as Ovid was doubtless sufficiently conversant in their history, if not in the original through the medium of the Greek. Both Jews and Greeks were then tributary to the Romans.—Exodus, chap. xiv. 1, 2, And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the Children of Israel that they turn and encamp before Pi-ahiroth\*\*\*\* v. 5, and it was told the King of Egypt that the people fled\*\*\*chap. xvi, 1, and they took their journey, and came into the wilderness; v. 2, and the whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, would to God we had died. . . in Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full. v. 4, Then said the Lord unto Moses, behold I will rain bread for you; and in the morning behold, upon the face of the wilderness, there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar-frost, upon the ground\*\*\* v. 31, and the house of Israel called the name thereof MANNA, and it was like Coriander-seed, white, and *the taste of it was like wafers, made with honey*\*\*\*\*NUMBERS, chap. xi. v. 4, And the children of Israel also wept again, and said, who shall give us flesh to eat? v. 5, We remember . . . we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons, . . . v. 6, but now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, besides this MANNA, before our eyes. BIBLE.  
 Quid



Quid quæris? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui  
 Quæ vos ad Coelum fertis remore secundo.  
 Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso,  
 Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

HORACE, Lib. I. Epis. x. v. 8—II.

Fugitivus, in the singular, is a mere figure of speech, *Pars pro toto*, and has there a peculiar propriety in designation of the writer himself, an individual.

I could be half tempted to suspect a well-known incident in the interesting story of Joseph, was the Parent of the continuance of Scipio. The Romans as well as Greeks were staunch monopolists, and greedily caught at any thing that tended to enhance their own consequence. Wherever they found a promising Scion, it was sure to be grafted on a domestic stock. Every feather was lawful prize to stick in the bonnet of a favourite character. Ostentation, Livy acknowledges, was a marked feature in Scipio's conduct, which, in the particular instance of that meritorious act imputed to the Roman Chief, is confirmed by Polybius. Joseph's was the effect of pure unvitiated principle, abstracted from all political consequences. A somewhat similar piece of conduct in the case of the beautiful captive, Panthea, consort of Abradatas, king of the Susians, Xenophon in his *Cyropædia* attributes to Cyrus, the hero of that political romance. The particulars in both stories bear a very close resemblance, and, as the destinations of the Persian and Roman victor were a-kin, both reaped the full harvest of their measures in return. In Aulus Gellius the tale of Scipio has a less heroic turn; he mentions a like trait in the life of Alexander, which we find recorded in the history of his expedition by Arrian—Subjects strikingly calculated to awake the jealous spirit of competition, especially when it smoothed the path to subjugation, and reflected lustre on the Roman name.

Whoever would pursue the subject of Virgil's literary obligations to the Greeks, and even authors of his own country, his predecessors, may find them curiously exemplified to the extent of 473 close printed pages, in a work entitled *Virgilius Collatione*



Collatione Scriptorum Græcorum illustratus; Opera et Industria Fulvii Urfini. Antverpiæ, ex officina Christophori Plantini, Anno MD. LVIII. CUM PRIVILEGIO.

(11) One of the best attested miracles in all prophane history is that which Tacitus reports of Vespasian, who cured a blind man in Alexandria by means of his spittle, and a lame man by the mere touch of his foot, in obedience to a vision of the God Serapis, who had enjoined them to have recourse to the Emperor for those miraculous cures. &c. HUME'S ESSAYS.

De toutes les guérisons miraculeuses, les plus attestées, les plus authentiques sont celles de cet aveugle, à qui l'empereur Vespasian rendit la vue, et de ce paralytic auquel il rendit l'usage de ses membres. Ce n'est pas lui cherche à se faire valoir par des prestiges, dont monarque affermi n'a pas besoin.

VOLTAIRE.

✂ In the life of the Emperor Vespasian, profusely larded with the marvellous, omens, auguries, and incongruous prognostics, as handed down by Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius and others, it is gravely asserted among the rest that he had the power of working Miracles!! However, in that article it appears the Lord Paramount of the world was but penuriously gifted; for by "the best attested" and most extravagant accounts, his experiments in that department were limited to two! which Mr. Hume, in the hurry of indecision, has flurred into one!—A scanty portion indeed, and little to his reputation; for in the articles of place, time, and person the conception was spurious.

If the aforefaid immaculate Historiographers, can be credited, they tell us Vespasian restored a blind man to sight by administering his spittle to the extinguished organs, and that he likewise cured a man that was lame of a limb, by the application of his foot to the disordered member; both of whom, we are given to understand, applied to him at the instigation of their God Serapis, in a dream; but the prudent Emperor, however, not wholly relying on the prescriptions of the God, sagaciously thought fit to hold a consultation with the Faculty, before he ventured to put his hand to the business; under whose direction, as is natural to suppose, he was crowned with success. Thus ends  
the

the chapter of that great Emperor's miraculous Chirurgery!! Upon an attentive review it must be owned, that the relations of his panygerists are not greatly calculated to enhance his divinity-ship; a distinction he notoriously coveted, and though "he never affected it with the airs assumed by Alexander or "Demetrius," he incontrovertibly did affect it; in a manner sufficiently suitable to his saturnine disposition and the accomplishment of his views, which was to cover the obscurity of his descent, and give a sanction to his authority. (\*) This was the ground-plot and grand intention of those manifest forgeries. We appeal to the historians, and without the smallest perversion of the premises, draw our conclusions from the authorities before us. None of them even pretend to be "Eye-witnesses of the facts." They speak confessedly from hearsay, and though they concur in general as to substance, they widely vary in the detail; for the truth of which they alledge the suffrage of certain anonymous vouchers. The cures, it is averred, were publicly wrought in the presence of numerous spectators; why then are we left without one ostensible name to avouch them? Whatever bias the writers might have to favour such reports; whatever

\* Auctoritas et quasi majestas quædam, ut scilicet inopinato, et adhuc novo principi, deerat: hæc quoque accessit. E Plebe quidam luminibus orbatus, item alius debili CRURE, sedentem pro tribunali pariter adierunt, orantes opem valetudinis, demonstratam a Serapide per quietem, restitutum oculos, si inspississet, conformatum CRUS, si dignaretur calce contingere. Cum vix fides esset rem ullo modo successuram, ideoque ne experiri quidem auderet: extremo hortantibus amicis, palam pro concione utrumque tentavit, nec eventus defuit. Per idem tempus Tegeæ in Arcadia, instinctu vaticinantium, effossa sunt sacro loco vasa operis antiqui, atque in iis assimilis Vespasiano Imago.

SUETONIUS. VIT. VESP. ca. 7.

Per eos menses quibus Vespasianus Alexandriae statos æstivis statibus dies, et certa maris opperiebatur, multa miracula evenere, quis cælestis favor et quædam in Vespasianum inclinatio numinum ostenderetur. Ex plebe Alexandrina quidam oculorum tabe notus, genua ejus advolvitur, remedium cæcitatæ exposcens gemitu, monitu Serapidis Dei, quem dedita superstitionibus gens ante alios colit. Precabaturque Principem, ut Genas et Oculorum orbes dignaretur respergere oris excremento. Alius MANU æger, eodem Deo auctore, ut pede ac vestigio Cæsaris calcaretur, orabat. &c.

TACITUS, HIS. lib. IV, ca. LXXXI.

whatever were their private wishes, we may collect from their narratives, they themselves were far from being satisfied: there is a sort of concession in their manner which implies fallacy, and an anxiety for credit which betrays a wavering faith! Vespasian, flushed with his success in Judea, arrives in Alexandria to secure his election there. Not detracting from his merits, wherein he was comparatively worthy, Vespasian was a Roman; of wily ambition; like the rest of those crafty Enslavers of mankind his Countrymen, a temporizing pantheist; selfish, superstitious and fanatical. In the progress of his warfare we see him every where officiously obtruding his presence in the Temples, as if, not content with stripping the miserable victims of his rapacity of every temporal comfort, he meant to alienate the powers of Heaven; yet, notwithstanding the recent assurances of the Sacerdotal Functionaries of Carmel, "that nothing was " too great for his achievement," he cuts but a sorry figure in his Æsculapian capacity, which it appears (reserving the charge of collusion) was obtruded upon him unprepared; and the conscious imbecility he betrays, when brought to the test, precludes every idea of one having authority. He seems to play booty with his fortune; such puerile solicitude and scrupulous hesitation would disgrace a modern quack. But, not to bear too hard upon his miraculized Majesty, some blame may possibly lie at the door of the Reporters of that notable business; for decidedly they have not acquitted themselves with their customary address. It was an unusual mode of apotheosis, with which, it may be presumed, they were not perfectly conversant; and wilfully perhaps, not having the fear of detection before their eyes, they stumbled upon a gross anachronism. The MIRACLES in question WERE performed; not by the imperial touch of the Spoiler of Israel, but by ONE far mightier than he; by HIM who foresaw, and long antecedent to the dreadful catastrophe, wept, tears such as angels weep! over that ungrateful and devoted Race, when he predicted their impending calamities, of which Vespasian was eventually the instrument. Consult the Scriptures. The case of the Blindman, *totidem verbis*, and that of the Cripple, specifically identified, among innumerable works of mercy there set forth, lies open to inspection, anticipated in the



the Gospels. The witnesses were eye-witnesses of the facts; they had names; their names are on record; the record is in being; there needs no rhetoric to add weight to their testimony; they sealed it with their BLOOD.\*

The collateral circumstance of the Dream also might be a sucker from the same root; or, if you please, a sample from the sheaves of Joseph, with whose story no one can doubt the Egyptians were familiar. We are safe in affirming it could not be the work of their venerated Serapis, a piebald Calf! and from what we read of the Olympic Hierarchy, the Art of healing Disorders was not their peculiar taste—it would have been more in their line of practice, and much more in character for the monks of the Serapian order, who were the workers of the puppets, to have complimented their exalted votary with the regalia of a bull, and sent him a masquerading with some buxom wife of Potiphar in the habit of Europa. But beyond peradventure, a train of concurring events thereunto moving, they sacrificed Consistency at the shrine of Prejudice, and rendered to Cæsar the tribute of Adulation at the expence of their neighbours.—If the Egyptians were reputed learned, they were no less arrogant, vain glorious and vindictive, and what bigot of the realm of Pharaoh would not strain a point and warp the most authentic documents to detract from and humble their quondam bondslaves and tormentors, the Hebrews?—more immediately perhaps with an oblique view to the mortification of their present inmates; by computation not less than six hundred thousand of that reprobated nation at the time resident in Egypt.—The eventful story of an Israelitish Prophet, the fame of whose mighty works had spread through all Judea and the regions round about, must have reached the ears of the Conqueror, and could not but awake the jealousy of the Egyptians. The honour of their deities was at stake; a point on which they were peculiarly fore; and knowing the bent of that

Aspirer's

\* Soon after the second Edition of this Work came from the press the author mentioned the plagiarism of the Miracles recited to the Rev. Dr. RYAN, who has so ably distinguished himself in the cause of Religion, particularly on the Evidences of Christianity, and he candidly acknowledged it was a discovery that had escaped all the writers on the subject; his words were, "You are surely right; but it has somehow escaped us all."



Aspirer's humour, to which, among a host of Roman fycophants, they could be at no loss for a clue, how must they suffer in his estimation if they shrunk from a competition, and did not contrive to arrest his attention by similar exertions?—they went farther, and to complete their pious farce suborn the auspices of Vespasian himself by drawing him in as a party—thus at one dexterous hit, offering incense of sweet flavour to the new-fangled Intruder on the rubric, extending the claims of their own self-sufficiency, and covertly striking at the foundation of Christianity itself, they forestal all subsequent pretensions to originality, and your Bolingbrokes and your Humes must content themselves in the shade of humble Imitation—It was a complicated manœuvre, yet not without a precedent; for even thus their Predecessors of old contended before Pharoah with the Leaders of the sojourners of Goshen, and, more to the point, in the deliriums of Jewish contumacy, they had the encouragement of living Example. Can we be astonished at the delusions of a conclave of juggling impostors, when we see a Chief of power, celebrated for recondite erudition; the approved commentator on the Bible, Josephus, sink the character of soldier, scholar and patriot to that of a mere parasitical time-server; amidst the groans of his expiring country, holding the stirrup of the hostile Invader; abetting the cause of infidelity on the part of the Gentiles; dabbling in visionary predictions and transferring to an Alien of the house of Romulus, the attributes of the Messiah?—It was a forlorn Hope, and succeeded!

The Writer has perhaps insisted too minutely on the topic of Vespasian and his pretended Miracles—he is aware also of an objection arising from the subject itself—that a book of this description is no place for discussions of such a nature.—If it be of importance to detect error in support of truth, and to obviate scruples to which more frivolous legends have given birth, place and time are but secondary considerations; every attempt to remove stumbling blocks and throw new lights, however feeble, upon a position of such obvious tendency, is warranted by the complexion of the times. The pernicious doctrines in  
every

every shape of late so industriously disseminated, and smuggled into notice, to which that ludicrous tale has been made subservient, authorizes the investigation incidentally here brought forward.—I call it ludicrous; for, on a deliberate scrutiny and impartial comparison of the various accounts delivered by the otherwise-respectable authors, whose names are its only sanction, it merits no better an epithet.—Yet true it is, many of our writers, whose abilities would do honour to any age or country, have taken it up seriously, and in that respect have given it a consequence to which from human testimony or internal evidence it is not entitled, and some, indulging perhaps too much in reverie, have afforded a handle of exultation to their adversaries.—Whiston's is indeed a singular hypothesis—he without reserve admits Vespasian's competency, to which Vespasian himself lent a very academic faith, and refers it, good man! to a connivance of the Almighty's, and immediately as if he was admitted of the celestial cabinet, and shared the confidence of his Creator, helps him out with an apology!—Is that thy province, Reason! ?—

For my own temerity in venturing so far beyond my Last I shall not want accusers—my hope is, they will not be of those whom only it is of concern to please.—The Worthy and the Good—to their decision, with deference, I submit.—The strictures on the abettors of the Vespasian Creed, may have been urged with some degree of levity;—for that I feel no compunction, and have no temptation to disgrace the cause by an apology; but, adopting the sentiment of a celebrated Ancient, I hasten to resume my station,

*Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,*

*Vexatus toties rauci Thesæide Codri?* JUVENAL, SAT. I.

In the same spirit the incomparable author of *Comus* puts something like this, to which he probably had a retrospect, into the mouth of the Lady, to repel the sophistry of the insidious seducer; a more literal translation would scarcely so well convey the meaning, and more few English readers need require.

I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,

And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

The

The following Extract from D. CASSIUS, respecting VESPASIAN, should have accompanied the Latin quotations, p. lxi. but the Book could not at the time be procured.

## ΔΙΩΝΟΣ ΟΥΕΣΠΑΣΙΑΝΟΣ.

Καὶ ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τὸ μὲν Αὐτοκράτορος ὄνομα ἀμφότεροι ἔλαβον, τὸ δὲ δὴ τῷ Ιουδαϊκοῦ οὐδ' ἕτερος ἔσχε καὶ τοι τά τε ἀλλὰ αὐτοῖς, ὅσα ἐπὶ τηλικαύτῃ νίκη εἰκός ἦν, καὶ ἀφίδες τροπαιοφόροι ἐψηφίσθησαν. τῷ Οὐεσπασιανῷ δὲ εἰς τὴν Ἀλεξανδρείαν εἰσελθόντος ὁ Νεῖλος παλαιστῇ πλέον παρὰ τὸ καθεστηκός ἐν μιᾷ ἡμέρᾳ ἐπελάγισεν, ὅπερ οὐπώ ποτὲ, πλην ἄπαξ, γεγονέναι ἐλέγετο, καὶ Οὐεσπασιανὸς δὲ αὐτὸς τυφλὸν τε ἱνὰ καὶ ἕτερον οὐκ ἀντίχειρα προσελθόντας οἱ ἐξ ὀφθαλμοῦ οὐκ ἐβλάπτον, τῷ μὲν τὴν χεῖρα πατήσας, τῷ δὲ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν προσπίψας, ὑγιεῖς ἀπέφηνε τὸ μὲν θεῖον τούτοις αὐτὸν ἐσέμνυνεν· ἡ μὲντοι καὶ οἱ Ἀλεξανδρεῖς ἔχαιρον αὐτῷ, ἀλλὰ καὶ πανύψυχοντο, ὥστε μὴ μόνον ἰδίᾳ, ἀλλὰ καὶ δημοσίᾳ καὶ σκώπῃ αὐτὸν καὶ λοιδόρῃν. προσδοκῆσαντες γὰρ μέγα ἵε παρ' αὐτῷ λήψεσθαι, ὅτι πρῶτον αὐτὸν Αὐτοκράτορα πεποιήκεσαν, ἡ μόνον οὐδὲν εὐροντο, ἀλλὰ καὶ προσεπράσαντο χρήματα. πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ καὶ ἄλλα παρ' αὐτῶν ἐξέλεξε, μηδὲνα πόρον μηδὲ εἰ επαίτης ἴς ἦν, παραλιπὼν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐκ τῶν ἄλλων καὶ ἐκ τῶν ἱερῶν ὁμοίως χρηματιζόμενος . . . .

Page 205.

DIONIS NICÆI [DIO. CASSII] EPIE. J. XIPHILIN.  
LUTETIÆ ROB. STEPH. MDLI.

REAL HISTORY OF THE GOLD MEDAL GIVEN TO  
THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

TWO Instances have been particularized of Boswell's misrepresentations in regard to Sheridan, (page lv) one of which is farther elucidated in the notes to this volume (p. 297, &c.) \* The other shall now be faithfully related, being an anecdote connected with the literary history of the times . . . Dr. Johnson affected to dislike the Tragedy of Douglas, which, as Boswell says, " he called a foolish play;" partly from national prejudice, being written by a Scotchman, and partly because, as he

\* See also Journals of the House of Commons of Ireland, vol. xiv. p. 207, Sub die Martis, II Die Martii, [Tuesday March II,] MDCCCLXVI.



he had heard, it was wonderfully admired by his friend Sheridan, whom, as Boswell gives it from the Doctor's own mouth, he wantonly and insolently treated in a coffee-house at Oxford, because he presented its Author with a Gold Medal; which Johnson quaintly enough phrases "counterfeiting Apollo's Coin." —There is something suspicious in the story of this puny gasconade.—Sheridan was not remarkably pacific in cases of insults offered; *For though*, as Hamlet, his favourite character, says of himself, *he was not splenitive or rash, yet had he in him something dangerous which wisdom well might fear*: and as to the circumstance of the Medal it would seem both the Doctor and Biographer were but partially informed. . . . When the Tragedy of Douglas first came out, Mr. Sheridan, then Manager of the Dublin Theatre, received a printed copy of it from London, which having, according to custom, previously read to his company, he cast for representation; for it is true he highly admired it, and apprized the performers, it was his intention to give the Author his third nights, as if the play had been originally brought out at his own house; an unprecedented act of liberality in the Manager, which, it was thought, would be wonderfully productive to the Author. The first night, as the play had received the sanction of a British audience, the house was crammed, and the second night kept pace with the first. The printers mean while were not idle; it now issued from the Irish press, and, unfortunately for the poor Author, a dissenting Clergyman, with an ecclesiastical anathema against him annexed. Things instantly took a new turn; the play was reprobated, and considered as a profanation of the clerical character; a faction was raised against it, and the third night, which was expected to be an overflow, fell miserably short of expences. The manager was in an awkward situation; he was the cause of raising expectations at least innocently that could not be answered, and stood committed to the author and his friends in a business which unforeseen accidents had utterly defeated. . . . An unfeeling mind self-satisfied with the intention might have let it rest there; but it was not an unfeeling mind that dictated the measure. Something must be done; and though the Writer of  
this



this account was at the time a very young man, Mr. Sheridan was pleased to communicate to him his difficulties on the occasion. The first idea was to write a friendly letter to the Rev. Author, and accompany it with a handsome piece of plate. To this I took the liberty to object; for as I understood he was not a family man, it might run him to expence in showing it, which in such a case was a very natural piece of vanity, and surely in itself no way reprehensible. I rather thought something he could conveniently carry about with him would answer better; suppose a piece of Gold in the way of a Medal. Mr. Sheridan thanked me for the hint, and advising with Mr. Robert Calderwood, a silversmith of the first eminence, a man of letters and good taste, he threw out the very same idea, influenced by pretty much the same reasons: It was executed accordingly; the intrinsic value somewhere about twenty guineas. On one side was engraved a laurel wreath, inclosing in the midst, J. H. the initials of the Poet's name; and on the reverse, as nearly as I remember, at the interval of almost forty years, the following Inscription:

*Thomas Sheridan, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Smock-alley, Dublin, presents this small token of his gratitude to the Author of Douglas, for his having enriched the Stage with a Perfect Tragedy.*

Soon after I carried it with me to London, and thro' the favour of Lord Macartney it was delivered to the Minister, Lord Bute, for his countryman the author of Douglas. But even this also he was near being deprived of; for on the road, a few miles from London, I was stopped by a highwayman, and preserved the well-meant offering, by the sacrifice of my purse, at the imminent peril of my life. It was considered merely as a sort of compensation for the disappointment in regard of the third nights' profits, and certainly no proof of ostentation in the Manager: on what principle of decency then could Dr. Johnson treat his old Friend with that wanton insolence, which he boasts he thought proper to indulge on the occasion?\*

\* Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. ii, pp. 204, 5.

IN the Preface to the first Edition of the THEATRE I observed, that 'MILTON's Allegory of Sin and Death, and the circumstances of PARNELL's admirable Poem, the Hermit, are borrowed, with inconsiderable variation, from an old Folio in the black letter, printed by WYNKYN DE WORDE.' Writing from memory, I fell into a slight mistake respecting MILTON; I should have said, *the Description of Sin*. However, some gentlemen, to whose judgment and taste I pay the greatest deference, have expressed their wishes that I had been more explicit in describing the book and giving the passages at large—This I now proceed to do. The title page is wanting, except which, the book is perfect and in the highest preservation; it contains 241 leaves, and on the final page this Colophon:

“Here endeth the booke intytuled *Ye floure of the commaundementes of god with many examples and auctorytes extrate as well of Ye holy scriptures as of other doctours and good aunccient faders the which is moche profitable and utyle unto all people*—lately translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe—Printed at London in Fleete streete at the sign of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. The xiii pere of Ye regne of oure moost naturell soverayne lorde kynge Henry Ye eyght of yt name. Fynysshed Ye pere of our lorde. M.CCCC.xxi. the. viii dape of October.”

The curious reader will find an account of this Book in HERBERT's edition of AME's *Typographical Antiquities*, Vol. I. article WYNKYN DE WORDE, sub anno, 1521. It was purchased at the sale of the late Rev. Mr. PRESTON, by RICHARD EDWARD MERCIER, of ANGLESEA-STREET, Bookseller, and from him by the Writer of this work, in whose possession it now remains. The passage to which I think MILTON indebted is at folio 239, b. col. 2. being part of what

A man

**A man named Tongdalus of the lande  
of Irlonde. D. xlix. &c. saw in a traunce.  
Of the quell beest & of the ysp ponde &c.**

Dr. GOLDSMITH in his Life of PARNELL, quoting an unpublished manuscript then in his possession, tells his Readers, "POPE says, the HERMIT was originally written in Spanish, whence probably HOWELL translated it, and inserted it into his letters."\* The Doctor also hints "at a scheme suggested to ADDISON, which he seemed to like." Possibly, for it is left to conjecture, the scheme of realizing the property by putting it into verse. "However this may be," adds the Biographer, "Dr. HENRY MOORE, in his Dialogues, has the very same story, and, I have been informed, that it is originally of Arabian Extraction."—Why POPE should suppose the HERMIT originally Spanish, we do not find he thought fit to communicate; on the other side Dr. GOLDSMITH's report of the story's being an Arabian invention appears supported by no satisfactory evidence; there seems nothing in the machinery or purport of the story itself to countenance the supposition.—Without charging POPE with wilful inadvertence, or indulging a smile at the versatile credulity of GOLDSMITH, may we not suspect the grounds of contradictory positions, and, leaving others to amuse themselves in the mazes of conjecture, pursue the direct road to truth, and gratify curiosity with documents more explicit, and indisputable.

Our old black letter Volume has the story of the HERMIT under consideration, folio 227. The Book is extremely scarce and known to very few, we will therefore give the story entire as it there stands, and likewise, as more recently told, in the words of

\* JAMES HOWELL, Esq. was a native of the Principality of Wales, descended from an illustrious ancestry, which Gray thus immortalizes in his admirable Ode, entitled the Bard:

Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,

To high-born HOEL's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Mr. Howell announces himself one of the Clerks of his Majesty's [CHARLES I.] most Honourable Privy Council; he was also Historiographer to the King, [CHARLES II.] the first in England who enjoyed that title, and one of the first who made authorship a trade; he died in 1666, An. Aetat. 73. His letters here cited, were published London MDCLV. our copy very much corrected, in MDCCLIV, as appears by the imprint, being the Eleventh Edition, 8vo.



of HOWELL. It is familiar to every body in the poetic dress of PARNELL, though by the way, according to the disingenuous trick of his time,\* he gives not the smallest intimation whence he took it.—HOWELL mentions the person he was indebted to, “a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. HERBERT) in his late *Conceptions* to his Son;” but it does not appear that either Howell or the noble Knight knew any thing of the black letter copy, which accept verbatim et literatim, as follows.—

Incident to our subject, we have previously to remark, that the thought of the Magnetic Needle, so happily applied in Mrs. Greville’s Prayer for Indifference, was forestalled by the same HOWELL, on a different occasion, in his Letters. It is but merely doing justice to add, the Lady, in point of verification at least, has clearly the advantage of the Scholar.

## H O W E L L.

As to the Pole the lily bends  
In a sea-compass, and still tends  
By a magnetic mystery  
Unto the arctic point in sky,  
Whereby the wandering Piloteer  
His course in gloomy nights doth steer,  
So the small needle of my heart  
Moves to her maker, who doth dart  
Atoms of love, and so attracts  
All my affections, which like sparks  
Fly up, and guide my soul by this  
To the true center of her bliss.      B. iii. LET. IV.

## MRS. G R E V I L L E.

Nor ease, nor peace that heart can know,  
Which, like the needle true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
But turning trembles too.

PEARCE’S Collect. vol. I. p. 304, London 1775.

**Floure**

\* See Goldsmith’s Life of Parnell, prefixed to his quarto Edition of the Dean’s Poetic Works. Dublin, MDCCLXXIII.



## Floure of the Commaundementes.

“ B. Another example that an hermyte murmured agaynst god for his dyvers Jugementes. *CCCvii. folio CCxxvii.*

“ Men fynde by wyrtynge this the whiche foloweth how Ye dysciple recyteth in the boke of his promptuare and sayth Yt an hermyte murmured in his herte of Ye dyvers Jugementes of god for that Yt thole Ye whiche lyved yll had godes And unto Ye contrary thole the whiche lyved well had of tribulacions- & sometyme thole Ye whiche had ledde a good lyfe had in thende verthe abjecte- Ye yll the fayre end. And the good lost ofte the temporall godes- & yll had prosperpte. And as Ye sayd hermyte thought moche on the sayd thynges he prayeth god that he wolde shewe hym his Jugementes That a aungell came unto him and sayd that he was sent from god for to shewe them unto hym- and that he sholde come after hym. The sayd aungell was in fourme of an hermyte pylgrim. When they had walked they came first to Ye house of an hermyte Ye which they founde broken and wasted with wolves. Of thys thyng Ye sayde hermyte was moche admerbayled & said. This here was an holy man Ye whiche lyved here solytarily fyttyng peres to serve God. And god hath suffered Yt he hath be broken with bestes. And the aungell of god said unto hym. Thou seest

# EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ,

BOOK IVTH, EPISTLE IVTH.

TO MY LORD MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

MY LORD,

\* \* \* \* \* WE see daily mighty things and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvelled at; for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar to us. \* \* \* \* This put me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (*Sir P. Herbert*) hath in his late *Conceptions* to his Son: How a holy *Anchorite*, being in a wilderness, among other contemplations, fell to admire the method of Providence; how out of causes which seem *bad* to us, he produceth oftentimes *good* effects; how he suffers virtuous, loyal and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him,—  
*Father! I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind. So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old Anchorite being much astonished hereat, would have left him; but his guide said, Father! be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part; but at last I*

h

shall

seest here one of the Iugementes of god.  
 Secondly they came unto another that  
 had his hous set on a hygh roche above  
 Ye see. unto whome Ye aungell preched  
 of pacpence against aduersytes & tribu-  
 lacions agaynst impacpence. And in wep-  
 pinge & grete contriccion he confessed yt as  
 he had ben there by the space of. xl. yeres  
 with grete affliccion of penance at the  
 laste he was vanquished so strongly in  
 his mynde yt he wolde leue his good lyfe &  
 retozne into the worlde. And whan the  
 said aungell saw him veray contryte he  
 toke him and kest hym in to Ye see & drown-  
 ed hym. And whan the hermyte sawe this  
 he was in grete fere & fled. but the aungell  
 called hym agayne and sayd to hym Drede  
 Yu not god hath shewed the here his se-  
 conde Iugemente Thyrde they came into  
 Ye hous of Ye thyrde hermyte yt receyved  
 them gladly and gave them drynke in a  
 cup of sylber yt he had. And the aungell  
 toke the sayd cuppe secretly and put it in  
 his bosom and bare it away Afterwards they  
 came by nyght to the hous of a knyght  
 robber and with grete payne they were re-  
 ceved to lodge and evyll entreated & tor-  
 mented of reproches & rebukes & notwith-  
 stondynge men gave them somewhat & a  
 bedde yll apparayled. In the morning Ye  
 aungell wolde not depart tyll he had spo-  
 ken with his host. And he drew out Ye  
 sayd cuppe and gave it hym. Whan ther-  
 myte



*shall settle your judgment and put your mind in full repose.* So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of *Banditti* and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them 'till morning, while the *Anchorite* spent most of the night in numbering his beads; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of *Banditti* they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be; but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman; and the young man spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and *gratis*; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of the *Anchorite*. The fourth day in the evening they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very fullen, and uncivil to them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent; yet, at parting, the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used him so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town; but some miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The *Anchorite* and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they spied a Devil, who lay as it were a centinel, but he was asleep: They found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sport, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They  
went



myte sawe Vt he was admeruapled and murmured in his herte of that he had seen. After in another nyght they came to the hous of another knyght Vt receyved them ryght well. Albeit he treated them ryght meanly. & in the morning whan they sholde parte he was praped of the aungell Vt his onely sone engendred sholde conducte them on the way and as the childe led them he toke and slewe hym and kesse hym into a dyche whan the hermyte sawe that he fleede and sayd. Thou art none aungell thou art a devyll. And the aungell sayd to him. These thynges that thou hast seen ben the Jugementes of god occulte and hys that Vu required to knowe. understande Vu the causes. The fyrst hermyte that we founde devoured knowe Vu that it was comen unto him in crowne of martyrdome that he hath deserued to have by longe tyme & requyred of god by grete prayers. The seconde hermyte that I kysse in to Ve see after Vt he was converted unto god & Vt he had contricion and good repentaunce. so he is well deed & is gone to god without habynge other payne but only Ve dethe Vt I haue gyben hym. And yf he had not be slayne whan the temptacon was comen agayne he had accomplished that Vt he had conceived & had been lost. The thyrde hermyte is a contemplatife and of good prayers. But Ve devyll by his cautele had procured him lettynge in his orapsons

went afterwards to a convent of *Capuchines*, where, about the gate, they found legions of Devils laying siege to that monastery, yet they got in and lodged there that night. Being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the *Anchorite* was lodged, and told him,.....*I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishment and doubts, for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know, I am an Angel sent from Heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for though separately they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.*

*That man which I tumbled into the river, was an act of Providence; for he was going upon a most mischievous design that would have damnified not only his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended; therefore I prevented it.*

*The cause why I conversed all night with that crew of rogues, was also an act of Providence, for they intended to go a robbing all that night; but I kept them there purposely 'till the next morning, that the hand of justice might seize upon them.*

*Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit: but it commonly produceth Patience in the one and Pride in the other.*

*Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled after so courteous entertainment, know, that that also was an act of Providence, for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child, that it lessened his love to Heaven; so I took away the cause.*

*Touching*

orapsons & hath ordeyned yt a ryche man  
gave unto hym the cuppe of syluer for to  
praye for hym. And I have taken it frome  
hym- for whan he wolde praye there came  
unto hym of thought what he myght do  
with the sayde cuppe that the thebes ne  
sholde stele it from hym- so the thought  
of the sayd cuppe letted his herte to pray  
god. And by that he shall retourne in to  
orapsons accustomed without haupnge ony  
lettynge. The fyrst knyght where we yode  
is an yll man yt is not worthy to have  
remuneracpon celestiall- and for a lytell  
goodnes that he dyde unto vs we gave unto  
hym remuneracpon temporall in geuyng  
hym ye sayd cuppe. The seconde knyght  
was a good hospytaller that dyde grete  
almesses and for that he had none helye he  
prayed the zelgypous men that they wolde  
praye unto god for hym that he myght  
haue lynnage And god hathe gyuen unto  
hym this sone that thou haste seen that I  
haue slayne- he is retourned to do the  
werkes of mercy that he had lefte to do  
unto the poores & also he hathe lefte to do  
many ylls that he dyde for to assemble  
temporall goodes to his sayd sone. Also  
we have procured theyr helthe that they  
sholde conuerste them unto god and shall do  
good dedes after the dethe of theyr sayd  
sone. By these thynges before sayd a  
man may knowe that Ye Iugements of  
god



*Touching the merchant whom I misguidéd in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence, for had he gone the direct way to this town, he had been robbed and his throat cut; therefore I preserve him by that deviation.*


*Now, concerning this great luxurious city, we spied but one Devil who lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor convent; you must consider, that Lucifer being already assured of that riotous town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single centinel to secure it; but for this holy place of retirement, this monastery, inhabited by so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems. So the young man, or divine messenger suddenly disappeared and vanished; yet leaving his fellow-traveller in good hands.*

\* \* \* \* \* This figurative story shews, that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof are infinitely too short to fathom the depth of his designs; therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory, and the general good of his creatures, though sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and cross mediums.....

*Howell's Letters, p. 447, London, 1754.*



☞ The Letter appears to have been written about a century and a half before this present, December 16, 1795.



god ben Iust and harde to knowe as unto  
us. And therefore it nedeth us not to en-  
quire forther ne to knowe than our enten-  
dement ne may comprehend. Dom. oportet  
sapere plusquam sapere oportet. &c. 

---

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However awkward and uncouth, so we first find the  
Hermit presented to us in an English garb: immediately  
preceding, in the same book, is another story of a Monk to the  
like effect; from which also both Howell's narration and  
Parnell's have derived considerable advantage. In *the Visions*  
*of Tongdalu*, &c. we discover the mine whence, by the alchymic  
power of poetry, Milton drew materials for the description of  
hell, the torments of the damned, his Lucifer's mighty stature,  
his darkness visible, and his sighs of woe.—Adam had his  
Raphael; Tongdalu his social *Aungell*.—Having passed many  
a Region dolorous, o'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
Afterward they poded into another way  
moche horryble and diseasfull- full of so  
grete derkeness that they had no lycht  
but of the clerness of the aungell. &c.   
 Folio CCxxix. f. col. i. bottom.



## ADDITIONS AND VARIOUS READINGS

FOUND AMONG THE AUTHOR'S PAPERS AFTER THE WORK  
WAS PRINTED.

*Page 27, Verse 697.*

Great was their toil; the lot to all decreed,  
Who seek true greatness hopeful to succeed;  
But peace was theirs and harmony within,  
They knew no sorrow, for they knew no sin.  
That empty pastime, &c.

*Page 32, Verse 806.*

The shades of mothers and their babes destroy'd,  
Whose necks he trod on and whose pangs enjoy'd;  
Of freeborn maids to loath'd embraces led,  
And left, sad dowry! perishing for bread;  
Of fires and fons, an unoffending train,  
In cold blood butcher'd and for pastime slain;  
Yes, tyrants! yes, tho' now your hearts are fear'd,  
Foul deeds will rise and phantoms will be fear'd:  
The shades of those and many a victim more  
Of lust and avarice weltring in their gore,  
Thick o'er your courts as leaves in autumn spread  
While mirth your ears and festive measures fed,  
Shall all your dire enormities retrace,  
And Horror haunt your steps from place to place,  
Deep in your breasts her barbed shafts implant,  
And rack his peace who peace refus'd to grant, &c.

*Elegy VII. p. 131. . . . Stanza I, in MS thus :*

Thine eyes, dear youth! are clos'd in night,  
Thy thread, alas! is spun;  
Cut off at once from life and light  
Ere half its course was run.

*Ibid.*

*Ibid. Page 132, the concluding Stanza thus :*

Let us who knew his worth, his truth,  
Reprefs our fruitless sighs;  
Heaven 'twas that tutor'd him in youth,  
And to that Heaven he flies.

THE MERCHANT, &c.

IN IMITATION OF CHEVY-CHACE.

*Page 233, Stanza 2d, &c. MS.*

No longer be it sung or said  
Nine taylors make a man,  
Since nine dubb'd Officers in red  
From one small Merchant ran.  
A Fray more strange was ne'er begun  
At opera, play or park,  
From Alexander, Philip's son,  
To Alexander Clarke.  
To lounge the tedious hours, &c.

*Ibid. Page 251, between Stanza 44 and 45.*  
Discovered by the smell.

This doughty Hero well, I ween,  
Could wield his knife and fork ;  
A fungus, puff'd with pride and spleen,  
Sprung from the Jakes of Cork.  
The strife near twenty minutes, &c.



In the introduction to this volume it was observed, that several poems from the Shamrock, have repeatedly appeared in different collections printed in London, without acknowledgement, some attributed, to other authors, and most of them incorrectly copied. It is the editor's intention hereafter to give an accurate edition of those pieces with additions and improvements, which in many of them have been considerable. Mean while, as there is a vacancy in this sheet, he takes leave to mention a few, and to specify some of the mistakes which occur in them.

✎ The compiler of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, a collection of poems in six volumes, London printed 1786, gives the following pieces, taken from the Shamrock, (a large quarto, royal paper, Dublin, printed for the author, 1772. Second edition. The first appeared some years before,) viz.

VOL. v. page 98.	On a lady sleeping, &c.	SHAMROCK, p. 112
102.	The choice of a wife,	153
105.	The choice of a husband,	161
VOL. VI. page 129.	† Two love elegies.	SHAMROCK, p. 169
129.	† Elegy 1st.	169
133.	† Elegy 2d.	173
137.	† The Epitaph	177
137.	† Stanzas to —	178
143.	* The Lawyer's Prayer	91
144.	† Love Elegy	134
205.	An Inscription, &c.	180

\* A fragment, erroneously ascribed to Dr. Blackstone—The Lawyer's Prayer, *Ordain'd to tread*, &c. — is part of a familiar epistle, dated Middle Temple, October 1759, from T. S. Esq; to Barry Yelverton, Esq; (the present worthy Lord Chief Baron of Ireland,) at the Academy in King-street, Dublin; of which he was at the time principal classic master. Mr. S. since deceased, was the Baron's cotemporary at College, and the particular friend of our author, who, on seeing in the Whitehall Evening Post part of this epistle, which had been before published



lished under Mr. S's. own inspection, sent him the Elegy, p. 111. of this volume. Counsellor Spring died on circuit of the jail-fever, contracted from some infected prisoners, brought into court for trial; the contagion was also fatal to the Judge and several other gentlemen of the bar, who imbibed it at the same time, and in a few days expired.

‡ These pieces appear also in Bell's Classical Arrangement of Fugitive Poetry, vol. 8, p. 149, 131, 152, 157, 160, 162; most of them likewise, with others, in Pearch's continuation of Doddsley's Collection, vol. 4. p. 285. to 303. as also in the collection of Moses Mendez, Esq; p. 143. to 149. and in a collection of the same size, London printed 1772, selected altogether from the Shamrock.

The ingenious compiler of the Elegant Extracts has likewise given in the poetic volume, see the London edition, printed 1790, p. 316, 317, 318, the two Love Elegies first above-mentioned, in which the following Errata, with some abatements, run through the several collections.

## ELEGY FIRST.

Stanza 14 v. 4. for *bad told before*, &c. read *bad said before*.

19 v. 3. for *those hopes resign*. *these hopes*, &c.

20 v. 4. for *the sad resemblance* *the sad remembrance*.

22 v. 2. for *can see*, &c. *can see*, &c.

## ELEGY SECOND.

Stanza 1 v. 4. for *joy excessive rise* read *joy successive*, &c.

8 v. 2. for *flower enamelled*, &c. *flower-enamell'd*, &c.

11 v. 2. for *of a strain*, &c. *of a fluin*, &c.

22 v. 2. for *could dream these* *could dream those*.

25 v. 1. for *shall close my eyes* *shall close my eye*.

Epitaph 3 v. 2. for *unexampled youth* *unexampled truth*.

Those

THE FOLLOWING WORKS.


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